



THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Scandinavia

EVER since the cold war began, the Scandinavian countries have been acutely aware of their danger. The Scandinavian peninsula not only covers Western Europe's left flank. It also guards the gates to the Baltic and dominates the only year-round water route to and from Russia over the top of the world, most of Germany's northern coast, the shipping lanes of the North Atlantic, the shortest route by sea to Russia's naval bases above Leningrad, and the shortest direct route from those bases to the British Isles.

All these factors count heavily in the strategic thinking of the great powers. They are of even more immediate significance to the foreign offices of Scandinavia. Nor is this all. As Nazi Germany demonstrated during the recent war, the Norwegian coast offers in its innumerable deep fjords the most dangerous series of natural bases for submarine warfare anywhere on the shoreline of Western Europe. Finally, in an age of atomic warfare and supersonic guided missiles the Scandinavian land barrier presents obvious highly strategic possibilities for rocket emplacements and airfields.

The cold war thus put Scandinavia on the spot, strategically, from the moment of its inception. How have Sweden, Norway, and Denmark undertaken to meet this danger? The key to that question is Sweden's policy. Her answer, which emerged with emphasis immediately after the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia in February, 1948, was from the first unequivocal.

Sweden makes ready

Sweden's policy derives in part from a traditionally successful insistence upon neutrality in Europe's recurrent wars. That policy has kept her out

of such conflicts for nearly 130 years. Yet Stockholm entertains no illusions that it would assure safety under conditions of modern warfare. Accordingly, something new has been added to Sweden's traditional program.

More than two years ago the Swedish government reaffirmed Sweden's basic policy with an announcement that she would join neither a Western bloc nor an Eastern bloc. This statement was accompanied, however, by a swift speed-up in defense preparations. A program of air, naval, and military expansion, backed by several extraordinary appropriations, was inaugurated at Stockholm.

Meanwhile her "Catastrophe Plan" began to take shape. This plan is based upon frank recognition of the possibilities of invasion from the east. Today it has been worked out in substantial detail, covering all foreseeable contingencies.

In 1947 Sweden spent nearly 300 million dollars on defense — a staggering figure for a nation numbering only some 7 million inhabitants. In 1948 the Swedish defense expenditures soared still higher. As the new year opened, the great Bofors armament works was pouring out some of the most modern weapons devised by science since the advent of the atomic age. Today Swedish scientists have probably achieved greater success in developing defense weapons against jet planes and guided missiles than the scientists of any other nation in Europe.

With a compulsory military training law which covers every able-bodied man in the country, Sweden's army can draw on a trained force of approximately 500,000 men. Intensive naval construction since 1947 provides her with the most

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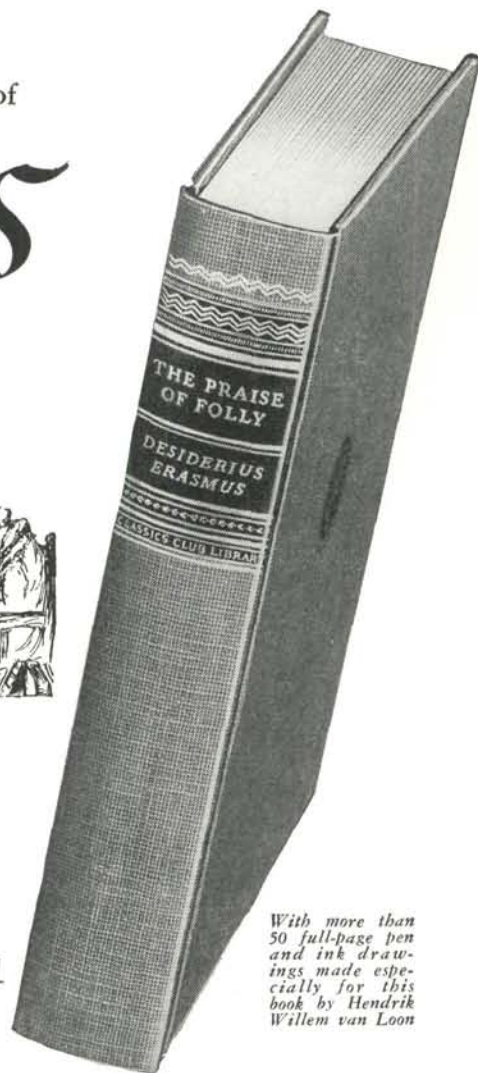
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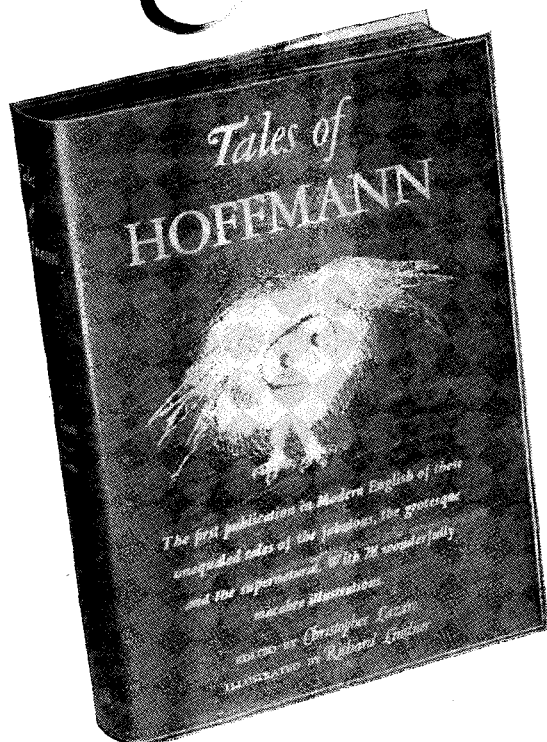
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The Atlantic Report on Scandinavia



powerful fleet in the Baltic. Sweden is the third strongest air power in Europe.

This swift growth of defense forces indicates not only Sweden's early awareness of possible implications in the cold war: it signifies that one tenet of Swedish policy is to make any assault on her from the east so costly as to give pause to an attacker.

With the coup in Czechoslovakia, Sweden's policy moved toward a new phase. The danger, as all three Scandinavian capitals saw at once, was becoming clearer. What had been done in Prague could also be tried in Helsinki. That would confront them all with a threat as direct as it might be calamitous. The situation as it affects Finland is, moreover, much less difficult for Moscow to manipulate than was the case in Czechoslovakia. By the terms of the Russo-Finnish peace treaty, Russia has the right to move her armies into Finland whenever, in the opinion of Moscow, such a step may seem desirable.

Submergence of Finland in a tide of Russian military occupation would bring Russian forces to the Swedish borders in the northeast. It would closely flank the great Swedish iron centers at Kiruna and Gällivare. It could place Russian rocket bases on the Aaland Isles off Stockholm itself. It would threaten Narvik and the entire northern section of Norway. So long as Russian occupation forces remain in Eastern Germany, it would set up a continuous flanking line extending all the way across the bottom of Sweden in the Baltic, northeastward to the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, and on into the Arctic.

Labor and the home front

In Scandinavia there have been no explosions of political strife such as have recurred frequently, these past two years, in the lower reaches of the European continent. The Labor Government which forged to the top of the poll in Norway's first post-war elections is still in power. In Denmark there has been no political discord. And Sweden's Social Democrats, who renewed their mandate to rule only a few months ago, have been in charge of their government for nearly thirty years.

There have also been practically no ugly street demonstrations, embittered strikes, and other phenomena betokening class warfare in Scandinavia during the past two years. Working in close co-operation with the Norwegian government, Norway's 450,000 Federation of Labor members this year renewed their pledge to maintain unimpaired production.

The Norwegian labor compact is geared to a system of price regulations and controlled living costs. During 1948 it chalked up an enviable record. Beyond question it has been one of the chief factors in expanding employment. As a result, Norway moves into the first quarter of the new year with a budget surplus, for the first time since the war. Her production rate under ERP stands at 150 per cent of the pre-war rate.

Sweden's achievements in reducing strikes and social feuding to a minimum are equally impressive. Of 86 major industrial disputes referred to the Swedish commission during 1948, 75 were adjusted by unanimous agreement. Today, the Swedish trade-unions work under an extension of their 1948 agreement covering the present year. This means continuation of wage pegging and price controls. Swedish labor is coöperating wholeheartedly for success of the government's new Four-Year Plan for economic development.

As their economies gather strength, and moderation regulates the field of industrial relations, the Communist minorities in Norway and Sweden lose ground. Only 7 per cent of the 150 seats in the Norwegian Parliament are occupied today by the noisy though powerless devotees of the Moscow line. In Sweden the recent elections slashed the strength of the Communists' following to about 4 per cent.

Strength in unity

After the Czech coup, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark all felt the need for action. The Norwegians supplemented their regular defense budget with two extraordinary new appropriations, and undertook a Three-Year Defense Plan. Simultaneously, Oslo began a speed-up of plans for a great new steelworks in the north. Study of the possibilities of a regional grouping of the Scandinavian states under the provisions of the United Nations Charter came out into the open.

Sweden's present "revolution in policy" is the direct consequence of these trends. The Scandinavian regional group of powers, which she still sponsors, is in effect an extension of her basic concept of neutrality. But it is much more than that. Her proposal does not ignore the possibility of attack from the east; neither does it involve any assumption that Scandinavia will absent itself from any general defense of the democratic principles underlying Western society.

On the principle of concentration of forces, Sweden seeks to unite the Scandinavian states in a

mutual alliance integrating the strength of all three. At best, it is Sweden's view that such a grouping might act as a negative influence on any power having aggressive intentions east of the Baltic. At worst, it would render such an attack much more difficult, and provide time for the arrival of aid from the West.

The key proposal on which this ambitious project has stranded is Sweden's insistence that no member of the Scandinavian bloc should join the North Atlantic Alliance at this time. Washington's sudden interest in inducing Norway to weigh the advantages of alignment with the North Atlantic Alliance has stymied Swedish plans for Scandinavia.

It would be inaccurate, however, to assume that negotiations among the Scandinavian states on this project have been ended. That fact is underlined by the statement made in mid-February by Danish Foreign Minister Gustav Rasmussen before the Danish Parliament: —

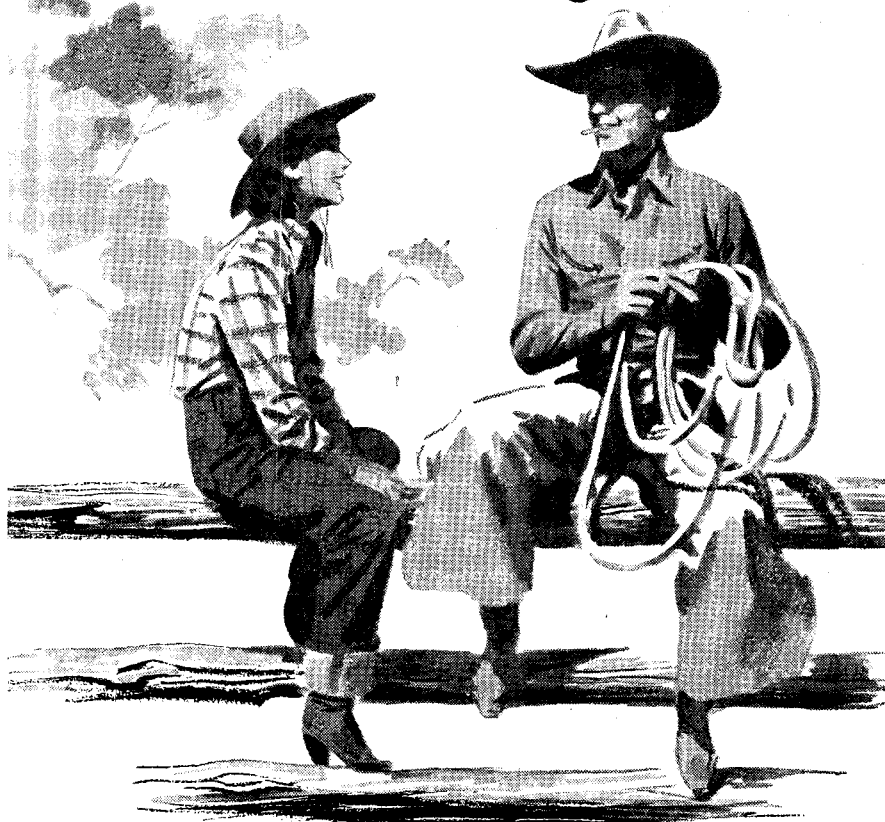
"There is still agreement among the three countries that a regional defense pact — within the framework of the United Nations — presents the happiest solution of Nordic security problems, and in principle, on the essential provisions of the pact. From the Danish side, we do not wish to abandon this policy so long as there is a possibility that it may be followed through. . . . The main task is a common one: namely, to explain to the outside world that the plan for a Scandinavian defense union entered into in accord with the United Nations Pact is politically rational."

Norway leans westward

Sweden's views, as the intervening weeks have made plain, are unaltered. She is in accord with Denmark. Norway's problem is more complex and has been made difficult by the ill-timed and unmistakable maneuvering of Washington. The Norwegian Foreign Minister, Dr. Halvard M. Lange, has repeatedly made it clear that Norway considers herself one with the nations of the West in the present world situation. In that attitude he is in agreement with his Scandinavian partners, who have striven likewise to emphasize their basic alignment.

The overwhelming support given by Parliament to Norway's policy

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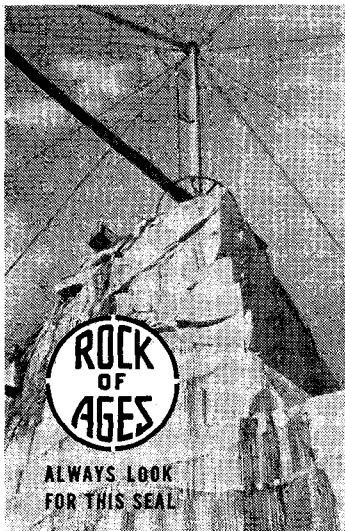
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does not mean, however, that the Norwegians view with indifference the advantages of the proposed Scandinavian alliance. Rather it means that the threat from Washington to ban military supplies from any nation which does not agree early to join the North Atlantic Alliance has placed Norway in a position of extraordinary difficulty.

Too much interference?

A divided Scandinavia is poor insurance for the security of Europe. Any move which delays or suspends the endeavors of the three nations to integrate their defense plans should have the benefit of sober second thought from realists.

Would it not have been wiser for the original proponents and supporters of the Atlantic Pact first of all to perfect and carry to ratification their program, and at the same time encourage any efforts among the nations of the Western world to form regional groups under the United Nations Charter, thereby strengthening their own facilities for defense?

Was it that thought which induced Trygve Lie, who is a Norwegian and an astute statesman as well as Secretary General of the United Nations, to warn the member states of the dangers they may run if, in their efforts to weld security blocs, they bypass the United Nations and leave it in ruins?

Germany watches

In occupied Germany, East and West, a reviving nationalism is showing itself. Speeches from the leaders of all three major parties in Berlin have revealed that it is their hope to play off East against West, and strike a bargain with whichever side proffers them most.

This idea has even more vociferous supporters in two new German splinter parties, dedicated to even more blatant programs for a revival of German power in Europe. It was in this way that the Nazis began.

All Germany is watching developments in Scandinavia today for a clue to future prospects. It may be doubted that the present division there, temporary though it may prove to be, will further impress Germans with the strength of the democratic world.



Washington

COMBINED with the prevailing realism in the country there is also a pacifism which would be demonstrated if there were any official movement to march resolutely to war. For this reason the White House and the State Department are handling the peace offensive of the Kremlin with circumspection.

A better job could be done, however, if an effort were made to show that the United States has always kept the door open to the Russians. The United Nations conferences in Paris are a good example of this policy. The American delegates approached the Russians 150 times in quest of adjustment of various issues. But no American delegate was approached by a Russian delegate with any proposal to get an adjustment. The same disparity was noted in the previous General Assembly at Lake Success.

The record is proof that there is no truth in the occasional charge that the Administration is stubbornly pursuing the cold war without regard to the possibility of obtaining agreements on specific issues. It is simply refusing to allow itself to be duped by Soviet propaganda.

Peacetime preparedness

Our responsibility is to be prepared for war without being provocative. This was always Secretary Marshall's aim. As his last act he succeeded in keeping the military budget down to 15 billion dollars, though not without a struggle with the Pentagon. He is said to have written Secretary Forrestal: "If you insist on a 25-billion-dollar budget, I shall have to tell the President the price: to go on the air and declare the country in a state of war."

Secretary Marshall wanted preparedness, but not too much of it, for his job was to keep the peace. His firmness with Forrestal seems to have been justified. At any rate, one of the Satellite ambassadors in Washington commented, with reference to the reduced budget: "At that figure nobody in Eastern Europe could think you are aggressive."

State Department's Webb

In this task of keeping military expenses at a statesmanlike level Secretary Marshall was helped

by James E. Webb, then Director of the Budget. Mr. Webb is another man of whom the Pentagon is in awe. Now Under Secretary of State, he has had a meteoric rise. As Director of the Budget Mr. Webb seemed instinctively to know the political implications of his duties in screening all requests for appropriations. In addition, he had an encyclopedic knowledge of government finance, was a good administrator, and had the charm to make his refusals to Cabinet officials sound gracious.

As Under Secretary, Webb is being groomed to be Secretary Acheson's deputy in policy matters. To be relieved of duty abroad, Acheson is building up a corps of ambassadors-at-large, but there will be times when he must be away. Under Secretary Webb will then find himself in the public eye.

The quiet reorganization of the State Department will be comprehensive. The State Department had run down partly because of the absences abroad of the Secretary of State and much of the staff. But the main responsibility naturally rested with former Secretary Marshall. Marshall was less military-minded than many civilians in Washington. Yet he had a military sense of organization — the sense that relies on pyramidal staff work and accepts the results without question. The staff in Marshall's case were former friends and associates who never plumbed the resources or mobilized the knowledge of the State Department.

Secrecy and the bomb

The President is dead set against revealing the number of atom bombs in American possession. Senator McMahon is the prime mover in the campaign to end the secrecy about atom bomb holdings. His arguments are persuasive. He asserts that Congress cannot properly appraise the military budget without data on the bomb stockpile, and that it is compelled to make defense appropriations with insufficient knowledge. This is not a very comforting situation in a government run on the representative system.

To the contention that publicity would aid the Russians, the answer is that they would be informed that America has the wherewithal to act. That this



The Atlantic Report on Washington



is the case is proved by the eagerness of the Air Force to have light shed on atom bomb holdings. Why the President is opposed has not been explained.

Claims of the Air Force

The President has resolved the military-civilian struggle for possession of atom bomb holdings. The battle on the military side was led by dynamic General Kenney when he was head of the United States Strategic Air Command. It had been thought that the conflict had been settled when General Kenney was transferred. But any such opinion underestimated the feeling in the Pentagon.

The Air Force thinks that any future war would start with an instantaneous strike, and that retaliation must be equally instantaneous. It feels that it must have immediate access to the bombs. The President has ruled that the bombs should still be in the care of the Atomic Energy Commission, but that liaison and availability should be improved.

The airmen are confident of their ability to deal effectively and instantly with an aggressor. They claim that they would be able to assemble the atom bomb on a bomber in flight; that they could make nonstop B-36 flights around the world; and that they could cover every aggressor target. A mark of their confidence is their support for Senator McMahon's proposal to publish the number of atom bombs on hand. If the Air Force assertions are not accepted as readily as they are proffered, the reason perhaps lies in the memory of the wartime claims of "Hap" Arnold, and the post-war reports of the United States Strategic Bombing Survey.

What the Marshall dollar buys

The Economic Coöperation Administration has changed its complexion since it was legislated. At that time provision was made for offshore purchases — that is, purchases from other surplus areas with Marshall dollars. Canada has been a particular beneficiary under this arrangement. However, the aid is really triangular. The European country gets the goods, Canada gets the dollars, and the United States gets trade with Canada which otherwise might be embargoed for want of dollars.

These offshore purchases could be made only if a commodity were not declared surplus by the United States. The list was fairly generous during the first year of operations, but as the second year approaches, farm surpluses have piled up. Thus the likelihood is for less offshore purchasing, and perhaps, with certain commodities, transformation of ECA into a relief-to-the-American-farmer operation.

It has hitherto been a fixed idea in many quarters in Europe that the Marshall Plan was a means of getting rid of American surpluses. That idea was not only mischievous; it was a misconception of the Marshall Plan. In order to carry out the Plan, real sacrifice had to be made by Americans — not only by the American taxpayer but also by the American consumer, who had to wait for goods in short supply.

But even before the first year was up, the picture had begun to change, and some of the ECA missions have had to work alongside missionaries from the Department of Agriculture, trying to evoke an appetite for such things as Tennessee tobacco. Regrettably there will be more missionary work of this description, though, of course, it will be limited to agricultural commodities.

Stockpiling by ECA

The Congressional watchdog committee feels that ECA has done a poor job in its stockpiling of strategic materials. ECA did not spend anything like the amount that Congress authorized. But the reasons are simple. Western Europe and its colonies produce only a limited amount of goods and only a few of the strategic materials that the United States wishes to stockpile.

Moreover, production can be stimulated only by long-term contracts. A producer is not likely to go to all the expense of enlarging output and introducing new facilities if he thinks ECA cannot buy after 1952. ECA wants to be of service, but suggests a new agency for procurement and contract-making. Other observers think that the stockpiling job does not properly belong to ECA, an agency primarily concerned with recovery in Europe, whereas the stockpile item is a strategic concern. How anachronistic the provision is appears from the watchdog committee report.

"This provision," it says, "appears to reflect the intent of Congress that the countries of Europe should emphasize in their recovery programs the production of strategic materials and that the United States share in this production as an offset to the depletion of our own resources of materials which has been brought about by the war and by our foreign affairs aid deliveries." Self-interest is served by the recovery program, but this item scarcely corresponds to enlightened self-interest.

The watchdog committees are an innovation. There are two such groups. One was set up in connection with the Taft-Hartley Law, the other in connection with the ECA. At the end of the year

both of them, on the whole, made excellent reports. But the question arises whether they constitute in actual operation an invasion of the Executive's sovereignty of administration. An official of the NLRB says the Taft-Hartley watchdogs were helpful in "interpreting the law." Is it proper, however, that an agency should administer a law with a Congressional group at its elbow?

ECA does not grumble over its particular watchdogs. But the agency has leaned over backward in trying to carry them along with it. For instance, the drafts of the bilateral agreement governing Marshall aid were submitted to the committee for suggestions.

Sharing our know-how

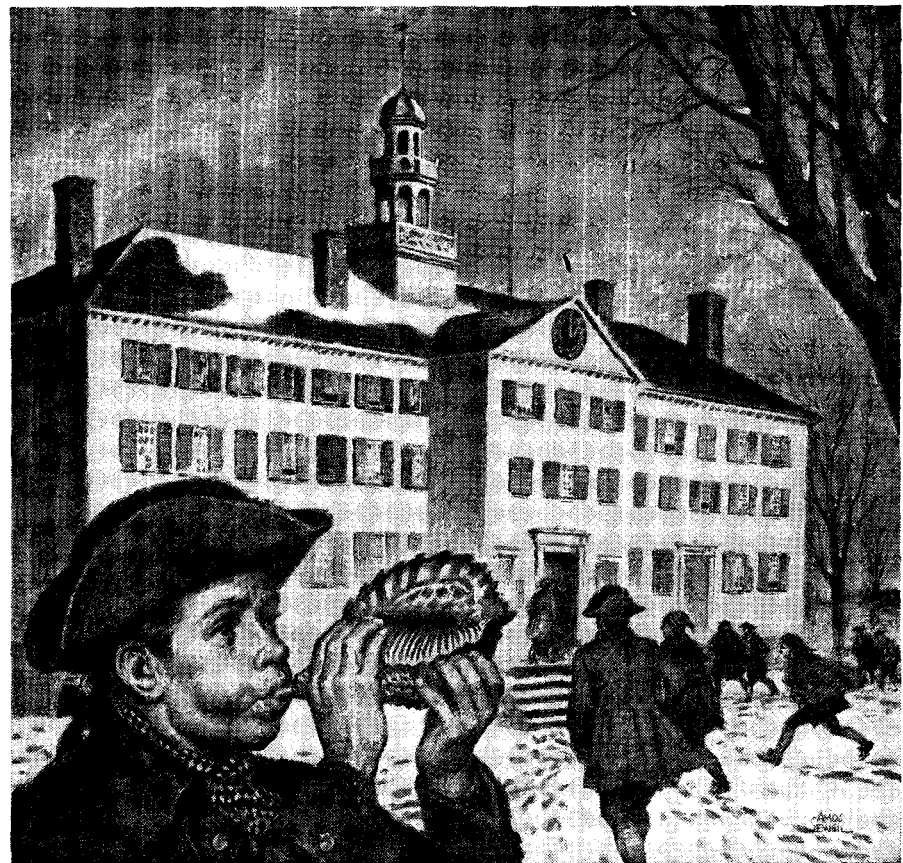
Closely akin to the strategic material item in ECA is the item making technical information available to the participating countries. In this case, too, the allocated sum has not been spent, though some good projects, such as the Anglo-American Committee on Productivity, have been initiated.

It has been suggested that this clause ought to be regarded as the germ of the famous Part IV of the President's inaugural address. Therein Mr. Truman advocated "a bold new program" for the development of backward areas, with the emphasis on social and economic benefits to areas of operation. The idea has excited attention the world over. The origin is the need for a river conservation scheme in the Middle East.

No doubt a great work of pacification and reconstruction remains to be done in the area adjacent to the Holy Land. The interdepartmental committee on economic foreign policy is engaged in studying all ramifications of the "bold new program."

The fact remains, however, that the program is neither new nor bold. The British are ready to go ahead with the development of the Nile. In the United States several individuals and corporations are engaged in schemes of development for the benefit of the peoples in the areas.

Under the leadership of Nelson Rockefeller an "international basic economy corporation" has been established in South America. This



A warning note for parents, too

TO THE founder of Dartmouth, a college bell was a luxury that could wait on more important matters. Students were warned of approaching classes by the booming notes of a conch shell, sounded by a stout-winded freshman. And in almost every other way, too, the simplicity of early university life bore little resemblance to what we know today.

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It is hardly reasonable to believe that 25 millions of Americans would remain in the Catholic Church if the rumors circulated against the Church are true. Nor would thousands of others become Catholics every year if they believed such things — without inquiring into the facts.

That is why the Catholic Church says again and again to people everywhere: "Investigate! Investigate!"

The Church makes this appeal not merely to settle an argument, nor primarily to win the good-will of the non-Catholic people, although this is a hoped-for result.

Its more important aim is to invite people to inquire into Christ's truth as taught and preserved by the Catholic Church down through the centuries. For no man, seeking the salvation of his own soul, can conscientiously discount the Catholic claim to be Christ's Church on the basis of mere rumor and slander when the truth is so readily at hand.

The Catholic Church therefore invites



you to inquire into its teaching and practices... to find out for yourself if what you believe about the Church is true or false.

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not just another calumny. If you have been led to believe that Catholics worship idols and statues... buy and sell the divine worship of the Mass... are opposed to the religious freedom granted all religions by our Bill of Rights, then you have been deceived and misled.

If you have harbored these or any other false beliefs about the Catholic Church and its teachings... and if, above all, such misunderstanding has kept you from examining the Catholic claim to be the Church established by Christ Himself... you owe it to yourself in good conscience to seek the truth.

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gerial supervision, and technical skills. At present its enterprises abroad are located in Venezuela and Brazil.

Other groups have taken a leaf out of Nelson Rockefeller's copybook by allying their capital with national groups. Some of the companies running such projects are U.S. Steel, General Electric, American Cyanamid, Westinghouse, General Tire, Koppers, Allis-Chalmers. These are all operating in South America.

Elsewhere there have been other experiments, the principal one a corporation in Liberia which has on its directorate such men as Joseph C. Grew and Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.

The Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital is hardly one of Executive-Congressional harmony. This is not to say that Congress is fractious. Far from it. It will simply not be rushed off its feet, as is shown by its refusal to heed the Administration in limiting hearings on a new labor law. It likewise refused to let Mr. Truman dispense with specific powers in connection with national strikes.

The President is also questioned on his foreign policy program. He would like to give the Europeans a specific promise of military aid in case of attack. He has found that Congress intends to reserve its power to declare war. Its notion of the "association" promised to Europe under the Vandenberg resolution is not a military alliance. Congress is not sinking back into isolation. On the contrary, it merely wants to retain its own prerogative, and to build associative relations for peace rather than to declare a military link for war.

The Administration has been at fault in letting the North Atlantic Pact get off to an inauspicious start. There has been far too much secrecy and too much reliance on strategy instead of statesmanship.

Not all the trouble arises from the dominating position of the military in the National Security Council. Civilians as well as the military can have a military mind. But most of the trouble has been due to the sloppiness with which the preliminaries were handled. This has endangered bipartisanship as well as Congressional support.

Indonesia

WHAT is the United States to do when the implications of its foreign policy in one part of the world apparently conflict with the inescapable requirements of policy in another region? This is the dilemma posed by Indonesia. For in Europe, the United States is committed to programs — the Marshall Plan, Western Union, the North Atlantic Pact — in which the Netherlands will receive its share of U.S. aid. And in Indonesia, the experience of nearly four years of turmoil points to the necessity for working against the Netherlands and with the forces of nationalism and social change represented by the Indonesian Republic, in order to bring durable peace to the archipelago.

Until the Dutch police action of December 19, 1948, the Republic was the strongest prospective member of the projected United States of Indonesia (U.S.I.). Its leaders, Soekarno, Hatta, and Sjahrir, have been the active heads of the organized nationalist movement for over twenty years. With these names, and the symbol represented by the Republican government, even the inarticulate rice grower in Java and Sumatra is familiar. As the American delegate, Dr. Philip C. Jessup, recently declared at a session of the Security Council, "The Republic is the heart of Indonesian nationalism."

Since its declaration of independence on August 17, 1945, the Republic has made mistakes. It has, as the Dutch allege, been unwilling or unable to prevent irregular armed bands — originally trained for guerrilla warfare by the Japanese, and later absorbed into the Republican army — from committing terrorism against elements of the population suspected of collusion with the Dutch. The Republic's defense has been that the activity of these bands has been due to resentment against Dutch intransigence in the political negotiations, and the growing strength of Dutch forces in occupied areas.

The Republic also made the mistake of allowing Communist elements within the government to grow and arm, with the result that the Communists set up a "soviet regime" in East Java in September, 1948. By the end of October, the revolt was effectively quelled by vigorous Republican action.

Yet, despite these obstacles, the Republic has managed, during its turbulent early years, to achieve the beginnings of positive reform and progress. A parliamentary government, based on independent political parties of Right, Center, and Left, was established and maintained. The Central Organization of Indonesian Labor grew to over a million members. Internal banking facilities for agrarian and small business credit were established. Education was expanded to raise the 7 per cent literacy rate. Road building and bridge construction were begun by the Ministry of Public Works, with the meager resources available.

Diplomatic and commercial relations were established with the United States, Britain, the Middle East, India, Singapore, Siam, the Philippines, Australia, and the United Nations.

To some extent, such generalizations overstate the case, for in many instances these measures lacked thoroughness, proper equipment, and adequate administration. Nevertheless, as the record of a young government under extreme duress, the Republic's first years were highly creditable.

Controlled freedom for the Indonesians

What, then, lay behind the Dutch military action against the Republic? Before the Dutch took action the Netherlands and the Republic had reached basic agreement on many of the issues that had originally divided them. The negotiations dealt with the Republic's status as a member state in the U.S.I.; the continued sovereignty of the Dutch crown while an interim U.S.I. was organized; the transfer of full independence to the U.S.I. within one year thereafter; partnership between the Netherlands and the U.S.I. in the Netherlands-Indonesian Union.

The Dutch action was not due to any specific issue. It was due to the tacit conviction that in "backward" Indonesia freedom can be reconciled with order only through continued control by the Netherlands, either formally in terms of "sovereignty" or informally through Dutch influence and a Dutch civil service. The Republic stands for the contrary proposition that while aid and



The Atlantic Report *on Indonesia*



advice from outside are welcome and necessary, freedom — to be meaningful — must be worked out by the Indonesian people through their indigenous institutions.

These opposing concepts have separated the two parties throughout the protracted negotiations of the past four years. They were as germane to the first Dutch police action in July, 1947, as they were in December, 1948.

Asia backs Indonesia

In a sense, the Republic's attitude represents a theme of dominant importance in all Asia today. Almost without exception, the nations of the Middle East, Southern and Eastern Asia, and the Philippines have been sufficiently close to colonialism to be extremely hostile to the Dutch position and sympathetic to that of the Republic. The New Delhi Conference of nineteen Asian states (including Australia and New Zealand) in January, 1949, bore witness to this fact.

Called by the Indian Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, the conference condemned the Dutch action and called upon the United Nations Security Council to restore the Republican administration, to arrange for the withdrawal of Dutch troops, and to establish a timetable for achieving independence in Indonesia. The application of economic sanctions in case of Dutch failure to comply was also discussed at New Delhi.

The growing importance and influence of the new Asia in world affairs was clearly attested by the Security Council action which immediately followed. On January 28, 1949, the Council approved by a vote of eight to none, with only Russia, the Ukraine, and France abstaining, a resolution similar to that of the New Delhi Conference.

Furthermore, the Council extended the powers of its on-the-spot Good Offices Committee to make recommendations to both parties, and to observe on behalf of the Council the constituent elections which are to lead to a sovereign U.S.I. During its more than eighteen months of activity in Indonesia, the three-nation committee — consisting of the United States, Belgium, and Australia — lacked both prestige and effectiveness because of the restricted mandate it originally received from the Council. It now becomes a more truly mediative commission, though it remains to be seen what effect its recommendations will have in the face of continued recalcitrance on the part of the Netherlands government.

Throughout recent Security Council discussions, the growing concern of the United States and its staunch opposition to Dutch action have been evident. Statements by the United States delegate in support of the Republic's position contrast strongly with the offhand attitude taken when the Council first began consideration of the Indonesian question in September, 1947.

There is an increasing awareness that the political stability which America desires in Indonesia, and indeed in all Southern Asia, cannot be secured by force, or force alone. The stubbornness of Republican guerrilla fighting in the Javanese hills is the clearest evidence of this fact. Whatever the rationalizations behind Dutch action, there is little doubt as to its effects: to foster the disorder, resentment, and distrust on which both anti-Western feeling and Communism can flourish. In the face of a crystallized Asian opinion, moreover, these effects reach far beyond Indonesia. If they are to be mitigated, backing of the Republican government seems to be indicated.

What should the U.S. do?

Washington's support of the Republic tends to falter when the Indonesian situation is viewed in relation to United States policy in Europe. Withdrawal of Marshall Plan aid from an obstinate Netherlands is considered unwarranted use of economic pressure for political purposes, which may vitiate the atmosphere of coöperation carefully being built up by the Economic Coöperation Administration.

Loss of Dutch coöperation is also regarded as detrimental to the future of Western Union and of the North Atlantic Pact. Certainly, the Indonesian problem has assumed global proportions, presenting this country with a dilemma of similar magnitude. Yet perhaps part of the dilemma is only apparent. Dutch coöperation in Western Union and the North Atlantic Pact may be dictated by Continental considerations, quite apart from the situation in Indonesia. And perhaps material backing of the Republic in Indonesia is as necessary for the political stability of Asia as Marshall Plan aid to the Netherlands is for the economic stability of Europe.

America's economic interest in Indonesia clearly lies in rapid expansion of production and trade in commodities vital for stockpiling, consumption, and industrial use: tin, copra, petroleum, rubber, pepper, gums, sugar. There is wide disagreement as to the proper method for attaining this objective.



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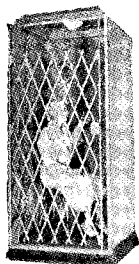
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Business concerns having long associations with the Dutch tend to favor support of the Netherlands and a return to the pre-war pattern of trade in Indonesia.

New American business interests regard a restoration of Dutch influence as favoring the firms with established pre-war connections. They see their best opportunity in an Indonesian economy developing under Indonesian auspices, and for that reason prefer the Republican side.

In the longer run, America must also consider the necessity for helping to gear the Indonesian economy into a broad structure of international trade. American technical aid and investment, to develop Indonesia's exports and open the area's markets to imports from Europe as well as the United States, may offer a specific example of the type of program for the development of backward areas which President Truman called for in his inaugural address.

Nationalism: 1949 brand

Events in Indonesia are clearly symptomatic of the powerful forces of change which are impinging on all of Southern Asia today. Politically, these forces constitute a spreading national consciousness aimed against any vestige of alien rule.

Nationalism as a dominant political theme, appealing to the feelings and imagination of the people, plays a role in current-day Asia analogous to its role in nineteenth-century Europe. Now, as then, it is espoused as a common rallying point by groups which support widely divergent ideologies. Communists and religious traditionalists vie with one another in the intensity of their nationalism.

Yet in many respects the moderate nationalist groups represented by Nehru in India, Thakin Nu in Burma, and the Republican leaders Hatta and Sjahrir in Indonesia are more sophisticated in their attitude toward nationalism than were nineteenth-century liberals. These men have plainly recognized that while nationalism may be a powerful unifying force in their new states, it is also capable of militant and virulent expression if it remains unsupplemented by needed economic and social reform. They have repeatedly emphasized that international peace cannot be



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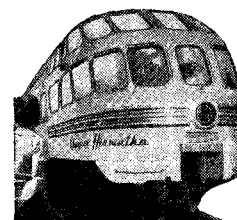


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secured in a nationalist world, and have consequently supported both the United Nations and regional consolidation as necessary programs above and beyond nationalism. Yet for all their insight the nationalist factor remains central to an understanding of Asia today.

Toward democracy

Intellectual change in Asia manifests itself in an inchoate shift away from nonsecularism and mysticism, toward Western materialism and science. Sjahrir, in his book *Out of Exile*, sees the characteristic fatalism of Eastern culture as an adaptation to colonialism. For colonialism made the individual's attainment of dignity and self-respect impossible.

The rejection of colonialism is both a cause and a consequence of the new Asia's move toward Western values. That a new synthesis may emerge in the process is the hope of many in the West as well as the East.

Socially, the post-war revolutionary movement in Asia opposes a social hierarchy of either colonials or natives. While it would be premature to deny the influence of the indigenous aristocracy, it is nonetheless true that the age-old class barriers of a semifeudal society are beginning to be broken down.

In India, the equal status guaranteed to untouchables by the new Constitution is one sign in this direction. And in Indonesia, many of the young nobility dropped their titles in entering the nationalist movement. The drive for social equality also expresses itself in terms of a clamor for education and social legislation to improve the woeful conditions of public health.

Finally, the economic motif, stressing labor organization, economic development, and rising living standards, represents a vital force in Asia's changing scene.

Successful American policy in the area requires a clear understanding of the context within which that policy must be implemented. In Indonesia, the forces of change which comprise that context are represented by the embattled Republic. Recognition of this fact must be a fundamental precept of American policy in Indonesia.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Opal Whiteley Fund

Loyal readers of the *Atlantic* will remember "The Story of Opal," which was serialized in 1920 during the editorship of Mr. Ellery Sedgwick. Following the successful publication of her diary as a book, Opal Whiteley went first to England, where she was befriended by the late Lord Grey, and thence to India. Her later years have been sad ones, a circumstance sympathetically set forth in a letter from Barbara Ward, Assistant Editor of the London *Economist*. Miss Ward tells us that Miss Whiteley, who is now penniless in England, is in desperate need of help, and Mr. Sedgwick has agreed to act as Treasurer for such funds as may be given for her assistance. Checks should be drawn to Ellery Sedgwick, Treasurer, and sent to the Atlantic Monthly Company, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass. — THE EDITOR

DEAR MR. SEDGWICK: —

I wonder how many of your readers remember the diary of Opal Whiteley and the pleasure it gave to thousands of people by its exquisite descriptions of the natural world surrounding a growing child and by the unusual charm of its imaginative power? I know that many readers felt a personal interest in the strange young author, and I am writing to you in the hope that that interest persists.

Opal Whiteley — or Françoise d'Orléans, daughter of the royal house of France as she always maintained herself (and many believed her) to be — was not destined to achieve the literary reputation of which her first book gave such promise. During a journey to India in the twenties, she

fell victim of a sunstroke from which she never completely recovered. She lost her powers of concentration and although she continued to delight people by the delicacy of her artistic ideas and of her imagination, she could not write.

For many years, she was lovingly cared for by a circle of friends which included the late Lord Grey of Falloon, Britain's Foreign Secretary at the outbreak of the First World War. Unhappily, many of these supporters are now dead, and Miss Whiteley's mind has become further deranged.

A few weeks ago, it was necessary for the public authorities to remove her from the tiny room in which she lived surrounded by her beloved books and her relics of France and the French royal family, and take her to a public mental institution.

Here all her fears based on prolonged isolation have been exacerbated; and the visits of one or two faithful friends can do little to help her towards a more normal condition. These friends have therefore decided to try to collect a small fund to enable them to transfer Opal Whiteley from the public institution to a private mental hospital which they have found, where personal treatment and privacy can be assured.

It has occurred to me that readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* who remember "The Story of Opal" with pleasure might be ready to contribute something towards this Opal Whiteley Fund, which will be spent, under strict supervision, simply to assure Miss Whiteley peaceful surroundings and the possibility of recovering a measure of mental stability.

In these circumstances, I know you

will forgive me for turning to you and through you to the American friends of Opal Whiteley.

BARBARA WARD
London, England

The Absolute of Freedom

SIR:

Your presentation of the philosophical thoughts of chemists, physicists, and mathematicians leads me to enter a demurrer. These gentlemen — Oppenheimers, Conants, Bushes, and the rest — are all, admittedly, geniuses. They are, indeed, such Goliaths of the Atomic Age that few would consider taking up any arms against them, let alone the layman's sling-shot.

Yet Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer's gentle, altruistic plea for "openness" ("The Open Mind," February, 1949) fails to rouse me to the intended optimism. And Dr. James B. Conant's recent effort to find a cause for hope in the putative analogue of this era and a certain ancient, parochial quarrel ("Force and Freedom," January, 1949) leaves me, in the words of Abner Dean, utterly underwhelmed.

There seems to be, in the minds of all these gentlemen, a common blind spot. It is not what they perceive, in all its grandeur, but what, in all its simplicity, they seem not to perceive, that constantly dissatisfies me with their edicts.

The absence of insight is summed up in Dr. Oppenheimer's discussion when he points out, with the patient tolerance of an old relativist, that there is no such thing as an absolute, even in freedom. (In physics, of course, even in relativity, there is one absolute: the velocity of light.)



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I have always considered that freedom had one absolute: freedom to learn. Until recently, all the data and theories of science that I cared to study or could assimilate have been available to me and to everybody else in this nation. Freedom of action is, obviously, restricted. But the restrictions upon action can be sensibly changed and modified so long as men are free entirely to increase their knowledge of the nature of all reality, including man. This, I always thought to be the one absolute of our society, its single Principle.

Today, in the frontier field of knowledge, we are without this freedom — we who try to be what Dr. Oppenheimer calls "thoughtful men."

It is hardly necessary to point out how rapidly freedom is collapsing. The failure of the political effort to maintain the freedom of knowledge on a world-wide basis has set up the current war — "cold" now, and inevitably "hot" on some tomorrow unless we achieve a cold-war triumph, which seems unlikely.

The necessity of reviving and re-arming Europe has curtailed, through taxes, our economic freedoms and has added to the oppressive cost of living and restricted the full use of our resources. The fact of an antagonist has hampered freedom of opinion and expression; it has brought "loyalty checks" and various police-state measures into a once freer government. The Draft Act has negated the freedom of person of America's young men. And there is in the making a civil defense program for which twenty millions of us will be asked to volunteer a part of our time — garnisheeing that much more liberty, in the hope of defending ourselves against weapons for which, we are told, there is no defense.

Until the Bomb burst, a knowledge of nuclear physics was limited to a very few. It was — and still is — knowledge so esoteric that few persons connect it with the whole principle of freedom. We Americans did not, when we saw the conferences with Russia fail, immediately assert that life, with liberty locked up at its source, was intolerable to us and that we would fight rather than forfeit, first the principle, and finally the privileges, of freedom. We should, perhaps, have done so. But we did not understand.

And neither did the physicists, chemists, and mathematicians — nor do they yet seem to understand. The very prin-

ciple by which their sciences were developed has been abandoned and they do not seem to recognize the fact. They seek "reasonable" ways to restore peace and happiness but never suggest an ultimatum in behalf of the one absolute possible to freedom.

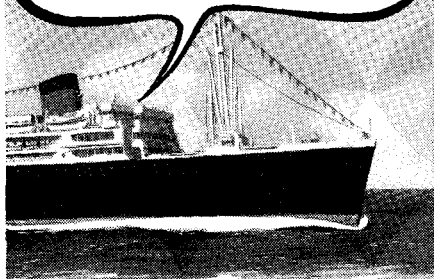
Why? The question is easy to answer. Drs. Oppenheimer, Conant, and the rest have not suffered an iota of deprivation from the present state of affairs. They are in on every new development of the theories of atoms, of space-time, and of the nature of Nature in general. "Secrecy" is not an experience in their lives — as it is in the lives of all "thoughtful men" who happen not to have been chemists, physicists, or mathematicians by training. They are not stopped dead in the tracks of their minds, in their personal pursuit of God or Truth or whatever men pursue.

I often wonder how they would feel if that branch of science which most interests me — psychology — had become veiled by expedient military policy. In such an event, the physical scientists could logically expect that some hidden finding about the nature of men's minds might be used by secretive psychiatrists, aided by government billions, to exploit ends — or even persons, including themselves — in fashions they might disapprove. And the *Atlantic* would be lurid with their protests at the rape of the mind's liberty at the mind's sources.

I can hardly hope to raise an equivalent stew — or even, perhaps, to get across my point that, by blowing out the light of intellectual liberty (which marks the plodding path for all subordinate emancipations) we have put ourselves in the dark, and already commenced to skin and bruise the stumbling body politic. And I understand my fellow citizens well enough to appreciate why they were not willing to risk another immediate war for the sake of what they regard as a few secrets of ordnance. But I do wish that a mathematician or two, a few physicists, and even a chemist or so, had exhibited sufficient insight into this one absolute of freedom to defend it nakedly and without cavil. For I regard it as the essence men have sought, struggled for, and fought over, these last two thousand years. And I regard the failure of men of science to come out firmly for it as evidence that they are not really very scientific.

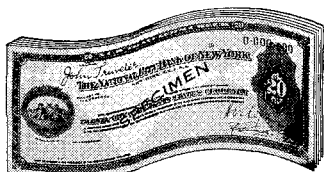
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SIR:

I should like to make a request of editors who print the ideas of the older generation on the subject of our failing marriages. If present-day marriages break up, it's because the proper example has not been set by our elders.

David L. Cohn ("Moonlight and Poison Ivy," January *Atlantic*) and other critics say "love is blind." I say we love our mates knowing their faults as well as their good points. Very few people ever have had the idea that marriage is "a gumdrop heaven: soft, gooey, chewy, and oh, so sweet." Heaven help us if we had so little sense as to believe such gobbledgook.

Marriage to my generation is something that we want to make work, and not something that is tried for the moment. We are not concerned if we do not have the latest in "festive walnut cake," or "Princess Mafou's Face Powder," because we plan to have a little more to base our marriages on. If a man really feels that the young woman of today has no "brains, charm, literacy, or efficiency," then he should visit a few of the colleges in any part of the country. He might even be shocked to find that we look like human beings — despite the many ads that lead the unprotected youth to believe that "life is just a bowl of cherries."

Please stop and think, when you print articles like "Moonlight and Poison Ivy," that it's the example set by the older generation that we have had to follow, and none other. We don't want to make their mistakes, and if there is any way to keep from failing — then leave it to us!

JUDY MERRICK
Columbia, Mo.

SIR:

What a warped and twisted view C.W.M. presents concerning engagements! (Accent on Living, December, 1948, *Atlantic*.) Many a girl will lose her prospective partner if she attempts to follow the false doctrine of that article. Anyone who accepts Christian principles of marriage wouldn't behave so foolishly.

I hope C.W.M. intended it as a satirical joke. I took it as such and enjoyed it immensely. But if C.W.M. should be serious, my answer is "Pooh!"

N. H. CHEKLUK
Calgary, Canada

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I. I. RABI, head of the Physics Department at Columbia and a member of the General Advisory Committee for the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, received the Nobel Prize in 1944 for his work in atomic physics. Here he attacks the case argued by P. M. S. Blackett, the British physicist, who was an operational analyst during the war and a Nobel Prize winner last year. The issues involve our fifteen-billion-dollar budget for defense, our American understanding of atomic warfare, and the nature of our relationship with Soviet Russia.

PLAYING DOWN THE BOMB

Blackett versus the Atom

by I. I. RABI

PUBLISHED in this country last month by Whittlesey House, *Fear, War, and the Bomb* appeared in England under the more restrained but less accurate title *Military and Political Consequences of Atomic Energy*. It created a minor sensation in England and a greater one at the UN Assembly meeting in Paris. There it served a most useful purpose, to the Russians, because in it they found almost all the arguments which they had used to frustrate all attempts at a reasonable international settlement of the problems of atomic energy set forth anew and with some novelties in addition.

The great windfall for the Russians was that Professor Blackett is no Soviet stooge from a satellite country, but an upper-class Englishman with a high scientific reputation made more popularly resplendent by the award of the Nobel Prize in Physics for 1948. Furthermore, Professor Blackett is an important authority on methods of anti-submarine warfare, so recognized by the United States Government by the award of the Medal for Merit. Support from such quarters is not easily obtained and was gleefully used by the Soviet debaters.

There is little question as to Professor Blackett's attainments in physics or in military matters. His credentials as an analyst of political and social and

economic matters are more obscure, and not evident from his book. He is known to be politically well left of center, yet there is no trace of doctrinaire Marxism in the book. On international affairs he writes like the amateur which he is, with no penetration into the underlying causes of present tensions. In matters which concern political life and thought in the United States, he manifests the hopeless confusion of the average Englishman.

Actually, Professor Blackett's book is an emotional and, indeed, almost hysterical personal reaction to the mounting tensions in world affairs, which have resulted in part from the development of the atomic bomb—hysteria disguised in the prose of the scholar. Although there is a great and ostentatious display of scientific objectivity, it is only a thin veneer which covers an extraordinary piece of special pleading.

A deep responsibility devolves on the scientist when he writes for a lay public in a field outside his special competence. The public is avid for conclusions. It cannot follow critically and in detail the arguments involved, particularly if important factors are suppressed or smoothly glossed over. The prestige of science is so great that the lay reader will naturally consider a high scientific reputation as a guarantee of intellectual honesty, objectivity, and general competence. A misuse of this prestige can

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lead to lamentable consequences when a wrong doctrine catches the fancy of the public or of lay persons in high places.

There have been many examples in recent years. The racial doctrines of the Nazis led to the slaughter of millions of innocents. The atavistic teaching of Lysenko has led to the suppression of Soviet genetics and now threatens other sciences as well. A more cogent example was the effect of the pronouncements of Lindbergh on the invincibility of the Nazi Air Force, which emboldened the Germans and intimidated many groups in France, England, and the United States.

It would be disastrous for all, and for the Russian people in particular, if Professor Blackett's book had the effect of making the Soviet rulers believe that the atomic bomb would be of minor importance in a war between the Soviets and the West.

2

THE first half of Professor Blackett's book is devoted to his analysis of the military consequences of atomic energy. Here he marshals his data on the general effects of bombing as revealed by the Allied experience in the bombing of Germany and Japan. His chief source is the United States Strategic Bombing Survey, an excellent U.S. Government report too little known in this country. His knowledge of atomic bombing is gleaned from official unclassified publications, newspapers, and magazine articles. He cites his ingeniously selected authorities chapter and verse and makes, superficially, a fair-minded and scholarly impression. As Professor Bancroft once remarked in a book review, "The author is at his best when quoting."

Some of the facts which Professor Blackett presents will be startling to the lay reader. The British and American bombing of Germany up to the end of 1944 did not seem to bother the Germans at all. Indeed, the graph reads as if they thrived on it. The British night bombing, in his opinion, was useless and wicked. The American daylight bombing had its chief effect in reducing the German air fighter force which rose up to intercept it. On the other hand, the use of air power in support of ground troops and its concentration on specific objectives like transportation is a paying proposition in a military sense, unlike the area bombing of cities. He cites the Russians as understanding these basic principles, whereas we and the British largely ignored them in a futile destruction of German cities.

In his opinion, the B-29 bombing of Japan was more successful, but largely unnecessary and cruel, since Japan was already beaten and its air force had been destroyed. The success of the blockade by ships, submarines, and mines had made the area bombing effort unnecessary.

It is clear from the foregoing that Professor

Blackett takes a dim view of area bombing. Since the atomic bomb can hardly help being an area weapon (eight square miles is his estimate of severe damage), it too comes under his general condemnation as an effective military weapon. His syllogism runs: area bombing was no great shakes in the last war; the atomic bomb is a weapon for area bombing; therefore, the atomic bomb will not be decisive or even very important in the event of a war with the Soviets.

Let us examine the argument more closely. The early bombing of Germany was in dribblets, and clearly permitted recovery when important centers were damaged in air raids. Other centers and alternative plants could be brought into play. There were places where refugees could be housed. But if the British or we could have succeeded in bombing Hamburg, Bremen, Hannover, Lübeck, and Rostock in one raid, that tale of recovery could have been quite different. Atomic bombing could have accomplished such a huge raid more easily than a single raid on Hamburg alone with ordinary bombs. This implication of damage causes a kind of supersaturation of defenses and recovery facilities and is a logical extension of the tactical idea of massive bombing introduced by the British in their air attacks on Germany.

Professor Blackett points out that a great improvement in the effectiveness of the bombing of German industrial centers occurred when the "pathfinder" technique was introduced. The pathfinders were specially selected crews who accurately spotted the target with flares. The rest of the mission bombed on the flares. This expected increase in accuracy is most important since a large number of raids over Germany were really wasted on open fields. Because of the much smaller number of air crews necessary for atomic bombing, they could all be trained up to the quality of "pathfinders."

There is, in addition, an important morale factor difficult to evaluate, but which the Japanese and those who have seen an atomic explosion are not likely to minimize. The omission of these three factors — supersaturation, target accuracy, and morale effect — entirely vitiates Professor Blackett's elaborately constructed arguments, charts, and tables.

Strangely enough, even though he actually speaks of it, Professor Blackett nowhere seems to appreciate the possibilities of atomic warfare with a really large number of bombs. This is, unfortunately, a general tendency. People talk of *the* Bomb or of dropping *a* bomb somewhere. The American scientists have always warned of the effect of a large number of bombs. One of Professor Blackett's odd points is that the atomic bomb is too big for many targets — as if that were an argument against the bomb, rather than a prediction of the complete annihilation of the target. Only few worth-while military targets cost less than an

atomic bomb. This point is one which students of military affairs would do well to consider. Atomic warfare is very different when considered in terms of dozens or hundreds or thousands of bombs.

The first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, the second on Nagasaki on August 9, and on August 14 the proud Japanese Empire surrendered by radio! Many people, Professor Blackett included, have tried to shrug off that stupendous sequence of events. At this point Professor Blackett's objectivity as an operational analyst breaks down completely. His strong bias against strategic bombing, which dates back to the early war years, will not permit him to absorb this fact into his system of thought. His strong pro-Soviet or anti-American bias (it is hard to tell which is stronger) makes it impossible for him to live with the idea that the atomic bomb, an American monopoly, could play such a decisive role in a future war.

The impact of Hiroshima on Professor Blackett reaches its climax in Chapter X, "The Decision to Use the Bombs." Here Professor Blackett permits himself to indulge in a dignified tantrum. The sum and substance of this chapter is to show that we dropped the bomb on Hiroshima on August 6 to steal the newspaper headlines away from the Russians, who were expected to invade Manchuria on August 8, and thus win a diplomatic victory! "The dropping of the bombs was not so much the last military act of the second World War, as the first major operation of the cold diplomatic war with Russia now in progress." That this statement can be put forth by a man of Professor Blackett's intelligence is astonishing. He assumes that we knew that the Russians would win a quick victory in Manchuria — an assumption which is belied by the initial phases of the other two Russian campaigns in the last war, in Finland and against Germany. Our own contacts with the Japanese did not give us reason to hold their military prowess in low esteem.

Professor Blackett argues further that if the use of the bomb was not the first act in the cold war, it was at least very tactless to steal the headlines away from the Russians, and showed a lack of the finer sensibilities. This argument had best be left to stand unanswered.

It is a plain fact that the United States had consistently pressed to have the war over in a hurry. We prodded a reluctant Churchill on the invasion of Europe and when that was over we went all-out for Japan. Europe was facing starvation and chaos. We could not delay a conclusion with Japan with the whole world degenerating into anarchy. We had the weapon to end the war and we used it, and it ended the war, even though, as Professor Blackett says, an atomic bomb is *only* equivalent to a raid of three hundred B-29 bombers carrying ten tons of bombs each.

As a matter of actual fact, the bomb was dropped at the first opportunity. Depending on the weather, it could have come earlier or later than the August 6 date. Furthermore, the Russians were informed by Mr. Truman at Potsdam that we had an atomic bomb. Judging by their insistence on a second front, they certainly would have interpreted any delay on our part in using the bomb as a device to put more of the burden of the war on them.

Professor Blackett does not forgo the opportunity to castigate us on moral grounds for the use of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Even though he proves to his own satisfaction that it is only the equivalent of an ordinary B-29 raid or the kind of bombing the British did so well over Hamburg, this particular raid gives him a special horror. He does not say why, but the reason is clear. Deep down he shares the view of other scientists that this raid could be the beginning of a new era of horror. This feeling he tries to talk away, but the vision remains as an afterglow.

The wailing over Hiroshima finds no echo in Japan. The Japanese know that Hiroshima was an important headquarters and staging area and a legitimate target. They are very glad that something, anything, happened to stop the insane war. However, with sufficient propaganda, they might in time be induced to feel that they were greatly wronged. Hiroshima, by the way, is largely rebuilt.

Professor Blackett is not alone in his views. There seems to be a general playing-down of the importance and effectiveness of atomic warfare. That our own military people play it down is understandable. Owing to security restrictions, they know little about it and, further, it is difficult to defend UMT or expenditures for enormous conventional military installations, naval, air, and ground, if the atomic bomb is too strongly stressed. As a result of some of our misguided secrecy, we are not only paying for the atomic bomb but for a large conventional military setup which the atomic bomb has made obsolete. Congressional committees pass on military expenditures without a knowledge of how many atomic bombs we have on hand or how many we shall have in future years. What is the rate of production? To what figure can it be increased? How can it be used for maximum effectiveness? The Congress would not tolerate such ignorance in any other sphere of our activity. The mystic power of the atom secrecy has dulled common-sense perceptions not only in Professor Blackett but in many responsible people on this side of the Atlantic.

3

ALMOST half of Professor Blackett's book is devoted to an attack on the majority plan which grew out of the Acheson-Lilienthal-Baruch plan for the control of atomic energy within the UN. He does

not pull his punches when they are directed at the United States. Although he does not strongly defend the Russian plan, he tries to show that the Soviets could hardly have taken any other position in view of the intransigence with which we pursue peace and security.

Although the negotiations in the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission have so far produced no tangible results except for a sharpening of the division between the Soviet planetary system of states and the Western world, a certain moral glow, perhaps only of innocence, has dwelt in the breasts of most scientists and statesmen on our side of the "Iron Curtain." Our plan, the Acheson-Lilienthal-Baruch plan, as modified by prolonged discussion to become the majority plan of the UNAEC was a great and generous gesture. It was an offer to surrender our greatest weapon of military power in the interest of the security of all nations. While guaranteeing solid advantages to ourselves in terms of our traditional immunity from military attack, it aimed to achieve this end without depriving any nation or people of the legitimate use of discoveries in the field of atomic energy. It is a significant first step toward the ultimate abolition of armed conflict between peoples.

That the Soviets could not agree to this plan has been held variously to result from the Original Sin of Communism, the intrinsic inability of a totalitarian state to withstand impartial inspection from outside, ignorance of the Kremlin of the fatal power of the atomic bomb, and lastly to plain cussedness. The result, in any event, has been a greatly heightened tension in the Western world, particularly here in the United States. The mounting fear and frustration have resulted in vastly increased military appropriations, a severe loyalty check to weed out all leftist elements from any important phase of American life, and in general an effort to put the country and in fact the whole non-Soviet world in a state of preparedness for war.

Under such conditions, it appears that the two great ponderous machines are rolling on a single track to an inevitable head-on collision, which can bring only sorrow to hundreds of millions of well-meaning innocent people and advantage to none.

Professor Blackett brings no new bridge with which to cross the chasm separating the Soviets and the West. He is fully aware, as some of our statesmen are not, of the advantages to us in the proposals for an international authority to control atomic energy, but he implies a certain contempt for our profound desire for security to work out our destiny in peace and freedom from foreign interference. He sees nothing which the Soviets can gain from these proposals. They would be outvoted in any international body not subject to the veto. This assumes a continuation of the Soviet attitude of no compromise. They would give up the solid advantages of the Iron Curtain, which

hides the location of their vital industrial plants and military installations, for the dubious attentions of foreign spies in their midst (this point had best be answered by the Central Intelligence Agency). Not the least of the Soviet objections, which Professor Blackett endorses, is the proposition that our policy of gradualness or "stages," on which the whole system of international control would be set up, would deprive the Soviets of an early utilization of atomic energy for industrial power.

This last remark is not meant humorously by him; in fact, it is pointed up by facts and figures that the United States has more kilowatts per capita than any other country, including the Soviets.

Professor Blackett did not work on the atomic bomb project during the war, and his professional interest in recent years has not been primarily in nuclear physics. There are many points in the book which show that his thinking in this field is that of an outsider. Our security has apparently been much better than many people expected. These points cannot be discussed in detail in this place. However, one conclusion has become quite clear and has been reiterated by members of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. Atomic power is not around the corner. Atomic power which would be economical and competitive with coal or oil, even in Russia, belongs to the distant future, far beyond any time-scale envisioned in the principle of stages. The Soviets would lose nothing and gain years through the disclosure of American and British knowledge now necessarily held secure. In any event, the matter has never come up for negotiation because the Soviet Government has rejected the majority plan *in toto*.

The final chapter of *Fear, War, and the Bomb* is called "A Way Out?" The question mark is appropriate. It presents a rather frightening concept. According to Professor Blackett, the bright dawn will come when Russia has made a few atomic bombs. Although we will have many more, the Russian weapons will be more effective when used in conjunction with her vast land armies. Under such circumstances, Professor Blackett feels that the United States and the Western powers will be more in a mood to negotiate, to trade off reduction in the number of our atomic bombs and carriers against reductions of the Russian armies by so and so many divisions. (This is exactly the kind of dreaded armed truce which American scientists have sought to avoid.) At a much later stage, if no third world war intervenes, a proposal like the majority plan of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission could be taken up again.

This is the sum and substance of Professor Blackett's positive contribution to the subject of the political consequences of atomic energy, and his advice to a world torn asunder by a battle of giants. He also agrees that it doesn't amount to much.

Truk

A novelist who scored first with his stories of Mr. Moto and then with his satires of New England, The Late George Apley (1937; awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1938), Wickford Point (1939), H. M. Pulham, Esquire (1941), and whose latest novel, Point of No Return, is just off press, JOHN P. MARQUAND during the war was flown a good many thousand miles in the South Pacific as an unofficial observer for Secretary Stimson. Eighteen months ago he landed briefly at Truk, the so-called Japanese Gibraltar, and his picture of the islands we left behind us is one not easily erased from mind.

RETURN TRIP TO THE STONE AGE

by JOHN P. MARQUAND

I

SOMETIMES on a restless night when I think of my journeyings about the world, it occurs to me that, although I have been to a number of interesting and out-of-the-way places, I have never been able to make any use of travel experience. I have seen the Assam Valley, Bushire in Persia, the Gobi Desert, the Sahara Desert, the Andes, Iceland, Ascension Island, Lake Chad, the Amazon, the Nile, the Ganges, the Colosseum and the Taj Mahal, and a few volcanoes, yet I have brought back no photographs, no notes, no material for a book or travelogue — and no stuffed animals.

Of course I have collected a few memories because you can't avoid bringing back assortments of impressions from thousands of miles of travel, but there is a catch here also. If you have moved about long enough, these memories and impressions, once so vivid and indelible, begin merging into each other, until it becomes difficult to recollect whether it happened in Peking, Tokyo, Cairo, or Lima.

This sense of confusion is greatly intensified by air transportation. A few long trips and everything about them becomes so blurred by the shrinkage of distance, that all that is really left is a recollection of airfields, each approximately the same as the other. At a conventional cruising altitude of eight or nine thousand feet, most mountains are inclined to level out, and most terrain, even unexplored Arabia, Central Africa, and the Amazon Valley, has only a map-like appearance. About all one finally learns from extended air travel is that there is a very great deal more water than land on the planet.

I only bring up these facts to show how little fitted I am to make a report on a little-known island that was once widely discussed in the Pacific war news. I should not dream of mentioning a quick trip of mine to the Carolines in a Navy plane, and my four-hour stay on the atoll of Truk about a year and a half ago, if many other so-called Europeans had ever been there. As a matter of fact, only

a very few have. Some fliers, some crews from Naval vessels, and a comparatively small number of Marines and other Naval personnel have visited Truk, usually for brief periods since the close of the Japanese war. Also some scientists called there under government auspices a year ago last summer, but aside from these few and usually casual visitors scarcely an American appears to have set foot on any land of this atoll since whaling ships used to winter in this general lagoon in the '70s and '80s. In fact from its original discovery it appears improbable that Europeans have lived there for any extended period.

Spain acquired the island group in 1885, but no attempt was made to colonize or develop it. The Germans bought Truk after the Spanish-American War and held it until the Japanese moved in in 1915; the rugged character of its seventy islets offered no opportunity for exploitation, except for two or three modest coconut plantations.

With the arrival of the Japanese such a heavy veil of secrecy descended upon Truk that the impression grew that a great naval base was building there. Actually no serious military installations were begun until after World War II had started. Though the lagoon afforded a fine, safe anchorage for the Japanese fleet, and though some twenty or thirty thousand troops who could throw up some of the hottest anti-aircraft fire anywhere in the Pacific were there at the time of the surrender, when it emerged from behind its iron curtain Truk was another example of the overextension and the basic feebleness of Japanese imperial domination. The Japanese have been shipped away now, and the original Micronesian population remains, somewhat scarred and battered by their contacts with various exponents of Western culture.

To assist the island's inhabitants, a small unit of Navy Government and a hospital unit are about all that is left now on Truk. The airstrip is closed. Truk's only communication with the outer world is

by water or Navy PBV; the only vessels apt to touch there are rare U.S. Navy supply craft. Truk is a very lonely place again and this is a pity from a tourist's point of view. The climate, though somewhat warm, is genial and on the whole healthful, and the Truk atoll and the islands, the tips of submerged mountaintops appearing above the blue waters of the lagoon, form an island group which is one of the most interesting geologically, as well as one of the most beautiful, in the Pacific — or for that matter anywhere in the world.

It would take many months to explore the scores of small islands in this group. Their geology, their flora, and especially the varying cultures of their population pose a series of problems and fascinating fields of speculation, and I regret that I only stopped for four hours on Moen, one of the main islands in the atoll, but the shortness of my stay gives the place a romantic, dream-like quality.

Much more vivid than my recollection of Truk itself is the transportation that brought me there. Instead of traveling on bucket seats as I had previously on crossing the Pacific, I accompanied five Naval officers aboard a plane formerly assigned to Admiral Nimitz, and no private car could have been more comfortable. On reaching Kwajalein before dawn, it was a pleasant change from past experience to be one of a party met by the commanding officer of this island, and to be taken to his quarters for an adequate breakfast.

In spite of this innovation, Kwajalein was obviously going downhill. It had been a boom town when I had seen it in the early months of 1945, one of the main crossroads of the Pacific, and it was a ghost town now. The temporary barracks, which, except for the runways and roads, crowded nearly every available square foot of this coral islet, were not built for the moist and humid air of the Central Pacific. Every bit of metal on the island was already in advanced stages of corrosion. Water coolers and letter files were crumbling. Typewriters only had a few months' life span. Even a bronze plaque in the island chapel, placed to commemorate the dead in the island invasion, was already almost illegible. Worse still, the hardware, the nails and screws holding the buildings together, the locks and doorknobs, were all beginning to give way.

In the sudden rainy dawn that followed our arrival, all these facts became dramatically evident. They gave a sense of impermanence, of a vanishing civilization. You had a definite conviction that nothing built by civilized man would remain very long on the Marshalls. What would last longest was obviously the pandanus-thatched house with beams held together by fibers, and one could not escape the feeling that the Marshallese were waiting hopefully for a new Dark Age which would permit them to put up their huts again.

It all looked much better from the air. Shortly after the take-off, the sun burned away the overcast,

permitting one to look down from a great height on an occasional coral islet. A Pacific atoll is the loneliest sight in the world, but from the air it is one of the most beautiful. From a height, one can perceive all the opalescent color gradations created by the sun, the sand, the coral, and the startlingly clear Pacific water as it touches the first bench of the outer atoll reef and merges into purples and violets and whites around the coral heads and then into the more delicate greens and blues in the shallower lagoon. The ring-like atoll itself with its dazzling white sand, its dots of coconut palm, and its untidy shrubbery of pandanus is thus always surrounded by a mass of changing color. From the air it becomes a punctuation mark in an interminable waste of ocean.

There were several of these punctuation marks between the main Marshalls and the Carolines, but they were only a preview to the Truk formation. Truk, as we approached it in the late forenoon, was completely in the clear, without a wisp of vapor to hide it, rising from the midst of a cobalt and silver sea. Unlike those atolls of the Marshalls, which seldom could have stood more than eight feet above high-tide mark, Truk seemed like a part of a submerged continent.

As our plane began letting down, the lagoon became a large round lake, protected by a circle of barrier reef as perfect almost as if it had been drawn by a geometric compass. There was room for ten navies to anchor in the Truk lagoon, and three good channels through the reef. Rising nearly in the center of this clear and beautifully sheltered body of water were five ancient volcanic peaks, now islands, covered with a deeper, richer, emerald verdure than is common with Pacific islands further north; and, like freckles, there were tinier islands scarcely to be noticed from a circling plane, both inside and outside the coral barrier. The Truk islands, which shelter about 11,000 natives, have names that sound as remote from civilization as they really are — Moen, Dublon, Fefan, Udot, Fala, Tol, Polie, and Onamue.

2

As the plane headed toward the island of Moen, which was Truk's administrative center, as it lost altitude and as the flaps came down, it was possible to see a concrete pier, a crane, and a few abandoned buildings. These were left by the Japanese, and except for some rusted hulls of shipping, were the most impressive signs I saw of the earlier occupation. The airstrip on which we landed a minute later was also Japanese, but the control tower and the Quonset huts and the Quonset roofs of the administration buildings a little way up the hill gave it the customary American look.

Ours was the last plane to come into Truk before the strip was closed, but there was no sign of

abandonment that morning. The Naval Island Commander and his staff and the native constabulary and even some Boy Scouts were out to meet the plane. The constabulary were dressed in shorts and wore bluish helmets and were armed with what appeared to be salvaged Japanese weapons. They were well-turned-out and stood at stiff attention, but they looked no more military than the Marshallese. Their features were irregular but agreeable, their eyes dark and intelligent, their height only medium. None had the Grecian, athletic build of the Polynesian, and none possessed his coördination or physical beauty. It was warm on the airstrip, too warm for clothing, and yet I was just as pleased that the Trukese constabulary were not turned out in G-strings. Not one of them would have looked like a beach boy on Waikiki.

As we drove in jeeps from the airstrip to the administration building and the hospital higher up the hill, over a dusty, glary coral road, we were to encounter an experience almost unique in post-war history. Moses Arkana, the chief of the Truk atoll, emerged from his office building — another Quonset hut set up by Naval Government — to greet us. The chief wore khaki trousers, a khaki shirt, and sneakers. He was a short, stoutish man in his late fifties and he had a quiet and moderate command of English because in his youth he had shipped before the mast aboard a tramp steamer that had anchored off the atoll.

When we asked if there was anything that he and his people wanted, he made the surprising statement that his people were comfortable and doing very well and that they wanted nothing. When he was asked again if he was sure about this, he said that they would like a few fishhooks. His people had nearly forgotten the art of fishing.

The chief, whose life had been spent under Spanish, German, and Japanese domination, explained that the Trukese had been discouraged from fishing by the Japanese, possibly for reasons of security. Their canoes had been taken from them, and Japanese fishermen had been imported from Okinawa, who had carried on a commercial industry until the outbreak of the war.

It must not be assumed, however, that the Truk islanders follow the hardy seafaring tradition of other Caroline natives. Captain Walter Karig, U.S.N.R., who has recently traveled extensively in these regions, has pointed out to me that the Trukese have always been exporters rather than sailors, using boatmen from Puluwat to carry their processed goods through the Carolines — a fragrant cosmetic oil composed of coconut and frangipani blossoms, and a yellow vegetable dye called turmeric, still used on the atoll, not to mention tortoise shell and pearl shell. They had only done lagoon fishing and had purchased outriggers for the purpose from such canoe-building islands as Mokil.

Now that the natives wanted to fish again in the

lagoon, they no longer had boats. They had almost forgotten the fishing grounds and besides, the Japanese, in the months of starvation that had faced them immediately before they surrendered, had dynamited portions of the lagoon and had thinned out the fish considerably. However, Chief Moses was sure they could get some if they could get fishhooks.

We then walked to the small hospital that cared for all the natives on the Truk islands. The Naval doctor in charge was a young man with great enthusiasms. His wife, who had come with him, was a trained nurse. Together with a very few enlisted personnel, they had trained a group of Trukese girls for nursing and Trukese men for orderlies. They were also conducting a general school for health and sanitation, which was designed to send intelligent natives to teach hygiene on the outer islands.

These efforts, the doctor said, were already beginning to bear fruit. Tuberculosis was common in the atoll, but their main problem was the familiar tropical yaws, a filth disease, which was now being controlled largely by the graduates of his school. Infant mortality and death from childbirth were also a Trukese problem. An effort was now being made to bring expectant mothers from the outer islands to the maternity ward, where they would have proper care, but sometimes this was difficult because the outer islanders still had taboos and prejudices and still lived without clothes and other benefits of civilization.

The prize patient in the hospital was suffering from elephantiasis, that lymphatic, glandular disease caused by the bite of the *Culex* mosquito. He had been picked up by a health team from an outer island and he seemed pleased to exhibit his monstrous deformity, which was going to be treated in a few days by an operation.

There was a road, a circumference of perhaps five miles around the base of the island, built by the Japanese, and very badly built indeed. The jeeps lurched through it dustily. The cone-like hills of Moen rose sharply to the right and mangrove swamps and beaches met the lagoon on the left. The foliage on the island was thick, a preview to the heavier foliage of the Southwest Pacific. Fine large breadfruit trees grow in the valleys, their shiny intricate leaves making rich blots of dark green against the lighter foliage, and there were also luxurious stands of coconuts and dense growths of plantain.

The doctor said that the natives' diet was like that of any other Pacific islander; fish, plantain, breadfruit, coconut, taro root, and yam. Since the departure of the Japanese, the food situation had been bad because the starving troops had cut the hearts from thousands of coconut palms. There was also a second agricultural menace in the form of a land snail imported by the Japanese for food from the island of Madagascar. This giant African

snail, apparently freed from the natural enemies which controlled it in Madagascar, was multiplying in huge numbers and devouring the new leaves of breadfruit trees and attacking the yam patches.

Nevertheless, life was not hard for the Trukese. In their genial climate, no great efforts at agriculture were necessary. Food in the main still dropped from trees, if one waited long enough beneath them.

3

INVASIONS from the outer world may have threatened the balance of life on Truk, but even from the front seat of the jeep, it was possible to lapse into one of those daydreams so apt to overtake visitors to Pacific islands, and to think of the Truk atoll as it must have looked before the first European ships discovered it, bringing such gadgets as iron nails, Christianity, and disease. The lagoon, the steep mountain slopes, and their luxurious verdure must have looked very much as they still do. The influence of the West was superficial, yet curiously blighting.

There were no outrigger canoes, no villages of thatch on Moen. On a causeway running through a mangrove swamp some Trukese were making minor repairs on the road surface, and all were sedately dressed in shirts and trousers in spite of the steamy heat of midday. The doctor explained that missionaries had indoctrinated all natives on the main islands with such a sense of modesty that bodily exposure was most uncommon, and workmen seldom removed their shirts.

The missionaries, it seemed, had done an exceptional job on Truk. There was a story that in 1934, when the Japanese were staging some sort of celebration, they asked if the Moen natives would oblige with their songs and dances, only to discover that these had been forgotten long ago. It was wrong to dance, and the only songs the Trukese knew were some moldy European hymns.

On the far side of the mangrove swamp stood a Trukese settlement. The buildings of this tiny village looked worse than any in an American hobo jungle. They seemed to have been constructed principally from tin cans and packing cases, but after all there was no lumber industry in Truk, and boards and nails were at a premium. Rickety as the buildings were, the natives evidently preferred them to pandanus thatch. The main building was a Catholic church, recently constructed, framed with the wood of the breadfruit tree and roofed with gasoline tins. Two black-gowned Portuguese priests conducted us through it, but barriers of language forbade communication.

Then we climbed halfway up the mountain on a rocky, washed-out road to the Island Commander's bungalow, where we had lunch. Sitting on his veranda, looking out to sea, we all seemed like transients. The head of the Island Government

told of other islands on the atoll and showed us handicrafts — baskets and mats woven from pandanus leaves, a fine cloth woven from vegetable fiber, and wooden masks and models of outrigger canoes. In spite of the closeness of the islands in the atoll to each other, many, he said, were seldom visited and in many there was still a Stone Age civilization. The truth was that Truk had no great natural resources, nothing much a predatory white man would want, except the harbor facilities of its beautiful lagoon, and it might well be that even this would not be wanted either, now that the strategical areas were shifting north.

It was too bad, an officer was saying, that this magnificent anchorage, large enough for adequate dispersal in case of air bombing, could not be towed six hundred miles north, for then it would make a better base than Guam, but there seemed to be no use for Truk in its present situation.

Since the American occupation there is only one Trukese product that has achieved any wide sort of popularity. This is the native love stick, which may still be used on the outer islands but surely not on Moen. The love stick is an intricately carved piece of wood whittled by a native suitor and shown to the girl of his choice, who becomes so familiar with its individual carvings that if the stick is pushed through the thatch of her hut on a dark night, she knows that it belongs to the man of her choice and is glad to join him outside in the starlight. The Naval personnel landing on Truk had carried the story of the love stick over most of the Pacific, so that when we were there, even the sedate natives of Moen were manufacturing them in quantities and they could be bought for twenty-five cents apiece.

As we were due in Manila in time for dinner, it was necessary to leave Truk shortly after luncheon. I can remember the languid heat, the acute sense of loneliness, and my feeling of disappointment at the sight of that jerry-built village. I can remember wondering too what could be more practical than that village and what could possibly be done by an enlightened civilization to make the life of the Trukese happier and more fruitful. Aside from some medical attention, I was not able to think of much.

I could even imagine that the kindest thing the outer world could do for Truk would be to leave it alone. If this idea has any value, perhaps happier days are coming to the atoll, because as one reads the news from China and listens to the rumblings of revolt in the East Indies, it may be that a silence will settle over the Central Pacific, that a curtain of neglect will fall again over Micronesia, and that the natives there will be driven back to their old skills for survival. The rest of the world may be dissecting atoms and cosmic rays, but in Truk they want fishhooks and to learn again how to build and handle a boat in the lagoon.

Know-How

Economist, soldier, and author, Lieutenant Colonel JOHN BAKER WHITE has been a member of Parliament from the Canterbury division of Kent since 1945. Director of the Economic League, 1926-1945, he was a specialist in the study of German rearmament; he represented Britain at a number of international conferences in Geneva during the long armistice, and is the author of Red Russia Arms, A Soldier Dares to Think, and The Soviet Spy System.

HOW'S BUSINESS IN RUSSIA?

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

I

ON January 20, 1949, the Statistical Office of the U.S.S.R. Council of Ministers issued a statement on the progress made by Russian industry and agriculture in 1948, the third year of the present Five-Year Plan. It was broadcast by the Moscow radio the same day for Russian listeners and repeated in all foreign-language broadcasts. It claimed, as might have been expected, sensational advances in important fields of production, while admitting that some industries had not reached the planned level of output. The general claim was that industry as a whole had beaten the target figure by 6 per cent, as compared with 3 per cent in the three years 1946-1948.

The industries exceeding their estimated output included coal, oil, iron and steel, food, building materials, and light industry. The planned output was not attained in the case of automobiles, steam turbines, Diesel locomotives, certain types of machine tools, railway sleepers, and certain branches of agricultural engineering. Despite bad weather in the Volga area, and smaller productive acreage as a result of war damage, the cereal harvest was only a little below the 1940 level, and yields per acre were above pre-war levels.

That is the general picture of the Gosplan report for 1948, but outside the Soviet Union few serious students of economics and Soviet affairs would be prepared to accept it on its face value. As leading Russian Communists have pointed out on several occasions, statistics are only valuable when they conform with the party line, which is another way of saying that they must be used to support the Politburo's current directive. A major Kremlin task at the moment is to convince the Russian people and the Iron Curtain countries of the success of economic Sovietism.

To get an accurate picture of the state of Soviet industry one has to probe much deeper than the Gosplan report, to take a thousand and one items of information, piecing them together like a giant jigsaw puzzle, rejecting always the unreliable and undocumented story. That is how the picture given

in this article has been built up — and it is one very different from that given in the Council of Ministers' report. It indicates that in spite of considerable increases in production and substantial progress in repairing war damage, there are five serious and major weaknesses in Soviet industry today. They are: —

1. A very real production crisis in light industry — textiles, consumers' goods, and furniture.
2. A waste of material that would appall any industry under capitalist management.
3. Faulty technical planning leading to a widespread wastage of man-hours.
4. Bad coördination between the different industrial units making the component parts of locomotives, tractors, and other equipment.
5. A wages-production-prices system that must lead inevitably to the physical and mental exhaustion of the labor force, especially because forced labor forms an appreciable portion of it.

Though the men at the head of the Soviet economy may shut their eyes to the last-named factor — the exploitation of human labor in Russia is as old as the steppes — they are becoming increasingly aware of the others.

They are particularly concerned about the crisis in light industry because of its relation to the production drive. When the ruble was revalued, with consequent adjustments in prices and wages, the Soviet leaders realized that a great increase in the output of consumers' goods would be necessary to maintain the incentive of the workers. The average Soviet worker is no different at heart from the British miner who refused to work more than three days a week because "there's nowt to spend brass on" — the Yorkshire fashion of saying "no goods in the stores." The Gosplan report claims that in 1948 the output of light industry was 6 per cent above the target figure. That may be so, but a considerable part of the output was unusable.

The crisis in light industry came to a head at the end of 1948, though the first indications were apparent in the spring. At the session of the Mos-

cow Council of Workers Deputies held in December, there were bitter complaints about the bad quality of consumers' goods.

Prozorov, the deputy chairman of the executive, said that a number of textile, light-industry, and woodworking factories had "failed to restore the pre-war variety of products" and that there were "many cases of poor quality." He gave as an example the materials produced by the Peter Alekseev factory (which "remained like a dead weight in the shops"), the garments from Factory No. 3, and the footwear from the Kapranov factory. He said that in the first ten months of 1948, Moscow's light industries had lost about 5 million rubles and the textile industry about 4 million rubles on account of bad quality and defective goods.

At the same meeting one of the deputies said that after an analysis of consumer demand 470 varieties had been withdrawn from production.

Cheprakov, the Soviet Minister for Light Industry, emphasized a significant point when he said that 20 per cent of the total light-industry output of the Soviet Union came from Moscow. He referred to "great shortcomings" and the "negligent attitude to consumers' goods on the part of the managers of certain metallurgical enterprises." *Pravda* of December 10, 1948, said it was an "absurd and ridiculous situation" that goods worth millions of rubles should remain in the stores because no one would buy them. The paper also warned the directors of the factories that if there was not an improvement they would "undoubtedly be reminded of the Soviet laws providing for the severe punishment of those responsible for poor-quality production." They were reminded!

The editor of *Pravda* and the speakers at the Council of Workers Deputies may have been aware that in October the question of faulty production had been referred for investigation to the Prosecutor's Office of the MGB (Ministry of State Security). It worked swiftly and ruthlessly. On December 15 it made its report and stated the action it had taken. The following are the main items:—

Tobacco Factory, Saratov. Cigarettes found to contain dirt, stalk, and rubbish. Badly filled, often torn owing to faulty machinery. In six months this factory alone produced over 1.4 million packets of faulty and bad-quality cigarettes. Director V. K. Ovchinsky sentenced to seven years' imprisonment; Chief Engineer P. V. Kireyev and Chief of Technical Control Department V. I. Podshivalin, five years each.

Mechanical Foundry Works, Leningrad. Systematic production of poor-quality goods. Chisels sent to other factories were found to be unusable. Adjustable spanners [monkey wrenches] sent out with immovable screws and loose heads. No proper precision tools or blueprints had been issued to the shops. Director V. B. Garibyan and Chief Engineer V. A. Glinchikov both sentenced to five years' "deprivation of liberty."

Sewing Factory of the Frunze District Industrial Combine, Moscow. Continuous output of men's clothes that proved to be unwearable. Director Tarachkov sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

Coal Mine, No. 4 Pit, Katylkovsky District, Stalin Province. Production of coal containing a high percentage of slate. Manager Anisimov sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

Makeyevka Industrial Combine, Stalin Province. Out of 7770 cultivator wheels delivered to the Mariupol metal products factory, all save 217 were defective. Chief Engineer Chvdakov and Chief of the Technical Control Department Radchenko, each five years' imprisonment.

This by no means completes the list. Investigations into the reasons for defective output are still taking place in many plants all over the Soviet Union, including the Kalibr precision tools factory at Chelyabinsk, the Karbo-Lemta textile plant at Noginsk, and the Avto-Detal car factory at Erivan.

Other plants in which there has been faulty production on a large scale are the "October Fifth" factory at Barnaul, which, in one consignment, sent out 16,000 meters of unusable cloth, and the Erivan footwear factory. Out of 2000 pairs of boots sent to Kiev in November, 450 pairs were unwearable. Also on the black list are the Peter Alekseyev and Osvobodzona Pratsa factories and Clothing factory No. 1. All are in the Moscow district and all produce woolen fabrics. *Pravda* on December 10 said that goods from these factories "lie on the shelves and nobody will buy them."

2

THE output of defective goods is but one aspect of the crisis. Another feature is the failure of plants to reach their target. Factories under the control of the Minister of Transport Machine Building had, at the end of the year, production deficiencies including 90,000 metal spoons, 108,000 tons of aluminum vessels, 50 tons of locks, and 15,000 spades.

Trud of September 10, 1948, reported from the industrial town of Stalino: "We saw in the shops locally-made locks which do not lock, unpainted beds which have already rusted, and horrible iron goods of no use to anybody." Of spoons and forks it said: "The quality is beneath criticism."

Some factories which formerly made consumers' goods as an ancillary to their major production have now ceased to produce them. These factories include the agricultural machinery plant at Orsk and the tractor and "Red October" factories in Stalingrad. This may be due to the fact that the consumers' goods were produced from scrap metal and similar products.

Drastic steps are being taken by the Praesidium of the Supreme Council of the U.S.S.R. to deal with the crisis. They realize that faulty production is not

to be found just in one area or group of enterprises, but all over the Soviet Union and over a very wide range of industries.

The Praesidium has decided to reorganize the whole control of the light industries in Russia. The former Ministry of Light Industry and the Ministry of the Textile Industry have been merged to form a single Ministry of Light Industry of the U.S.S.R., and this reorganization is to be carried out in the Union republics as well. The reorganization is to be under the personal supervision of Shvernik, the chairman of the Praesidium. Kosygin, the former Minister of Finance, has been appointed head of the new ministry.

The inquiries of the Public Prosecutor have shown that in almost every case faulty production could be traced back to the managerial and technical control level. One of Kosygin's first tasks will be to decide whether this is due to (a) passive resistance amounting to sabotage, (b) lack of training among managerial staffs, or (c) the inability of even the best of staffs to produce good-quality articles from low-quality raw materials when using bad machinery and indifferently trained labor. Managers who have dared to express an opinion at all say that the present crisis arises from indifferently trained labor.

There is concrete evidence of inefficiency over a much wider field. A leading article in *Pravda* of December 9, 1948, referred to difficulties in the timber industry and described them as "an intolerable situation." It said that less than half the required transport personnel was working in the forests of the Vologda, Kostroma, and Kirov provinces; and that only hundreds of horse-drawn carts, instead of thousands, were in use in the Kalinin and Yaroslavl provinces. It made the general criticism that transport was not being properly used, and stated that only 50 per cent of the horses of the enterprises belonging to the Ministries of the Timber and Paper Industries were working. Mechanized transport was said to be in an even worse state. Hundreds of tractors and a great number of trucks and engines were left idle.

Difficulties also arose over the harvesting of the cotton crop. A report dated November 18, 1948, said that "cotton deliveries are proceeding satisfactorily in some but not all areas. There is a serious threat that the quality of the crop may be impaired and much of it lost owing to harvesting delays. Party leaders in the Uzbek, Kazakh, and Kirghiz republics are not taking the necessary measures. . . . In the Tashkent district, for example, a considerable number of farmers are taking no part in harvesting cotton, and those who are, are fulfilling only half of their daily assignment. A similar situation prevails throughout the Fergan province." This crisis, which seems to have arisen from peasant passive resistance, was overcome eventually by the introduction of special shock brigades.

One of the most illuminating reports, dated mid-

November, 1948, comes from the Sverdlovsk province. It reads as follows: —

A number of Sverdlovsk province enterprises do not fulfill their production programs of essential articles; the Provincial Party Committee is content merely to see that gross production plans as a whole are fulfilled to schedule. Technological discipline is often neglected. At Uralmashzavod alone, loss accruing from scrap amounted in the past eight months to 8 million rubles. Disorder and muddle reigns supreme at many works. Surplus accumulations are neglected. New production techniques and mechanization are being applied in too slow and leisurely a fashion, particularly in the metal, coal, timber, and building industries. The greatest drawback in many Sverdlovsk enterprises lies in the fluctuating labor force, which in turn is due to the Provincial Party Committee's neglect of the workers' material well-being, and to the insufficient attention paid to the housing problem in the province.

The particular significance of this report is that Sverdlovsk is one of the new post-war areas of special industrial development.

The waste of materials through bad planning and faulty production would not be tolerated for a week in American or British industry. The degree is best indicated by the reports quoted and by others now coming in concerning the amounts saved in recent months. In January, 1948, the Ministry of Light Industry instituted a "stop waste" drive in the province of Sverdlovsk. By the end of September, material had been saved sufficient to manufacture an additional 392,000 pairs of boots, 168,000 knitted garments, and tens of thousands of coats and suits.

A leader in the issue of *Pravda* dated January 11, 1949, drew special attention to the need for saving steel. The plan for 1949 is to reduce the consumption of the steel-using industries by 7 per cent while maintaining their output of finished articles. The steel used in a STSZ caterpillar tractor is to be reduced by 8 per cent, in 20-ton cranes by 10 per cent, and in 50-ton cranes by 29 per cent. These figures indicate that there must have been considerable wastage in the past; indeed *Pravda* said that "no deviation from these standards is to be permitted, however slight, and it is the duty of Party workers in factories to exercise their rights of supervision to eliminate waste."

A survey of the Soviet iron and steel industry, based upon the official figures of output in relation to numbers employed, shows that there is bad labor organization. By using British methods of production the output of many of the plants could be obtained with one-third fewer workers.

Machinery maintenance, by American or British standards, is often bad, and this results in faulty output. A recent survey made at the electrosteel works near Moscow showed that over a period of three months 22 per cent of the output of stainless steel was faulty. The Magnitogorsk plant has

received several complaints from the Donbas coal syndicate about the bad quality of wire rope. The Uralselmash works was reprimanded in January, 1949, for wasting steel, and the Krasny Kotelsheik works at Taganrog for wasteful cutting of steel sheets.

3

THE backwardness of many Soviet enterprises, in comparison with American and West-European standards, is indicated by the pride with which they announce proposed improvements that have been regarded as a matter of course for many years in capitalist industry.

A letter written by the leading officials of a number of Moscow enterprises and made public on January 25, 1949, detailed the measures they envisaged for improving production. They included "the introduction of highly productive technical processes, the use of conveyer belts on a large scale, the extension of mechanization, the rationalization of the supply of raw materials, the elimination of unproductive processes, general economy in the use of fuel and power, and expeditious deliveries to consumers." The director of the Egorev coach-building works at Leningrad claims proudly that the "introduction of conveyer-belt methods has led to a reduction of 3000 hours in the time required for building each passenger coach." At the Korov Elektrosila works in the same city the time to produce a Dneprovsk turbogenerator has been cut from ten to six months.

The letter quoted shows how difficult it is to arrive at any accurate standard of comparison between Russian industry on the one hand and British and American industry on the other. While one Soviet steelworks may be using equipment up to the standard of Pittsburgh or Scunthorpe, another is using machinery that should have gone for scrap twenty years ago. There is also a tremendous variation in the quality of output; much of the clothing on offer in the Moscow stores would be unsalable in New York at a quarter of the present prices. Recently the citizens of Kiev were delighted to see in the stores a supply of rubber and leather footwear of high quality and good finish. It came from the Bata works at Zlin in Czechoslovakia.

It is this difference in standards that makes it so difficult to evaluate the Gosplan report and forecast the future potentialities of Soviet industry. That there has been a remarkable recovery from the ravages of war, especially in agriculture, is unquestionable, but short-term expansion has been achieved at the expense of long-term planning. The result has been lack of coördination in production, overcapitalization of plant, and great neglect of workers' living conditions.

Early in January, 1949, a considerable portion of the Latvian textile industry was idle because it had received no raw materials from the ministry. The

official journal *Sovietskaya Latvia* complained that a similar situation existed in the footwear and rubber industries. At the beginning of this year, production at the Stalingrad tractor works was held up because the Yaroslav "Pobeda Rabochikh" plant had failed to deliver supplies of enamel. Production in the Kharkov tractor plant was halted at about the same time because the Egorev works had not delivered sufficient "ferrado" belts. On January 12 a supply of belting was sent by air from Moscow to Stalingrad and Kharkov. Neither plant had held in stock more than one day's supply of belting or enamel, which seems to indicate that their production is on a hand-to-mouth basis.

A new industrial economy campaign, announced in Moscow on January 26, 1949, throws a revealing light on the degree to which many enterprises are overcapitalized in relation to their output. The purpose of the campaign is to "speed up the turnover of working capital," and 103 Moscow enterprises have undertaken to "release" the sum of 400 million rubles in 1949. The Stalin motorworks plans to save 30 million rubles, the Stupinsky metalworks 15 million, and the Kaganovich ball-bearing works 10 million rubles. The inclusion of these plants in the scheme to save money is of interest because in the past they have been cited as among the most efficient enterprises of the Moscow region.

Railways remain a particular problem for the Soviet leaders, for in 1948 the average turn-round time for freight loads was longer than what had been planned. The situation was aggravated by the shortage of cars and locomotives, which continued to be acute in spite of large-scale requisitioning in Poland.

In the coal industry there is a growing tendency for coal-cutting machines to fall behind their planned output, which may well be due to exhaustion of the operatives. In the oil industry, drilling fell behind schedule in the second half of 1948 — a deficiency admitted in the Gosplan report — and the rate of output of textile machinery is giving cause for anxiety.

It may be that the Soviet leaders, when they look at the over-all picture of the shortcomings and difficulties of industry, will begin to realize that many of them may be due to the mental and physical exhaustion of the labor force.

Such recovery as has been achieved since 1945 has been at the price of driving the Russian workers as they have never been driven before under the Communist state. The Soviet plan for extracting the maximum output from the individual is perfectly simple — and quite inhuman. Each worker is set a "norm," the amount of work he or she must do in the working day to secure the minimum wage. Prices of food and essential articles are fixed at a level which ensures that it is virtually impossible to maintain life on the minimum wage. It is therefore necessary for the worker to exceed the norm, not

once or twice a week, but every day, all the year. If it is desired to increase output still further the norm is upgraded or prices of the essentials of life are raised.

There is no Communist equality in the rates of wages and salaries. The following table has been compiled from details taken entirely from official Soviet publications: —

MONTHLY SALARIES AND WAGES

	<i>Rubles</i>
Doctor of History, Academy of Sciences	8000
Star clown, Moscow Circus	6000
Chief engineer of a mine	4000
Average coal-face worker in a mine	2000
Schoolteacher	1200
Shock brigade textile worker	1200
Skilled furnace worker	900
Electrical fitter	800
Accountant	800
Unskilled woman sawmill hand	500
Unskilled stoker	260
Unskilled sawmill apprentice	200

These figures take on greater reality when compared with prices prevailing in the state stores. A pair of poor-quality shoes costs 300 rubles, a pair of rubber shoes 60 rubles. A ready-made man's suit is priced at 600–700 rubles, a woman's dress at 400 rubles. Beef costs up to 100 rubles per pound on the "free market," cigarettes 2 rubles each, a box of matches up to 20 rubles, and a packet of hairpins 15 rubles.

The following is the monthly budget of a miner working as a coal cutter and classified as a Stakhanovite — that is, a person who exceeds his norm regularly: —

	<i>Rubles</i>
TOTAL EARNINGS	1200
Deductions for compulsory state loan, income tax, and social insurance	110
Trade-union and holiday rest-home contributions and Party dues	85
NET INCOME	1005
	<i>Rubles</i>
Rent (one room and use of kitchen)	150
Meals at work	190
Food at home for himself and his wife, including necessary purchases in black or gray markets	480
Cigarettes, matches, mending materials, newspapers	100

Out of the remaining money, he has to pay for clothes for his wife and himself, amusements, travel, replacement of furniture, and so forth.

The Soviet economy depends as well upon the exploitation of a great force of prison labor. No one except the Ministry of State Security knows how many of these slave workers there are, but their total is certainly not less than three million. They

are not paid any wages and their rations are only a bare subsistence. In addition to this form of labor, the Soviet government has recently introduced a system almost exactly the same as that of the Nazi Labor Front. Young male Russians are to serve in camps at which they will receive pre-military training and will be employed upon constructional work of national importance. They are to be known as "the State Labor Reserves." This system places in the hands of the Soviet rulers a highly mobile labor force that can be used as shock brigades and switched at short notice from one job to another.

Such is the over-all picture of Soviet industry. It is not complete, and it can never be complete so long as the Kremlin exercises a rigid censorship on both internal and external news and imposes heavy penalties for the disclosure of the type of economic information to be found in any official American or British journal.

All the same, it is possible to draw certain conclusions from the available information. The Russian industrial system has undergone great expansion since the war, especially in the defense areas east of the Urals. Both the industries and the agriculture of the Ukraine have made a remarkable recovery from widespread war devastation. Road and water systems of communication have been improved to a material degree in many parts of the Soviet Union, with an accompanying expansion of road transport. Russian citizens are now being urged to purchase the *Moskvich* — the Red equivalent of the Nazi *Volkswagen*. In contrast the railways have lagged behind, hampered by a shortage of track and locomotives. The supplies of coal, oil, nickel, bauxite, wool, and rubber are a long-term headache for the Soviet planners.

But to the outside observer it would seem that the danger point is not to be found in the light-industry crisis or in wasteful and uncoordinated production, but in the excessive strain that is being placed on the labor force. Labor is in no position to protest against the tempo of the production speed-up, for Russian trade-unions are part of the state's speeding-up machinery. It cannot slack off to take even a few days' rest, for an unattained norm means an empty stomach, and two days' absenteeism is punished by as much as six months in a reformatory labor camp.

Under such conditions labor, used in competition with some three million slave workers, can be worked full-out for a long time, but when the breaking point is reached, the collapse of productive effort is often complete. There are indications — few as yet — that certain sections of the Russian working force are not far from the breaking point. If that should be reached even in one or two key industries, the whole pattern of Soviet economic planning would be changed fundamentally and quickly.



*Byron's letters to Countess Guiccioli, held in private by her family for seventy-five years, have now been released. Sympathetically edited by MARCHESA IRIS ORIGO, the letters and the day-to-day account of this extraordinary love affair will be published by Scribner's in May under the title *Byron: The Last Attachment*. For permission to publish the letters, the Marchesa is indebted to Count Carlo Gamba and to the Legal Personal Representative of Lord Byron's estate. This is the second installment of the *Atlantic's* abridgment.*

"MY ONLY AND LAST LOVE"

Byron's Unpublished Letters to Countess Teresa Guiccioli

by IRIS ORIGO

ITALY in the spring of 1819 was the setting of what many have regarded as Byron's most important love. At a party in Venice in April, Byron was introduced to Countess Teresa Guiccioli. The attraction was instantaneous and within a few days they became lovers. Byron, already tired of his life of dissipation and bored with Venetian society, was more than ripe for a new, deeper emotion. Teresa — in the poet's own words — was "fair as sunrise, warm as noon." She was nineteen and he was thirty-one, and between them stood the Count, Teresa's husband, an eccentric nobleman forty years her senior. In June, Byron followed the Countess to Ravenna; there her illness and her dependence on him caused no little scandal but, as will be seen, made the poet an indispensable member of the household.

By the middle of the month there was a change for the better in Teresa's condition. Her fever left her, and at last the doctor allowed her to go out again. On the evening of June 16, at seven o'clock, "she came down the stairs of her palazzo leaning on Byron's arm. He seated himself in her closed carriage beside her; behind them, in another carriage, rode the Count and some other friends." It was their first time alone together, since he had

come to Ravenna. They reached the great pine wood that lies between Ravenna and the sea, at sunset. "Lord Byron was charmed by the landscape; he seemed at once happy and melancholy."

It was on that evening, says Teresa, as they drove home together through the forest and watched the reflection of the sunset lights in the still pools under the pine trees, that she asked Byron, since he had already written about Tasso, to write something also about Italy's greatest poet, Dante. "Your wishes are my commands," he replied, and the next day began "The Prophecy of Dante," which he dedicated to her.

When they were alone together, they would go over and over the same ground: what did the future hold for them? It is clear, from the letters, that Byron repeated his suggestion to elope with her and that she again drew back. But Teresa now knew — or thought she knew — how completely her lover was committed.

BYRON TO CONTESSA GUICCIOLI

June 16th, 1819

MY LOVE: —

Let us not talk about the subject any more now. It is enough that you cannot doubt me, knowing

what I would be capable of doing for you. In any case and in all circumstances your happiness will be my only care. If a time comes of trouble and disturbance caused by our love, then you shall decide, according to your feelings. I shall not try to persuade you or to influence your choice. My "duties," dearest Teresa, are always the same — and it seems to me I am showing every possible eagerness to fulfill them.

Everything depends on you — my life — my honor — my love. Love me, then — my feeling for you deserves to be returned: I suffer so much in loving, that I have tried to avoid strong passions in these last three years — but in vain, as you see now. To love you is my crossing of the Rubicon and has already decided my fate.

I shall not fail to carry out all that you say — I kiss you a hundred thousand times.

[BYRON]

On June 10, 20, and 26 Byron sent off to Alexander Scott, the British vice-consul in Venice, a series of urgent letters telling Scott to send him his saddle horses and his carriage horses, and to forward all his English letters. Richard Hoppner, the British consul, and Scott (united in their jealousy of "La Guiccioli") delayed as long as they could. "There could surely be no difficulty," wrote Byron to Scott, after waiting for ten days. But at last his instructions were carried out, and he finally told Scott that he had no intention of returning to Venice for some time. "All has gone on very well here — as you may suppose by my stay. The Lady does whatever she pleases with me — and luckily the same things please both."

2

To Teresa, Byron wrote: "Every day in which we do not see and love each other, in deed as in our hearts, is (at least for me) the most irreparable of losses, one happiness the less."

"The most irreparable of losses." Already conscious of a physical decay far in advance of his years, and of a corresponding exhaustion, Byron was at this time writing to a friend in England: "At thirty I feel there is no more to look forward to. . . . My hair is half grey, and the Crow's-foot has been rather lavish of its indelible steps. My hair, though not gone, seems going, and my teeth remain by way of courtesy."

Like an overtired child at a party, who, drooping with fatigue, yet clamors for one game more, he attempted to defeat his weariness and self-distaste always by the same method: some fresh sensation that would reconfirm for him the sense of his own reality. Life had become tasteless for him, except in the pursuit of passion. And passion brought pain; and pain, weariness — and then he was off on the treadmill once again.

These months were the high summer of Teresa's and Byron's passion, when Byron's fears for her health and his consciousness of his own exhaustion only served to fan his feverish thirst. Teresa's youth, her freshness, her vitality (in spite of, or even increased by, her illness), all gave him an illusion of renewed vigor, of a last lease of life.

As the weeks passed and her cough and fever continued, Byron's letters to his English friends lost their deliberate flippancy and revealed a deep anxiety, even though it was sometimes expressed with characteristic egotism, as in a letter to his friend Hoppner: "Thus it is with everything and everybody for whom I feel anything like a real attachment. 'War, death or discord doth lay siege to them.' I never even could keep alive a dog that I like or that liked me."

In a letter to John Murray he had been still franker: "I see my Dama every day at the proper (and improper) hours; but I feel seriously uneasy about her health, which seems very precarious. In losing her I should lose a being who has run great risks on my account and whom I have every reason to love — but I must not think this possible. I do not know what I *should* do if she died but I ought to blow my brains out — and I hope that I should."

Since it was evident that the Ravenna doctors were not doing Teresa any good, Byron prevailed upon Count Guiccioli to let him send for his own doctor from Venice, Professor Aglietti. To Alexander Scott he wrote: "I have sent again to Venice for Dr. Aglietti — the Guiccioli is seriously ill, and her state menaces consumption — I need hardly say how this occupies and distresses me. . . . If you can say anything to Aglietti to persuade him to come, in addition to what I have written, pray do. I have written at Count Guiccioli's own request, and enclosed besides a long medical statement of her case.

"Although there is no doubt on that score, yet you may tell Aglietti that I myself will be responsible for his time, trouble and expense, etc. being reimbursed, and that his coming will be to me also a great personal favor. I can say no more."

We have no record of what Aglietti prescribed for Teresa (except that it included "a complete change of regime," the application of leeches, and some "Peruvian bark" of extreme bitterness, which Byron promptly sent for from Venice), but we do know that on his departure he left renewed hope behind him, and that Teresa and her family considered his visit to have been the turning point in her illness, and Byron, consequently, her "savior."

And very soon — whether owing to Aglietti's prescriptions, to the Peruvian bark, or to the daily presence of her lover — Teresa really did begin to get better. By now, Byron's horses had arrived, and although the midsummer heat was intense, the two lovers rode together every evening in the pine forest.

Byron, now in the highest of spirits, took up his pen and wrote to tell his half-sister Augusta Leigh all about it: "I write from Ravenna — I came here on account of a Countess Guiccioli — a girl of twenty married to a very rich old man of sixty about a year ago; with her, last winter, I had a liaison according to the good old Italian custom — she miscarried in May — and sent for me here — and here I have been these two months.

"She is pretty — a great Coquette — extremely vain — excessively affected — clever enough — without the smallest principle — with a good deal of imagination and some passion. She had set her heart on carrying me off from Venice out of vanity — and succeeded — and having made herself the subject of general conversation has greatly contributed to her recovery. . . .

"I send you a sonnet which this faithful lady has made for the nuptials of one of her relations in which she swears the most *alarming constancy* to her husband — is not this good? — You may suppose my *face* when she showed it to me — I could not help laughing — one of *our* laughs — All this is very absurd — but you see that I have good morals at bottom.

"She is an equestrian too, but a bore in her rides — for she can't guide her horse — and he runs after mine — and tries to bite him — and then she begins screaming, in a high hat and Sky-blue riding habit — making a most absurd figure and embarrassing me and both our grooms — who have the devil's own work to keep her from tumbling — or having her clothes torn off by the trees and thickets of the Pine forest."

But Teresa, in the true romantic tradition, scorned to chronicle any such undignified episodes as those. *Her* account is all fine scenery and poetry.

3

COUNT GUICCIOLI'S numerous enemies took great pleasure in Teresa's liaison and before long — indeed it is surprising that it should not have happened sooner — one of them sent him a most unpleasant anonymous letter. It came, Teresa tells us, on a Friday, and her husband hastened to her room to read it to her and to show her the extremely scurrilous verses it contained — which were being sung, the letter said, even by the little boys in the streets.

That same evening some of her guests, in her own house, allowed themselves to indulge in innuendoes less coarse but not less malicious. "I saw him on horseback today," said one young lady. "Oh God, how beautiful he was! Truly the men should agree to exile him," she added, looking pointedly at her hostess. — "Is he married?" asked her young sister, and was answered by a long account of Byron's past adventures, furnished by another guest who had recently returned from

Milan, and had heard more gossip about the poet there.

Count Guiccioli, whether in consequence of all the gossip or because he genuinely had business on his estates near Bologna, suddenly decided to go there; and since his wife was now fully recovered, he saw no reason why she should not go with him. Before the following letter was written, the date of departure had already been decided, and the lovers had settled to meet again in Bologna.

BYRON TO CONTESSA GUICCIOLI

RAVENNA, August 4th, 1819

MY TREASURE: —

Your reproaches are unjust. Alessandro and your father being present — and I not being able then to clasp you to my heart — I kissed your hand and hurried away, so as not to show my suffering, which would only too clearly have revealed the whole, whole truth! I vow that I love you a thousand times more than when I knew you in V[enice]. You know it — you feel it. *Think*, my love, of *those* moments — delicious — dangerous — but — *happy* in every sense — not only for the pleasure, more than ecstatic, that you gave me, but for the danger (to which you were exposed) that we fortunately escaped. The hall! Those rooms! The open doors! The servants so curious and so near — Ferdinando [the Count's eldest son, Teresa's stepson] — the visitors! How many obstacles! But all overcome — it has been the real triumph of Love — a hundred times Victor.

Farewell — my only Treasure — my one Hope. Farewell — I kiss you untiringly from my heart — and am ever yours.

[BYRON]

Before going to Bologna, however, Count Guiccioli and his wife visited their estates near Forlì, and from here the Count, who according to Teresa "had a great deal of wit and was flattered by the friendly manners of Lord Byron," sent Byron an invitation to "come and see this poetic place of ours." This, according to Teresa, was "a great and noble residence that had been an abbey and had been transformed by him [Guiccioli] into a fine summer residence." Teresa herself was "so charmed by it that, desiring extremely to show it to Lord Byron, she added to the Count's letter a second pressing note" in her most romantic vein.

Both these invitations Byron refused.

BYRON TO CONTESSA GUICCIOLI

RAVENNA, August 7th, 1819

MY TREASURE: —

I have written an answer in English to A[lessandro]. I am extremely sorry not to see you again in Forlì, but very soon (on Monday or Tuesday) I hope to arrive in Bologna. I am writing in some anxiety as to the fate of this letter — for I must

trust it to my Courier. I hope, however, that Fortune will not forsake two lovers at such a point.

So you have lost the *ring* — without saying a single word to me! This is a lack of faith which surprises and hurts me, who have never made any mysteries with *you*. I cannot say more now. I love you. . . .

You cannot imagine how much our separation is distressing me. I long to see you again, but tremble, believing myself always about to lose you — and I feel confused — for that head of yours is an enigma — and you have no *heart*. I can see you reading these last words — "Oh Fury!" as the tyrant says in our comic plays. Alas! no longer comic since *your* departure. The theater has become a desert — I dare not look at your box. Don't think that I am saying seriously that you have no heart. You have one — (for dress?) This was only an English compliment; an ultramontane joke. It is my *revenge* — not for the *loss of the ring* but for treating me with little trust in keeping silence about it.

Farewell, my dearest *Evil* — Farewell, my torment — Farewell, my *all* (but *not all mine!*). I kiss you more often than I have ever kissed you — and this (if Memory does not deceive me) should be a fine number of times, counting from the beginning. Meanwhile — you can be sure of me — of my love — and of your power. . . . Love me — not as I love you — that would be too much for your kind heart — but as you love your Elmo [Teresa's dog]. Farewell. I kiss you a million times with my whole heart, insatiably.

[BYRON]

In quoting the preceding letter in the "Vie," Teresa has omitted all but the most sentimental passages and has with especial care avoided any reference to the ring — by which hangs a tale of a Gondonian flavor. "You ask me," wrote Conte Francesco Rangone's diligent correspondent Conte della Torre, "for more anecdotes about Lord Byron" — and proceeded to tell him that Teresa's "anglico amante" had presented her with a valuable ring. But how could she wear it in her husband's presence?

Once again the help of the obliging Abate Perelli was resorted to. He had the ring valued and brought it to the Count, offering it to him at one third of its value, in order, he said, to save from ruin a poor family whose last treasure it was. The Count hesitated; his wife pretended to be reluctant to spend so large a sum; the priest reproved her for lack of charity; the Count, ever unable to resist a good bargain, joined forces with him — and finally bought for his wife, for one hundred scudi, a ring which, he was told, had been valued at three hundred and fifty.

And then Teresa lost it — and did not dare to tell Byron. The whole story — which, of course, everyone in Ravenna knew except the Count — was sent

off to Rangone, and was carefully set down in his *Cronaca*, to be confirmed for us, after one hundred and thirty years, by Byron's letter.

Three days later, on the 10th of August, the lovers met again in Bologna.

4

BYRON took some rooms in an eighteenth-century palazzo, in Via Galliera, quite close to Palazzo Savioli, where the Guicciolis lived. He never actually stayed there, however, since Guiccioli soon put at his disposal some rooms on the ground floor of the Palazzo Savioli, into which he moved.

In Bologna, as in every other town he visited, Byron's daily life was observed by the police with an anxious and unceasing assiduity. The archives of Venice and Bologna, of Ravenna, Florence, Pisa, and Lucca, and above all of the Vatican, still contain the fruits of their researches: long, dull, often half-illiterate reports, which note the most trivial and insignificant details about the dangerous British lord.

The governments of Austria, the Papal States, and Tuscany were all agreed in this: Byron was not merely a dissolute nobleman, a dilettante traveler; he was a dangerous freethinker, an emissary of Liberalism, to be kept under constant supervision. So, wherever he went, a trail of obscure and pains-taking spies followed in his wake — opening his letters, talking to his servants, watching outside his doors, noting the names of his visitors and the times at which he got up and went to bed, and interpreting these facts as best they could for the benefit of their respective governments.

As if this police espionage were not enough, we discover that yet other eyes and ears were following the poet's doings in Bologna, not indeed for the same reasons, but still watching and listening in anterooms and passages, and gleaning everything that could be gleaned secondhand, from friends or acquaintances or servants — all for the sheer love of gossip. Count Francesco Rangone spared no pains to make himself agreeable in every direct encounter with Byron, and was now able to call on him every day and to keep a detailed account of how Byron spent his time.

"At four he goes to see his Lady," Rangone wrote, "and remains there until six. He rides for an hour, always in the great Cemetery. At eight he dines, at nine goes to his Amica and remains there until midnight. He studies until dawn. What he does until three remains a mystery. He eats and drinks little. But," the Count added, "he does not much like conversation or seeing what is worth seeing. He lets others talk and says little. He makes himself agreeable, but his expression clearly reflects the moods of his changeable humor."

Byron at this time was still on the most amicable terms with Count Guiccioli, and was engaged in

furnishing (with furniture which he had sent for from Venice) the rooms which the Count had put at his disposal in Palazzo Savioli.

"Doubtless," says Teresa, "one might call this imprudent, and attribute it to a great many other motives, but the truth cannot be understood without admitting first of all that the Count was a man different from others — an eccentric — seeing everything from his own particular point of view — and often very indulgent and almost generous. . . . One must, however, add to this explanation, that he not only, as a man of intelligence, found Byron agreeable and was flattered by his preference and his intimacy, but that he had at the moment a particular reason to oblige him, for he was asking a favor."

This favor was a very odd one: that Guiccioli should be given, "without salary or emolument," the post of British vice-consul at Ravenna. The Count's reason for wishing this post, according to Teresa, was that he was on the worst possible terms with the Papal Government, which had intervened against him in a lawsuit. Guiccioli believed that the post of consul to a great foreign nation would protect him against the Papal Government and enable him to obtain various privileges — and accordingly we find Byron writing in the most pressing terms to John Murray on his behalf.

The case was pressed by Byron with unusual fervor. "I can assure you I should look upon it as a great obligation; but alas, that very circumstance may, very probably, operate to the contrary." He even went so far as to suggest that he himself should be made Consul, "that I may make him my Vice" — a suggestion which, if it had been carried out, would have added yet one more absurdity to the tangled tragicomedy soon to be enacted in Ravenna.

But long before Murray's answer could arrive, events had taken another turn. According to Teresa's subsequent account to her lawyers, Count Guiccioli, when he rented the ground floor of his palace to Byron, took also the opportunity of borrowing a considerable sum from his tenant. A few days later Guiccioli was called back to Ravenna on business, and he allowed his wife, "in view of her delicate health, shaken by so many emotions," to set off to consult Dr. Aglietti in Venice, in Byron's company.

The opinion of the world is reported for us by an Austrian spy. "Lord B. departed suddenly with Madame Guiccioli, who was therefore said to have been either carried off by him or sold to him by her husband."

5

WHEN they arrived in Venice they should have separated, Byron going to the Palazzo Mocenigo and Teresa to the apartment ("on one of the small canals in Venice, disagreeable on account of their exhalations") which her husband's steward, Lega

Zambelli, had prepared for her. On the 17th, however, Lega Zambelli was reporting to Count Guiccioli that although "the Signora Contessina arrived safely on Tuesday evening, and had sent for him at once, she said that owing to the fatigue of the journey she would postpone her removal to the lodging which had been prepared, and would stay instead in the house of Lord Byron, who had kindly prepared an apartment."

It was plain, however, to both lovers, that they could not indefinitely remain in Venice together; so, after Professor Aglietti's examination, the following careful letter was dispatched to Teresa's husband: —

MY DEAR ALESSANDRO: —

I arrived yesterday evening in Venice, in excellent condition, because the two days' journey had done me more good than any medicine. . . . This morning Aglietti came, and having examined me, ordered me no drugs, but instead advised another journey and change of air. Your affairs, I feel sure, would not allow you to come with me, so Byron having offered to take me with him to the lakes of Garda and Como — a journey suitable to the season, and which he is now thinking of taking, not being much pleased with Venice — I ask your permission, and await its speedy arrival with the greatest anxiety.

Since I arrived in Venice I have not even gone out of the house, and shall only do so to see the girls.

Byron greets you and charges me to tell you that the English friend to whom he wrote about the Vice-Consulate, etc., has answered him that he will send in a petition at once and do everything possible to obtain it. Pray answer me quickly. Greet my Papa and all friends and relations. Good-bye, my Alessandro, write soon and believe me

Your affectionate spouse

TERESA

To Teresa's surprise, Guiccioli replied "that if this excursion could contribute to re-establishing her health, she could make it, and that, as far as he was concerned, he saw no objection."

Meanwhile the lovers had moved to Byron's villa at La Mira, a most attractive place. The great Foscarini Villa on the banks of the Brenta was surrounded by a romantic "giardino all' inglese," with little toy lakes and bridges, and a great avenue of plane trees led along the water's edge.

When they were not laughing or love-making, they rode along the Brenta, past the elegant Palladian villas where the Venetian nobles spent their summers, or sat on the rustic benches beside the little lakes of the "English Garden," while Byron read aloud the romantic works of Teresa's choice or his own translation of Pulei's *Morgante Maggiore* on which he was working at this time. He was also then busy with the third canto of "Don Juan" — "no occupation for him," writes Teresa,

“but just a distraction”; and she adds that his facility in composition was so great that he would often tell her to go on chattering while he worked, “for he worked much better while he saw her and heard her voice.” In the evenings there was more reading aloud, or Teresa played to him on the piano he had ordered for her, and even tried to persuade him to join her in duets.

In the meantime Count Ruggero Gamba, Teresa’s father, who from the first had viewed his daughter’s relationship with the English milord with the greatest disapproval, intervened. He hurried in from his country house to Ravenna, told Count Guiccioli roundly that he “did not approve of allowing an inexperienced young woman to go off alone, and still less, escorted by a young man like Lord Byron,” and added that “if her husband refused to join her at once, he would go and fetch her himself.”

Guiccioli excused himself as best he could, explaining his indulgence as due to his wife’s ill-health and his complete confidence in her honor and Lord Byron’s, and added that, “as to the world’s opinion, he was entirely indifferent to it.” He did, however, end by promising that he would go and fetch Teresa, and meanwhile her father, still far from reassured, sent her a long letter of warning — a letter which, in the opinion of Teresa, was “affectionate and indulgent, in accordance with his adorable character,” but which did not attempt to conceal his anxiety, and told her of further gossip which had reached him from his son in Rome.

“You have hardly entered the world,” Count Gamba wrote, “but it will make no allowance for your youth, the purity of your heart, the innocence of your journey, or for all the circumstances which may justify your present position. This most seductive young man is by your side, protecting you — no doubt in a manner honorable and worthy of you both. That may be enough to convince me, and your husband, and your own conscience. But the world will not be satisfied with these arguments. The retired life that you are leading will only provide further weapons for those who may wish to criticize your position.”

This letter reached Teresa soon after her husband’s permission to set forth with Byron to tour the Italian Lakes, and it awakened in her, more than any other feeling, a childish disappointment at having to give up her journey. She took her father’s letter into the garden and sat there, she says, with its pages open on her lap and tears of disappointment running down her cheeks, until Byron came out and found her. He advised her to reassure her father at once, and Teresa obeyed. She wrote to her father promising that she would remain at La Mira until her husband came to fetch her, and that she would give up the expedition to the Lakes. It is clear both from her letters and from Byron’s that they were more than a little disconcerted by the Count’s peculiar behavior, however convenient.

“I cannot make him [Guiccioli] out,” wrote Byron to Scott; “conjectures are useless — we shall see. He ought to have been here last week, but delays a month longer.” As for himself: “I do not leave these parts immediately — and am not sure that I shall leave them before Spring, being as undecided as when I saw you at Venice.”

6

HAD Teresa known Byron better, she would perhaps have begun to notice certain small danger signals. He hung about waiting for the English post, and fretted when it was late; he spent a long time over it when it came; he was less attentive to her chatter; he took rather more brandy at night, and a great deal more magnesia in the morning. And when Moore arrived and he went off to Venice with him, it was “with all the glee of a schoolboy who had been just granted a holiday.”

Moreover — but this Teresa fortunately could not know — the old flippant note was creeping back in his letters to his friends.

“What you say of the long evenings at the Mira or Venice, reminds me of what Curran said to Moore: ‘So I hear you have married a pretty woman and a very good creature too, an excellent creature. Pray — um! — *how do you pass your evenings?*’ It is a devil of a question that, and perhaps as easy to answer with a wife as with a mistress; but surely they are longer than the nights. However,” he wrote, “I am all for morality now and shall confine myself henceforward to the strictest adultery.”

The truth was, of course, that Byron, once again, was beginning to get bored. Teresa was young and pretty and tender, but such continual adoration — even expressed in a language not one’s own — soon became a little cloying. And her gaiety, which at first he had mistaken for a true temperamental affinity (“We have laughs together — *our* laughs,” he told Augusta), proved only to be animal high spirits, without a touch of humor. Once again tedium descended upon him.

And Byron’s tedium, as Moore had remarked in 1815, always took the same form: it brought “some return of the restless and roving spirit.” It was, as he penetratingly observed, “the habit of the writer’s mind to seek relief, when under the pressure of any disquiet or disgust, in that sense of freedom which told him that there were homes for him elsewhere.” In 1823, his “roving spirit” was to lead him to Greece; in 1820, in Ravenna, he was to play with the idea of rushing to Naples to take part in the Neapolitan revolution. And now, in the dull evenings at La Mira, he turned his mind to a “South American project” which would take him (of Teresa there is no mention) to settle in Venezuela, “and pitch my tent there for good and all.”

“I am not tired of Italy, but a man must be a

Cicisbeo and a Singer in duets, and a connoisseur of Operas, or nothing — here. I have made some progress in all these accomplishments, but I can't say that I don't feel the degradation. Better be an unskilful planter, an awkward settler, — better be a hunter, or anything, than a flatterer of fiddlers, and fan carrier of a woman. I like women — God he knows — but the more their system here develops upon me, the worse it seems, after Turkey too; here the polygamy is all on the female side. I have been an intriguer, a husband, a whore-monger, and now I am a Cavalier Servente — by the Holy! It is a strange sensation. . . . Yet," he adds, "I want a country and a home, and — if possible — a free one. I am not yet thirty-two years of age — I might still be a decent citizen, and found a house and a family as good — or better — than the former."

After innumerable letters and protests, Count Guiccioli at last appeared in Venice on All Saints' Day to fetch his wife. The Count's meeting with Byron was, Teresa assures us, "as courteous as in the past," and he told the poet that he would be only too delighted to see him again in Ravenna, but that "owing to comments and gossip, an obstacle had arisen, and this obstacle was Count Gamba." He added that he was therefore obliged to appeal to Byron's honor not to return there — "so as not to make trouble between Guiccioli and the Gamba family." Moreover, he asked him to say nothing about all this to the Countess.

Byron's description of the Count's visit is considerably franker than Teresa's. "At last the Cavalier Conte Guiccioli came to Venice," he wrote Douglas Kinnaird, "where he found his wife considerably improved in health, but hating him so cordially, that they quarrelled violently. He had said nothing before, but at last, on finding this to be the case, he gave her the alternative, *him* or *me*. She decided instantly for *me*, not being allowed to have both, and the lover generally having the preference. But he had also given her a paper of rules to which he wanted her assent, all of them establishing his authority.

"What could I do? On one hand to sacrifice a woman whom I loved, leaving her destitute and divided from all ties in case of my death; on the other hand to give up an *amicizia* which had been my pleasure, my pride and my passion. At twenty I should have taken her away; at thirty, with the experience of ten such years! I sacrificed myself only, and counselled and persuaded her with the greatest difficulty, to return with her husband to Ravenna."

So Teresa was sent home again with her husband. She went, she tells us, only because she felt certain that Byron would soon follow her, and he himself wrote that he had given her a half-promise, "else she refused to go."

And now Byron was again alone — "in a gloomy Venetian palace . . . unhappy in the retrospect, and at least as much so in the prospect." The alternatives, indeed, were not attractive. If he stayed in Italy, he would be obliged to take up for good the too familiar duties and pleasures of a *cavaliero servente* or — still worse — be responsible for the destruction of Teresa's marriage, and find himself saddled with her for life. If he went back to England — but why should he return to "a country where I neither like nor am liked"?

While he was still uncertain, Teresa played her trump card. Exhausted by all she had been through, and unutterably bored in the grim solitude of the Palazzo Guiccioli, she had another relapse. It is not necessary to wonder, as some of Byron's biographers have done, whether this illness was merely a pretext to recall her lover. Teresa's attack was so serious that her whole family became alarmed. Her father hastened to her bedside; and while she admitted that unhappiness over Byron's departure was the chief cause of this new relapse, she succeeded in persuading him that their relations were still platonic, and that there was no reason why Lord Byron should not come, "like anyone else, to spend the winter in Ravenna — and to be near the sea and the fine pine forest which he loved so well."

Was Count Gamba wholly convinced? We shall never know. What is certain is that he yielded to his daughter's persuasions, reinforced by her illness and her tears, and sent off a letter to Byron as she requested.

To Thomas Moore, Byron reported: "Her father (who all along opposed the *liaison* most violently till now) wrote to me to say that *he* begged me to come and see her — and that her husband had acquiesced, in consequence of her relapse."

Byron made the decision for which Teresa had been waiting: "F[anny] will have told you, *with her usual sublimity*, that Love has won. I have not been able to find enough resolution to leave the country where you are, without seeing you at least once more — perhaps it will depend on *you* whether I shall ever again leave you. Of the rest we shall speak. You should now know what is more conducive to your welfare, my presence or my absence. I am a citizen of the world — all countries are alike to me. You have always been (since we met) *the only object of my thoughts*. I believed that the best course, both for your peace and that of your family, was for me to leave, and to go very far away; for to remain near and *not* approach you, would have been impossible for me. But you have decided that I am to return to Ravenna. I shall return — and do what you wish. I cannot say more."

On Christmas Eve Byron, welcomed with infinite joy by Teresa and with great cordiality by all her relations, was once again in Ravenna.

(To be continued)



Vice-President in charge of Television for the American Broadcasting Company, CHARLES C. BARRY has grown up in the broadcasting industry. He has had a hand in a number of radio innovations, among them the development of high-fidelity transcription broadcasts; he was one of the first to insist on the sale of radio time for both sides of a controversial issue; and (whisper this) he was the man responsible for broadcasting "Stop the Music." From 1946 to 1948, Mr. Barry was in charge of radio and television programming for ABC; now he supervises all the television activities of the network.

TYRANTS OF TELEVISION

An Inside View

by CHARLES C. BARRY

I

LATE in the evening of January 20, 1949, President Truman went home from the Inaugural Ball. In cities as far apart as Chicago, Boston, Pittsburgh, Richmond, and Detroit, television receivers snapped off. On that day more Americans had witnessed his inauguration than had viewed the inaugurations of all the Presidents from George Washington to F.D.R.

Earlier, on the evening of November 29, 1948, more Americans had seen and heard the Metropolitan Opera than could be packed within the Opera House in ten full seasons.

These two occasions had a special significance. Here was the proof that television had won a place for itself alongside the movies and radio. Here was the certain promise that in every phase of our society and our culture we must reckon henceforth with something called an image orthicon camera. Those of us who are charged with the custody of this new device are not blind to its implications.

In television I see the greatest force for understanding, education, entertainment, and participation in human affairs that man has yet devised. In it I also see an unprecedented stimulus to the production and exchange of the world's goods through the support of American advertisers and their agencies. I am among those who hold that such a stimulus, in the troubled years ahead, will be a profoundly important thing. I believe it will be good for the United States, good for the world — and good for television.

There are those who do not share such unbridled optimism. Writing in last month's *Atlantic*, Gilbert Seldes expressed in cogent fashion his fears that broadcasters will yield to commercial pressures, real or fancied; that they will succumb to expediency,

content with proved techniques and tested formulas, timidly avoiding the untried and the new.

I think those apprehensions are premature. If some soap king lurks behind the door with a club in his hand, he has not made his influence felt yet. Both the advertiser and the broadcaster are too busily — and sleeplessly — engaged in a joint effort to solve the mysteries of a new medium. On the record to date, I think there is ample proof that the advertiser does not intend to underrate American taste — that in exchange for the remarkable privilege of showing his wares in America's living room, he intends to keep America informed, entertained, and endlessly beguiled.

Grievous hazards, to be sure, face the television broadcaster of 1949 — hazards which threaten to tyrannize the new medium. But the tyrants of television, like the prophets of old, can be classified as major and minor. And in this formative stage of development I think that Mr. Seldes's major tyrants are in reality the lesser breed. The greater danger, in my opinion, is found in the countless petty tyrannies which confront the broadcaster at every turn, threatening to bind the new young giant with a thousand Lilliputian strings.

To cite but a few of these petty tyrants, there are the mechanical obstinacy of the equipment itself, the delicate idiosyncrasies of the tube within the camera. There are the overheated, always cramped studios and the long, grinding hours of rehearsal with never time for another "take" from the cameras. There are the astronomic man-hours of engineers, directors, cameramen, floor managers, stagehands, light crews, property men, and performers.

To those concerned with the deeper implications

of a new electronic art form, these seemingly petty annoyances may appear unworthy of notice. Yet in the temptation to yield to their restrictive force lies the most likely source of mediocrity. That is why any attempt to appraise the future of television in 1949 must necessarily concern itself with the petty tyrants and the broadcaster's efforts to overcome them.

Nothing is more indicative of the strides television has made than the degree of maturity it has already achieved in the dramatic art. Occasionally we hear the charge that television merely puts a camera in a theater and takes credit for what another entertainment medium has done. But that charge no longer rings true. The development of a theater which is peculiar to television, which takes full advantage of television's unique characteristics, has already begun.

Not long ago, for instance, Actors Studio presented Jessica Tandy in Tennessee Williams's *Portrait of a Madonna*, a taut, one-act tour de force to which Miss Tandy brought all the intensity that characterizes her current role in Mr. Williams's *A Streetcar Named Desire*. I would not assert that *Portrait of a Madonna* was a better play, or better acted, or better directed than *Streetcar*. I do assert that it was different, that the viewer felt an impact and an intimacy which would have been denied him had he viewed the play from a seat in the theater. Here were proper use and blending of television's properties. Scenery and lighting, handled with imagination, became allies instead of enemies. The talents of a great actress were allowed unstinted scope. The result was a vivid example of television's ability to make the viewer a participant in the drama, rather than an observer. It eliminated the proscenium arch, that artificial barrier that separates the play from the audience. The viewer was not watching a room across a set of footlights — he was in that room.

We in television have only begun to realize what that difference will mean, but we suspect that we are adding a new dimension to the theater.

Lest I attach too much importance to a play which seems almost to have been written for the television camera, let me pay tribute to an utterly different type of production — the Actors' Equity *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Here again was proof of television's capacity for the dramatic art — and again there were differences between *Cyrano* in the theater and *Cyrano* on the screen in your living room. The poetry of the unforgettable balcony scene and the mastery of José Ferrer have thrilled theater audiences, but I for one would say that in that scene, projected in dramatic close-up on a television receiver, there was a special thrill, holding rich promise for the future.

Despite the cost and physical limitations of sets in the television studio, it appears that the video drama will be less restricted physically than the

stage. Interesting experiments in the integration of film with live action have already proved successful, a technique which will provide unlimited maneuverability. The television camera permits startling effects utterly unknown to Broadway.

As evidence of ingenuity in solving the physical limitations of the studio I should like to point to the television productions of Dickens's *Christmas Carol*. To one who had always enjoyed the annual radio reading by Lionel Barrymore, it was a revelation suddenly to be confronted with the full visual panoply of Scrooge and his ghostly friends, the latter appearing without notice by courtesy of an engineer's "dissolve box."

Scrooge's peculiar problems were solved in a different but still ingenious way on the ABC network: our version was done in a full-hour marionette show. Judging from the response to this delightful bit of fantasy, the puppeteer will be with us for many a Christmas Eve.

2

WHILE I believe that television has special opportunities in the drama, there are fields in which its responsibilities as a social force are much greater. What is the broadcaster doing to fulfill his obligation in the great areas of politics and government?

I have already alluded to the inaugural broadcast. Faulty though some of the coverage may have been, that day-long broadcast used every available piece of equipment and every available man-hour the combined resources of the broadcasters could offer. It appears that the industry is tacitly committed to the duty of bringing the government directly to the people, whether the subject matter be an inauguration, a Congressional hearing, a convention, or a political campaign.

Those of you who watched the conventions, while guests lingered in your living room into the small hours, may have a dim idea of the political significance of the television camera. I believe, for instance, that television has already changed the American political convention. I believe that bombast and empty political oratory have been curtailed by the television screen. I believe that the Democrats and Republicans in 1952 will shorten their speeches, control their demonstrations, and transform their conventions into orderly deliberative gatherings.

I believe, moreover, that the political influence of television has gone beyond the convention itself. The cathode tube — that cold, impersonal mirror which will not deceive or flatter — may affect every political candidacy and every political campaign. Television will provide the voters with a searching scrutiny which neither the radio nor the newspaper can give, and from which no candidate can hide.

The television broadcaster has an awesome responsibility. He must exercise the same impartiality

as the camera itself, yet he must not limit his responsibility to reporting. Like radio with its documentary programs, its commentators, and its Town Meeting of the Air; like the newspaper with its cartoons, its editorials, and its exposés, television must be active rather than passive in contributing to the political awareness of the American people.

Generally speaking, I think the convention coverage showed a recognition of that responsibility. The broadcasters did not content themselves with installing cameras on the convention floor, but sought out candidates, delegates, and party big-wigs in hotel lobbies, private studios, and smoke-filled rooms. They made a beginning in the documentary field by presenting life histories of the candidates on film. They tracked down not only facts but responsible opinions. And the boast that the home viewer knew more of what went on than the spectator on the scene has not been denied by those who were there.

I must emphasize that television in politics in 1948 was a novice. This was its first Presidential campaign. Whatever its shortcomings, however, its efforts involved an earnest and meaningful assault against the minor tyrannies of new and bulky equipment, inadequate relay circuits, untrained personnel, cramped quarters, and burned-out tubes. In the surprising extent to which that assault was successful, I find solid grounds for optimism.

In some areas, to be sure, the broadcaster has not been so aggressive. He is feeling his way somewhat gingerly, for instance, in the sensitive field of religion. From a technical standpoint a major advance was made on Christmas Eve when the solemn majesty of the Pontifical midnight Mass from St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York was broadcast to untold thousands along the eastern seaboard. A significant footnote to the broadcast was the fact that the Archdiocese felt it advisable to announce three times during the ceremony that viewing the Mass on television did not discharge the Catholic's obligation to attend in person.

The video camera has entered the houses of worship of all the principal faiths. It has brought instruction and ritual to the television audience. It seems inevitable that television will find a place as a most useful handmaiden of religion. It may indeed bring solace, comfort, and inspiration not alone to the sick and old but to vast numbers to whom religion is either a new or a forgotten experience. Yet there is always danger that television may intrude in the relationship between the worshiper and his church, and I therefore think that its true place in American religion will not soon be clearly defined.

Limitations of space prohibit a complete progress report on all the types of programs that make up the daily television schedule. There are a few categories, however, that must be mentioned. Sports

events, for instance, while occupying a smaller proportion of television time than a year ago, continue to take up an important segment of each station's programming. Despite a certain amount of criticism, I expect that they will continue to do so — although the broadcaster will tend to be more selective as to the quality of the events he offers. But any objection to sports as such — several events a week on each station — seems to me to be naïve. Americans like sports because they are thrilling and entertaining. They will expect to see them on television.

Another source of eyebrow-lifting is the emphasis which television seems to have given to vaudeville and variety. I would not hazard a guess whether "vaudeo" will hold its place as the medium develops. I am quite willing to grant that the average vaudeville show on television hardly is a challenge to the broadcaster's imagination. Yet, when I consider the phenomenal audience that faithfully tunes to Milton Berle, I wonder whether television may not be expected to make a substantial contribution to American comedy and humor. The American emphasis on personality, and the manner in which that intangible trait projects through the television screen, suggest that the broadcaster might well accept the responsibility for finding and developing the Harry Lauders, the Chevaliers, the Fred Allens, and the Bob Hopes of tomorrow. It is not against the public interest to help make America laugh.

The broadcast licensee who presents programs in the "public interest, convenience, and necessity" cannot and will not delegate his obligation to provide the best programs it is possible to produce. But the source of those programs is the American creative effort as a whole, and the broadcaster can be no better or worse than the American creative genius. He needs the aid of everyone concerned with American literature, drama, music, opera, education, entertainment, and public affairs. He can present only what America can offer. If the next decade produces no Bernard Shaw, no Paderewski, no Hemingway, no Caruso, there will be none on your television screen.

Not long ago we held a meeting of the entire ABC television staff which developed into a lively discussion of the future of television. I wish Mr. Seldes could have been there, because the people in the room were fairly typical of the medium. They were directors, writers, and technicians — the people who are overcoming the minor tyrants today and who will build the program schedules of tomorrow. The things they had to say reflected eagerness and excitement, and a sense of the limitless promise of their craft. They realize that the medium they work in will affect the knowledge, the tastes, the customs, and the social usages of the American people — their lives, their leisure, and quite possibly their labor. I think they can be counted on to evolve a picture on the television screen that is as broad, as dramatic, and as challenging as America itself.



SONNETS FOR APRIL

by DONALD C. BABCOCK

EASTER

God takes his position as a universal pervading an event
which is the process of the world. — C. M. PERRY

As, when the babe looks first upon its mother,
All mystery its little eyes behold,
Athwart Identity confronting Other,
So did the All-Inclusive once of old
Bow to the prime necessity of Being,
Took Form as Actual, gave up his will,
Became as nothing for our better seeing,
The vaster law of living to fulfill.
Now and forever out of chaos striding,
Comes the Deliverer, the Patient One,
Suffering all, beneath no shelter hiding,
Limning a cross before the setting sun.
And from that death comes forth the All-Pervading,
In whom the Finite dwells and knows no fading.

APRIL

THROUGH all the night the winds went down the sky
Like coursing hounds on some intangent trail.
Across the moon's face fled a tattered veil,
A cloudy remnant of a day gone by.
Remote and tremulous an owl gave cry,
A bloodless being in a lonesome dale,
And after endless hours, cold and pale,
The wainscot and the window chilled the eye.
So when at last he could endure no more,
And rising saw the sun begin to shine
Along the path beyond the kitchen door
On barberry, sweet fern, juniper, and pine,
An old thought stirred, and wandered forth to seek
New England April, beautiful and bleak.



In "Man Against Darkness" (September, 1948, Atlantic) Professor W. T. Stace of Princeton University argued that modern science, by destroying "the old comfortable picture of a friendly universe governed by spiritual values" and by putting in its place the picture of "a purposeless and meaningless universe," has killed the "essential religious spirit" in our civilization. THEODORE M. GREENE, Professor of Philosophy and Master of Silliman College in Yale University, analyzes Dr. Stace's position and offers at the same time a constructive argument in support of critical religious faith.

MAN OUT OF DARKNESS

Religion Has Not Lost Its Power

by THEODORE M. GREENE

I

WHEN Professor Stace says that the question of purpose in the universe is the crucial cultural issue of our times, he is certainly right. He is also right in urging us to face the truth, whatever it is, and to live with it honestly and courageously. The question is, Is "the truth" what he thinks it is? Has science, as Professor Stace claims, given us a new imaginative picture of the world — a picture of a meaningless and purposeless universe indifferent to all human aspiration? This picture in its large outline is certainly not "new" — in our tradition it is at least as old as Democritus and Lucretius. Nor is it correct to say that science has given us a picture of reality *as a whole* which logically *excludes* meaning and purpose. All that can fairly be said is that the scientific account of the "world of nature" does not, at least at present, include moral or religious purpose and meaning. The picture science paints is neutral with respect to such purpose and meaning because the scientific enterprise, in and of itself, simply ignores these issues.

It must be admitted, however, that the concept of a purposeless universe has been judged by many people to have received the endorsement of modern science. We must also grant that this picture, with its prestige thus greatly enhanced, has profoundly influenced the thought and the unconscious attitudes of a lot of people, particularly the intelligentsia, but also the man in the street.

But this is *not* the whole story. Not only has organized Christianity lost no ground during the last decades; it is actually increasing its following in this country, in England, and in some portions of Europe. More people are going to church with, in many cases, a deeper sense of spiritual need.

Theological seminaries are crowded with students who are, on the whole, abler than their pre-war predecessors, yet seminaries are unable to satisfy the demand of churches for more clergy. Missionary activity is increasing in scope and improving in quality. Christianity is more widely spread geographically and more deeply rooted among more peoples than it has ever been. The Christian ecumenical movement is making rapid strides: through it Christians are coming together on a world-wide scale as never before.

There is also increasingly evident in various branches of the Church a growing tendency to take stock of their inadequacies and failures, to indulge in contrite self-examination, and to seek to promote a revitalization of Christian belief, thought, and social action.

No less significant is the renewed interest of college students in a faith to live by. Most of these eager inquirers are largely ignorant of the Bible, Christian doctrine, and the Christian tradition. Many of them are highly critical of Christian orthodoxy and traditionalism and are indignant at what they (often justly) regard as self-righteousness, wishful thinking, and cant in organized religion. Few are properly equipped to grapple intelligently with the basic problems of religious faith in our secular society. But they are neither complacent nor dogmatic; they are deeply troubled and sincerely anxious to find whatever light and strength religion can provide. In short, the "spirit of religion" is a vital force in their lives.

Who, then, is the common man who, according to Professor Stace, has absorbed the idea of a purposeless universe so completely that he has lost all belief not only in God but in moral prin-

ciples, freedom of the will, and moral responsibility, and could not now be persuaded to abandon or modify this idea even if the intellectual and spiritual leaders in his community were convinced that it was erroneous? In so far as he is impervious to philosophy, he will not greatly be affected by naturalism in its modern scientific dress. If, on the other hand, he has been impressed — indeed, very deeply impressed — by the “new world picture,” is there any reason why philosophers and scientists, in combination, could not gradually impress another picture of the world upon his mind?

This leaves us with the question, Can we formulate a constructive argument in support of a critical religious faith? I believe we can.

2

THE scientific method has amply demonstrated its validity and power in the areas of inquiry, and for the purposes, for which it has been designed. Witness the spectacular advance of science over the past three hundred years, the large measure of agreement among reputable scientists, and the technological achievements of applied science, every one of which is a pragmatic demonstration of the scientist's understanding of natural processes.

Science also invites, and supports, more embracing philosophical accounts of the nature of the physical world, and no responsible interpretation of reality as a whole can ignore, or contradict, careful philosophical generalizations based upon well-established scientific conclusions. The position I would defend is therefore committed to affirmative reliance on scientific evidence and to the full incorporation, at any point in history, of accepted scientifically supported interpretations of nature.

Science, however, in the stricter sense of the term, is not all-inclusive; it addresses itself to a specific type of inquiry into a specific area of reality for a specific purpose. Pure science concerns itself solely with temporal events, both “physical” and “psycho-physical.” It studies these to discover and formulate recurrences and uniformities, commonly called “laws of nature”; and it does so partly to satisfy man's native curiosity, partly to facilitate his control of nature for greater human welfare. But, as Professor Stace admits, it is by its very nature unqualified to deal with values; “it can teach us the best means for achieving our ends, it can never tell us what ends to pursue.” This fact is enormously important, for it means that science, in its strict sense, simply has nothing to say about God or goodness or beauty.

Hence the “imaginative picture of the world” which science, in and of itself, supports is *of course* a picture of a valueless, meaningless universe. How could it be otherwise? But this doesn't prove that there are no values and no God in the universe; it merely proves that science can't possibly

discover these values and this Deity if they do exist.

Furthermore, no scientific conclusions, at any point in history, are final, definitive, or certain. They are *necessarily* hypothetical and tentative. It follows that philosophical extrapolations of science are equally tentative and hypothetical. For example, late-nineteenth-century science supported the philosophical doctrine of strict mechanistic determinism; some qualified philosophers today are not sure that the most recent scientific thinking justifies any such philosophical conclusion. In any case, the farther science advances, the less disposed are first-rate scientists to believe that they have fathomed the mysteries even of the world of nature, let alone the whole of reality. Their attitude is humble and cautious, not dogmatic and assured.

If my analysis is correct thus far, it follows that science cannot properly deny that there *may* be meaning and purpose, or even a God, in the universe, though it cannot itself make any such assertions. Responsible belief in God and in a cosmic purpose is possible, however, only if affirmative evidence can be adduced for its support. Without such evidence, moral and religious belief would have to be wholly blind, and I would condemn blind faith as heartily as does Professor Stace. What kind of evidence, then, would be relevant and coercive? On what kind of experience can an enlightened belief in God and cosmic meaning be based?

The obvious answer would seem to be: on man's moral and religious experiences. Moralists like Socrates and Kant based their beliefs in a meaningful cosmos on man's moral experiences at their best. Christian theologians have based their beliefs on man's Christian experiences, individual and corporate. Is this procedure invalid? Is it wrong to believe that we can achieve reliable knowledge of objective moral values by means of a critical interpretation of man's experience of duty, his respect for his fellow man, his loyalty to moral ideals, or that we can achieve reliable knowledge of God by critical interpretation of man's religious experiences as described, for example, in the New Testament?

It is precisely at this point that we can relate man's search for, and knowledge of, God and moral values to man's scientific study of, and knowledge of, nature. The scientific method is, in essence, the method of rational interpretation of sensory evidence. (I will ignore here the complications raised by psychology.) This means that *both* sensory evidence *and* rational interpretation are essential for scientific knowledge; that sensory data without interpretation are blind, and that reasoning, however consistent, which is not based on sensory evidence is empty of content.

If we can accept the basic scientific assumption

that logical interpretation of *sensory* evidence gives us an ever increasing understanding of the world of *nature*, why can we not similarly assume that the logical interpretation of *moral and religious* data, if such exist, can give us an ever increasing understanding of a *spiritual* — that is, a moral and religious — dimension of reality which is related to, but not identical with, the world of nature? If this were possible, it would then be the task of philosophy to try to give an account of reality which does justice *both* to sensory *and* to moral and religious experiences, to science *and* to ethics and theology at their best.

The crucial point in the entire constructive argument is thus the concept of "experience." If the only type of experience which can be taken seriously — that is, accepted as providing contact with reality and clues to its nature — is sensory experience, then Professor Stace's conclusions inevitably follow. But why must experience be so narrowly defined? What is to prevent us from being really empirical and believing that man's moral and religious experiences, which are no less coercive, vivid, sharable, and rationally interpretable than his sensory experiences, provide further contacts with reality and further clues to its nature?

3

REFLECTIVE religious faith (in contrast to blind superstition and uncritical faith) rests on precisely this more liberal and inclusive conception of experience. It is always anchored in the primary religious experiences of the individual believer, set in the context of the religious experiences of other individuals in the same and other religious traditions. That is, it rests on the deep conviction of reflective religious believers that only in and through such experiences do we confront a living God. But religious faith, if it is reflective, is never identified with mere experience, however intense, however often repeated, and however widely shared by others. The factor of reasonable interpretation is as essential as the factor of the primary experience itself.

What we actually find in the history of religions, therefore, parallels what we find in the history of science. The earliest attempts in our tradition at a "scientific" understanding of nature were those of the pre-Socratic thinkers who tried to explain the whole of nature in terms of one or more of the four basic "elements" — earth, air, fire, and water. Only very gradually did this attempt grow out of its primitive crudities into the rich pattern of concepts, principles, and methods that constitute modern science. Similarly, primitive religious beliefs and practices were crude, uncritical, and superstitious; it is only gradually that religious experience and belief have developed into what we find them to be, at their best, in the higher religions.

I do not wish to press this analogy between science and religion too hard. Pure science is merely a way of knowing; religion is a way of life based on a way of knowing. Science can use quantitative measurement as theology cannot. And scientists, at least in principle, can hope for a degree of mutual understanding and agreement which theologians have not yet achieved. This disagreement, however, need not invalidate the belief that man can in some measure know God. If God is the infinite and mysterious Being that religious people believe He is, it is to be expected that man, with his finite mind, will have the greatest difficulty in apprehending His nature at all adequately. I must admit that men of religion have had great difficulty in achieving and maintaining an attitude of humble open-minded search, and are tempted to be dogmatic and intolerant towards conflicting beliefs regarding the Deity. I do insist, however, on the validity of the religious quest — the belief that man can and does encounter the Divine, that he can and should reflect upon these encounters, and that such reflection can progressively increase our understanding of God and render our belief in Him less superstitious and more responsible and mature.

Many people feel obliged to repudiate religious belief because they identify religion with one of its cruder, more superstitious forms, or because they interpret more enlightened religious beliefs and practices in a crudely anthropomorphic manner. Anyone who thinks that enlightened Christians believe that God is literally in the sky, or that the phrase in the Nicene Creed "sitteth on the right hand of the Father" literally means that God has a body with a right and a left hand, must of course, as an intelligent man, reject such rubbish. It is true that most professing Christians are deplorably uninformed regarding the language of religious utterance and inclined to a crude anthropomorphism in their thinking about God. But the fact that most people are also scientifically illiterate does not justify us in reading this illiteracy into science and in repudiating science on that score. Similarly, Christianity at its enlightened best should not be identified with its unenlightened distortions.

Let us therefore be fair to religion before we decide to brand all religious faith as the "Great Illusion." We can and should distinguish man's everyday encounters with nature and his unscientific conceptions of physical objects from the scientist's much more precise observations and much more critical interpretations of them. We need not, in making this distinction, condemn the common man's experiences or beliefs as illusory, but we should recognize their limitations. We can say that he possesses "opinions" rather than "knowledge," defining opinions as beliefs which may be valid so far as they go but which a man who cannot rise above opinions cannot rationally refine or test.

Similarly, we can and should distinguish between the common man's coercive religious experiences which he rather crudely interprets in terms of an inadequate theology, and the far deeper experiences of the saint and the far more refined interpretations of the competent theologian and philosopher of religion. This does not mean that the religious beliefs of the common man are necessarily false, or that he fails to find strength and joy in his religious life; it does not mean that Christianity is available only to intellectual and spiritual aristocrats. Far from it — witness Jesus' concern for children and uneducated people. "Come unto me, *all ye that labor and are heavy laden.*" But Jesus was also concerned to eradicate inadequate conceptions of God in the minds of his disciples, and for twenty centuries his followers have tried to refine and clarify man's understanding of God — witness the long history of progressive theological clarification. Every honest man must of course make his own final decision as to what he believes and what his ultimate loyalties are to be; but a man is less than honest with himself if he fails to inform himself as best he can what Christianity, or any other religion, is at its *best* before he rejects it as illusory.

I must add a word regarding the vexed problem of authority. The position I have been sketching, most inadequately, might be labeled "Liberal Christian Protestantism." This position, on the question of authority, is at variance with Christian positions which assert the literal truth of every word of the Bible or the infallibility of certain ecclesiastical dogmas. I cannot recognize the "absolute" authority of either a book or a church. I do, however, recognize the impressive authority, in a non-absolutistic sense, of the accumulated wisdom of the Church and of the Bible as a uniquely rich and revealing record of authentic religious experiences and vital beliefs, and I also agree with those who believe that Jesus taught "as one having authority." Such a belief is not only completely credible; it is, to me, quite inescapable.

This authority of the Bible (interpreted in the light of the best available Biblical scholarship), and of the Church (interpreted in the light of the best, religiously informed, historical wisdom) and of Jesus Christ, encountered not only in the New Testament but in Christian devotion through the centuries and today by countless sincere Christians, is an enormously impressive testimony that the venture of Christian faith is not illusory, escapist, or irrational, but is magnificently rooted in the poignant experience of Christian love and helpfully elucidated in enlightened Christian doctrine. This faith is *not*, I believe, to be confused with omniscience or infallibility — it is still faith, not absolute knowledge. But it need not be blind faith, superstitious and irrational; it can become, for each individual and for mankind, a knowledge of God

which is more and more deeply rooted in experience, more and more enlightened, more and more productive of that reflective commitment which is the mark of responsible maturity.

4

WHERE does this leave us with regard to Professor Stace's major thesis? It leaves us, I believe, with a way of approaching reality which he does not seriously envisage and which, if followed out, may lead us to a conception of the universe very different from the one which he offers us as the only possible conception today. Of course I have not been able to describe what Christians accept as crucial experiences of God, any more than he was able to describe the crucial scientific contacts with nature upon which scientists base their scientific theories. Nor have I been able to summarize the interpretations of these religious experiences offered by competent theologians, any more than he was able to summarize the major conclusions of modern science.

Anyone who wishes to verify science at first hand must train himself in the scientific method, participate in scientific experiment, and test scientific theories for belief. And even if he does so he must accept on the authority of other scientists the reports of countless other experiments and vast areas of detailed scientific theory.

Similarly, really to explore the religious approach to reality, a man must submit himself to a spiritual discipline, participate in crucial religious experiences at first hand, and test their theological interpretations for himself. The most deeply religious and thoughtful of men, moreover, must rely on the testimony of other members of the religious community, past and present, since he cannot hope, in a single lifetime, to duplicate all the religious experiences and to explore all the theological interpretations which are to be found in his own and other religious traditions. I have therefore in no sense offered a "proof" of God's existence and nature; I have merely pointed to the empirical method whereby religious beliefs can be generated and tested.

I should not wish to suggest that Christianity is the only religion which should be taken seriously. A responsible philosophy of religion will study all the religions of mankind, the more primitive as well as the higher, in the same sympathetic and critical spirit. Nor would I insist on any exclusive reliance on any, or all, orthodox ecclesiastical approaches to God. "God moves in a mysterious way," and *all* of man's spiritual aspirations, experiments, and reflections deserve encouragement and open-minded scrutiny. It is in this spirit that I should always welcome the secular and humanistic search for whatever can give meaning and purpose to human life. This does not mean that all roads are equally illuminating and promising. Some must

certainly be dead-ends and others painfully indirect and tortuous. But no one who wishes to avoid dogmatism can presume to deny categorically that genuine light and strength may be available to those who are searching for a cosmic meaning along some other road than the one he himself is traveling.

I have not been able to demonstrate God's existence; neither have I proved that the universe is meaningful and purposive; nor do I wish to assert that it is with the dogmatic assurance of those who deny cosmic purpose. I can, however, record my own conviction, in company with countless others, that these moral and religious approaches to reality provide evidence which justifies, nay, compels, the conclusion that there is a meaning and purpose at the heart of things. But no one can hope to encounter and comprehend this value-dimension of reality who does not feel a sense of need sufficient to motivate a humble, honest search for what others claim to have found. Philosophers, scientists, and all men capable of sincere idealism can themselves enter upon this search only in this spirit of eager inquiry.

Religion cannot, it is true, "get on with a purposeless and meaningless universe," but it alone — or, at best, its moral equivalent — can reveal to us a universe which has a purpose and a meaning. Only to the man of religion do the "heavens declare the glory of God"; but to him they do declare this glory. Hence the peculiar responsibility of those who feel that the religious spirit is alive in them, and particularly the responsibility of organized religion. The Churches could do far more than they are doing now to educate their clergy and laity, to vitalize the Christian experience of their people, to translate Christian belief into social action, to combat racial prejudice and social privilege within the Christian community, and, above all, to cultivate the tolerance and the humility that should be the first fruits of Christian love. Were the Christian leaven in the Churches purer and more powerful, it would be far more effective in quickening the religious spirit which today, though far from dead, is often dormant and lethargic.

Professor Stace is, I think, quite right in insisting that the vitality of our culture depends essentially upon the vitality of the religious spirit in it. That is why his charges against religion are so serious and his prophecies so ominous. The implication of his argument, and of my counterargument thus far, has been that the chief function of religion is to vitalize a human culture. In any informed religious perspective, however, and certainly in the Christian perspective, this is to put second things first.

The prime motive for religious revival cannot be the saving of our own or any other civilization, for that would involve the attempt to make God simply serve human ends and satisfy human desires. In the Great Commandment of Christianity, the love of God and His worship is man's supreme privilege

and duty; the exhortation to love your neighbor as yourself follows as a necessary corollary. A true Christian does believe that only in and through God's love for man, and man's responsive love for God, can individual men, or mankind, be saved, in this world or the next, and the New Testament is eloquent in its condemnation of those who profess to love God but fail to translate this love into charity toward their fellow men. But God alone is holy, not mankind or any human culture. Religion, if valid, is first of all an end in itself, though *also* an essential condition of cultural vitality. Only in this perspective can we hope to avoid a sentimentalized and distorted interpretation of religion.

My final word to Mr. Stace, then, is this. Man finds himself today not in "darkness" but in a cultural and spiritual twilight which T. S. Eliot describes as a "place of disaffection . . . in a dim light," a state of "neither plenitude nor vacancy," "a twittering world." It may be that we must, as Eliot believes we must, "descend lower" into

Internal darkness, deprivation
And destitution of all property,
Desiccation of the world of sense,
Evacuation of the world of fancy,
Inoperancy of the world of spirit

before we can hope, as individuals or as a race, to achieve the requisite sense of need and humility. The Christian Gospel directs us not to a romantic primrose path of comforting illusions, but to the painful road of suffering and sacrifice, to the way of the Cross. Men have never really *lived* by illusions: they have merely existed, in some kind of fool's paradise. Men cannot now *really* live, fully and deeply, on illusions, either the "minor" illusions of "fame, glory, power, or money" which Professor Stace rather cynically invites us not to give up, or the Great Illusion which he identifies with religious faith but which should perhaps rather be identified with Stygian disbelief in God. We are indeed "standing on the brink." We do indeed need courage and honesty, *not*, however, to face an inevitable loss of faith, but rather to search our own hearts and minds to see whether we may not ourselves have generated this "darkness" and inadvertently invented the myth that the "light will not shine again." May it perchance be true that "the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not"?

Each of us must finally assume the responsibility of deciding whether to believe the grim injunction: Since faith is impossible and civilization doomed, resign yourselves to quiet contentment and be thankful for small mercies — this is the test of secular maturity; or, alternatively, the sober but heart-warming injunction to achieve religious maturity and joy: "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



A Scotsman who was brought up in the country and who married a Canadian just before the war, DAVID WALKER served in the regular army (The Black Watch). He was taken prisoner with the Highland Division in 1940 (he escaped a bit but never got as far as a frontier), and in 1946 went to India as Comptroller to the Viceroy, Lord Wavell. He began writing when he retired from the army in 1947, and is now living in St. Andrews, New Brunswick. His first novel, which is about the Highlands, will be published later this year by Houghton Mifflin.

THE RESCUERS

by DAVID WALKER

IN THAT open place the river swings away from the hill. Of a sudden caprice it turns and sweeps across the valley in a long curve, out and back. It is a perfect arc, a half-drawn bow which encloses nearly a mile of good pasture. That is the haugh, a gentle place, an oasis of flatness between the steep hills. But the river is its master, and the river can be strong.

Douglas crossed the road and went down the steep bank onto the haugh. He walked over towards the river.

Down there on the open ground he felt the full force of the gale. It swept along the valley from the west, plucking at the few tattered leaves which still dangled on the trees, and carrying them high across the sky.

After the long cold, when all the earth had been hidden under the dead brilliance of snow, the air was wonderfully exhilarating. It was the first call of spring, a single call which would sound loud and then would die away for many days. But it was a sign, and it told the men and the birds and the trees that soon there would be a new beginning.

In the valley the snow had nearly gone. Only in a few patches did it still lie, a wet slush soaking down into the earth, softening it and charging it with life.

At the riverbank he turned upstream, leaning against the hurrying air, feeling himself a part of the triple unity of land and sky and water.

He had lived since September in the small house above the haugh, watching and learning, searching for words to tell the lonely story of the valley. He had seen the late summer fade and sparkle into autumn, and the autumn blow away with the dead

leaves. He had watched the river in its many moods — quiet, impetuous, and vicious. The trees could shed their leaves and stand bare and dark, and the hills and the sky show deepest blue or white or black — they were the framework which held but did not hinder the remorseless river. It was the river which spoke always to the people of the valley.

That evening it was still three feet below the banks, but it had the gray and shabby sullenness which came to it with rising water. Always the strong west wind brought floods from the loch; and if there were wind and melting snow and rain, you could expect a full spate.

The whole surface of the river was bobbing with ice, pale slabs which plunged and jostled their way down on the current. They did not pass silently, but in their hurrying confusion made a noise like the clinking of rough earthenware. It was a composite sound, a quiet and continuous grinding made up of a multitude of hollow noises. It was purposeful and devoid of music.

Watching the wild duck and listening to the river, he was halfway up the haugh before he noticed that there were still sheep grazing. It was a quarter to five. Reid would be coming to take them onto higher ground. He looked round but he could see no sign of the farmer coming down from the hill. Surely he would take no chance tonight, not with that wind and the quick thaw. Even the high hills had lost their unblemished coating of snow.

But it was none of his business. Reid had lived there for twenty years. He knew the river. He had seen the silver salmon jump on a quiet afternoon, and seen floods the same night. He knew the fickle

river which could change from idleness to fury in one stormy hour.

Douglas came to a low place in the riverbank. The water was still well below it.

The first floods came up from the bottom end of the haugh, flowing back slowly over the lowest ground. That first water was harmless — no more than a big puddle spreading slowly on a field. It was only when the river stormed over this low bank near the top, and surged into the haugh, that the real flooding began. Then the hurry was on, and you could watch the whole wide sweep of water racing for the narrow places below.

He turned and walked home quickly with the wind at his back. The light had begun to fade, and already the crows were beating up against the wind. On still evenings they would come to that place at a great height, and then would dive with abandon, stooping in the wildest exuberance down almost to the ground. You would hear a thousand wings sigh with the speed of the diving, and a multitude of hoarse voices cry with delight from the sky. But tonight there were no antics. They labored below the treetops, battling their way towards the rookery at the head of the valley.

He looked back before he went into the house. The sheep were still grazing. But Reid was no fool. He would be sure to take them up if there was danger. And as day gave place to night, the wind did seem to be dropping. Douglas put the sheep from his mind and went inside.

2

HE WOKE up with a start. Had he heard something? No, nothing but the wind. It had risen again and was buffeting the windows and booming in the chimney. Eleven o'clock; he must have dozed for an hour. He got up from his chair to poke the fire.

But there was a sudden rattling on the front door. It was repeated in a pattern of sound which could not be caused by the careless wind. He went to the door. "Hullo," he said. "Come in out of that wild night." He did not wait to ask Reid's business but led the way into the sitting room.

Reid had his daughter with him. She was a big redhead, that girl, with soft coloring and hair as auburn as the dying bracken. A fine quiet woman, and as strong as a man.

"Have a dram, Reid," Douglas said, pouring a stiff one.

"The floods is up," said Reid tersely, "and the sheep are still on the haugh."

"Still there?" said Douglas. "I wondered about them this afternoon."

"They'd have been up the hill long syne, but we were in Perth the day and we missed the early train back. We've been up the road, but it's a black night and we canna see them. I'm feared they're cut off. The water's rising from the bottom end already.

Could ye turn the car lights over the haugh?"

He was a tall dark fellow, Reid, a taciturn man with no spare words. Douglas knew well enough what it would mean to him to lose his ewes. The lambing season was only a month away.

"Yes, of course," he said. "Come on!" He picked up his torch and put on rubber boots, and the old duffel coat with a cord for a belt.

They went out into the night. No stars showed and it was very dark. The wind thundered and blustered about them, wetting their cheeks with the rain, smacking them with its own rough fingers.

Douglas backed the car from the garage and turned it so that the headlights shone towards the lower end of the haugh.

Everything within the narrow shafts of light showed brightly. First there was the floodwater, rough and broken by the wind; then a narrow strip of dry ground; and just beyond that the river. It had risen since evening and was lipping the banks so that you marveled at its being held in by the tenuous strip of earth. The ice was still coming down, sparkling fleetingly in the white light, giving a measure of the ferocious current. There was a vivid contrast between the two patches of water; you felt you saw a crazy saucer — spinning wildly on the far side, and turning back slowly on the near.

Douglas aligned the headlights stage by stage up the riverbank. In the flat light it would be difficult to distinguish the gray sheep against the brown of the winter grass. But they saw them.

"There they are!" they said together. The sheep were huddled in a group, all fifty of them, two thirds of the way up the haugh. One by one they turned their heads, their eyes glowing in the light.

"Ye could be sure the daft craters would be the wrong side o' the ditch!" cried Reid.

The sheep were on a strip of dry land. It widened out from the narrow tongue which ran all the way along the bank. Beyond them was the river; on the near side were shallow floods; and to the left was the ditch. Already there was water in it — no more than a trace, but enough to hold back the witless sheep. "Can we get them?" asked Douglas.

"Ay, there's a chance if we're quick; but I doubt the wind's still rising. Listen to yon!"

When they had first come out of the house the wind had been so strong that there had been no imagining a wilder gale; but it was stronger now. The pitch had risen higher. It was screaming in the treetops; and as if to give warning of the power, a bough fell with a heavy crash beside them. "Get in," said Douglas. "We'll save time by driving."

It was only a minute till he had stopped the car and they were down on the haugh. He felt a qualm of fear. Every step took them further from the safety of the hillside, exposed them more to the danger which was brimming beyond the bank. If the bank should burst — or if there was a sudden

rise . . . But there was work to do, and no time for fears. If Reid was afraid, or if the silent girl felt fear, neither of them showed it. They walked quickly and doggedly on.

Reid stopped at the ditch. It was no more than a deep dip in the ground, worn down by many floods. He shone his torch on the trickle of water and then walked swiftly over to the river's edge a few yards away. He came back, shouting high to make his voice carry over the wind.

"Mebbe three inches to spare. The waves are lapping on the brink."

"The waves are lapping on the brink." Douglas repeated the beautiful words — chance words shouted in the plain Scots voice of the farmer, but in tune with the wildness of the night.

"I'm going to get them," said Reid. He shone his torch towards his daughter. "Bide you here, Mary, and take the ewes from me."

"I'm coming too, Father," she said, speaking for the first time. In the torchlight her cheeks were apple-red, splashed wet with the rain. She took a step towards the sheep.

"Hud yer whisht, lassie!" he said fiercely from the darkness. "Do as I tell ye!" Then he turned and made off.

Douglas went with him. They splashed ankle-deep through the ditch and up the other side. Reid led the way round beyond the sheep. Except for being huddled together, they showed no awareness of danger. Some had dipped their black faces to feed; all were silent. The two men lined out beyond and urged them back. With the lights waving behind them, the sheep went readily enough, but they would not venture through the ditch.

"Hud 'em up!" Reid shouted, and ran round himself. Douglas watched him take two ewes by the horns and drag them through the water. The girl took the sheep from him on the other side.

It was a sharply painted scene, the young woman and the man handling the unwilling sheep; a silent scene, for the wind muffled any noises there may have been. The rain drenched on the torchlit figures.

3

THERE were only four sheep to go. Reid took two of them and dashed them through. He had just reached the other side when the water came.

As it broke over the bank there was a rushing murmur, sounding through the wind. Then it came silently, a narrow wall of water which filled the ditch in a moment.

The two remaining sheep turned back and scampered past Douglas in terror. He ran to the edge. Reid and the girl were standing on the other side, no more than ten yards away, but separated from him by the torrent.

"Dinna try it!" shouted Reid. "Run for yon tree. There's time yet. We'll get the boat."

Douglas turned then and ran. He was alone with the storm. Even as he ran he noticed that the noises of the ice were louder. There were big floes now, for he heard a harder clinking above the rattle of the small pieces. There must have been a dam of ice high up in the hills which had burst at last and added six inches to the river. More would come.

"Run for yon tree!" He remembered only one tree. It was a tall sycamore, close to the river.

The water was chasing him, catching up, rising over his ankles. He stumbled on, pointing the beam to the left where the broken line of the bank still showed. Over the edge was death, and death too in the small inlets. He fell into a hole, waist-deep in water, but he struggled out, cursed weakly and ran on.

He passed one of the sheep. It was floundering helplessly in the water, heavy with wool and with the unborn lamb it carried. It saw him and baaed once in terrible despair.

It was a miracle to see the tree. The water was swirling already at the foot.

He embraced the trunk, stretching his arms desperately around it, scrabbling with his tired legs, with his knees and his rubber boots. Up a little, gripping, tearing his gloves, scraping the skin from his knees. But the trunk was too wide, and after he had climbed a few inches his trembling legs gave up their strength and he fell back to the water.

Again and again he tried. In his panic he stripped the leather from his gloved fingers; then he broke the nails themselves against the flaking sycamore bark. But each time that he slipped down he was weaker, and each time the water had risen a few more inches.

It had reached his thighs when courage came to clear his mind. He found the torch in his pocket and turned the weak beam upwards. The lowest branch was not far above him. Then he remembered the cord around his waist. With his torn fingers he plucked at the knot. But it was hard. It would not loosen. The panic flooded back upon him. In the end the knot was undone.

As he gathered the rope in his hands he was calm again, thinking, There is some way I can do this now. But that only lasted for a moment. The water was rising fast; the branch was near. It was the only chance. He seized it with fevered urgency.

He jerked the rope clumsily up. It splashed back into the water. He tried again, and the cord did lie over the branch, but it was too short to reach back to him, far too short. He had known that all the time. The sweat trickled into his eyes. He knew he was finished. What was the use of struggling when he could rest against the tree trunk, letting death rise and take him quietly?

He did rest for a little. But the good strength came again, and with it a bitter contempt for his weakness. "You bloody coward!" he said angrily, surprised at the strength of his voice.

It was then that the memory flashed into his mind, a memory from long ago in India, a picture that he could see in the wild night. He had watched boys climb the palm trees once. They had tied themselves to the tree and climbed against the rope. It was a simple thing.

Now he knew the way; now he could take heart. He could forget the cold water gripping between his thighs with dreadful pain, rising to his armpits.

He tried once to pass the cord from hand to hand round the tree, but he could not reach. After that he was wholly calm. His brain worked quickly and coolly. He held the rope in his left hand and let the loose end go free with the current. Then he felt on the trunk for a fingerhold.

He edged slowly round to the right. The water was tugging at him, lifting his feet, slackening their hold. He felt with his right hand methodically in the water. His fingers were very cold. Ah, he had it!

Then he groped back, holding to his two ends of cord. When he was upstream again he turned his back to the trunk and knotted the cord loosely across his chest. A reef — one this way, one that way. He faced the tree.

Now it was possible. He leaned out against the cord, feeling with each foot in turn, raising himself inch by inch, slipping the cord up the trunk. It could be done.

He was desperately tired. Pray God to save him from the floods. Pray God to give him strength.

And then at last he reached the stout branch. He lay across it, hearing nothing but the rasp of his breath and the tumble of his heart.

Douglas looked at his watch. It was after four. He did not know how long he had been on the tree. First there had been such crowded action that time had lost its meaning. Then after the climb his mind had been numb, and he might almost have been asleep. But he knew that it had not been sleep. The pain in his knees and fingers, the wind-blasted cold, had been too sharp for that.

In that time a change had come over the night. The waning moon had risen, the sky was clear, and the tumult of the wind had died away. He heard the surging of the water below him and the rhythmical splash of it on the low branches beyond the river. The floods had not abated. They had risen to their peak, and even the gale had yielded them pride of place.

He saw a light beyond the haugh. That was his own light shining from the cottage. The fire would be dead now, but the room would still be warm. Strange that his own forgotten lamp should keep him company across the floods. Strange that the river which he loved should try to kill him.

His mind was working more clearly. Thought was no longer a hazy thing, inseparable from the lassitude of his body. Reid had shouted of a boat. Yes, there was a boat, and not far upstream, but

they could never venture on the river until daylight. Then they would come. They would not fail him.

Once there were voices calling for him from the hillside. He cried back that he was safe. After that he settled again to wait for the dawn. An owl hooted beyond the river. He heard the seething murmur of the water as the bank had broken — the real noise and the remembered, the ear and the memory. Then there was long waiting with the tired fancies playing in his mind.

The day was breaking. Over to the east he saw the green and saffron lights of the dawn. The sun would soon be shining beyond the hill. But to the valley it would come late and stay briefly, the more precious for that.

He heard clear trumpets. The wild swans were coming. Always on days of flood they flew down from the loch. They were the Whoopers, the true wild swans who did not live with men. They were the most splendid of all the birds, carrying the white shield of their remoteness wherever they flew. The five swans circled in the sky, coming lower, gliding and gliding, alighting at last on the floods.

He saw the lines of the day harden. It was as if he were two men: a cold cramped man shivering on a tree, not able to believe that he was safe. But the other man was strong, seeing the day with sharpness, seeing all the days in the one morning.

He listened to the hurrying water and watched the swans sail slowly. He was anxious, feeling that he was a small thing before greatness, a timorous creature.

Then he heard voices, the slow deep words of a man and the pure sound of a girl replying. They came clearly down the river, small voices that were far away, but so near that they spoke in his mind.

The boat swung round the bend. It was frail, bobbing on the gray water, and it came very fast. Reid was at the oars. The girl sat in the stern. She would speak a word, and the man's broad back would move. But it was a silence, and the quiet clunk of the oars only made it stronger.

Her face was framed by the auburn hair, a calm still face that belonged to the river and the hills, a face that was a part of the lonely places, of the storms, of the warm and peaceful days, of the rocks and the heather.

Reid pulled on the oars, turning the boat across the current. It heeled and drifted; but he was strong and he drew it from the fast water. The boat creaked against the tree trunk.

The girl looked up to him and smiled. "We had to wait for day," she said quietly. "You're not hurt?"

He looked at her, at the farmer who had not spoken, at the river driving so fiercely in the soft morning. He saw it all sharply. And he was happy, knowing that there was an end to his uncertain journey.

"I'm all right," he said. He climbed down stiffly from the tree.



*One of our leading authorities on Far Eastern affairs, OWEN LATTIMORE has spent more than two decades traveling in and writing about China, Japan, and the border territories between China and Russia. In 1941 and 1942 he served as adviser to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and on his return became Deputy Director of OWI in charge of the Far Eastern Division. Today he directs the Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins. The risk we run in trying to make Japan "the workshop of Asia" is told unsparingly in this chapter from his new book, *The Situation in Asia*, appearing this month under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.*

JAPAN IS NOBODY'S ALLY

by OWEN LATTIMORE

I

AMERICAN policy in Japan is based on the assumption that as Japan goes, so Asia can be made to go. The fundamental assumption of our policy is that Japan can be made the workshop of Asia and a bulwark against Russia. This assumption is based on the theory that Japan, as an instrument of American policy, combines all the virtues of Britain, Germany, and the Kingdom of Nepal. Like Britain, it is to be used as a stationary aircraft carrier. Like Germany, it is superior in industrial development to all the countries near it, and therefore like Germany it is to be made the center from which the industrial development of the mainland near it is coördinated, controlled, and oriented against Russia. Like the Kingdom of Nepal, which is independent of India and furnishes fierce mercenary Gurkha warriors to both India and Britain, the "naturally disciplined" people of Japan, who are "traditionally anti-Russian," are expected, as time goes on, to furnish tough colonial legions of a new kind which will be solidly loyal to the America which supports their homeland "workshop."

The first link in this chain of assumptions is the entirely fanciful theory that Japan can be made not only into a workshop, but a workshop that controls Asia. The second is the equally fanciful theory that Japan can be made into a politically reliable bulwark against Russia. The third is the most fanciful theory of all: that there is only one Japan, a solid, internally indivisible unit, like one Republican, or one trained seal.

This whole chain of assumptions and cluster of fantasies is an illusion. The illusion was born out of the stunned docility with which the Japanese accepted surrender. After the fanatic, bitter-end ferocity with which the Japanese had fought throughout the South Pacific and at Tarawa and on Okinawa, it was thought that this unbelievably

sudden and complete meekness could only be explained by the "inherent sense of discipline" of the Japanese when the Emperor ordered them to surrender. The growth of the illusion was fostered by the precise, clockwork efficiency with which General MacArthur took over. He did, probably, the best job of its kind that has ever been done. The illusion grew to full stature during the first period of General MacArthur's administration, which ran from the surrender in August, 1945, well into 1946.

In this period an American New Deal was carried out in Japan. With the touch of fatherly mysticism that he combines with his old-line Republicanism, General MacArthur salted New Dealers all through SCAP, his headquarters organization as Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers. It is true that there were never many at the very top; but there were a great many in the middle ranks, which in any bureaucracy are all-important. They were especially influential in the drafting of policy, with the result that even in this period policies were usually more progressive and New Dealish in the form in which they were announced than in the form in which they were carried out.

Some of the New Dealers were civilian officers who had been commissioned during the war. Some came straight from Washington after the surrender, when SCAP in Tokyo, desperately short of experienced bureaucrats, was squalling for help just at the time that President Truman, in his first pathetic attempt to appease the Republicans in the name of "unity," was junking New Dealers as fast as they could be nudged out of the way by the cold-shoulder treatment. The irony of this migration from Washington to Tokyo recalled the good old days when America shipped so much scrap iron to Japan that we had a shortage of scrap in America.

Portentous changes began when the Eightieth

Congress was elected in America. As its first war whoops were borne on the air waves to Tokyo, its tribal kinsmen on General MacArthur's staff began to gather in powwows of their own. The scalps of the pale-faced New Dealers began to come loose. There was a purge. The cleverest — and crookedest — of the old-line Japanese politicians caught on. Recovering their poise and agility, they made new bids. Get Japan off the neck of the American taxpayer? Nothing easier, they said with perfectly straight faces. If only the American taxpayer would stick his neck a long, long way out, they would get off it. They would make Japan an ally, a workshop, a bulwark.

2

IN the development of the whole situation, and in the widening gap between the realities of Japan and the illusory picture of Japan that has been built up in America, General MacArthur's personal public-relations setup has been of incalculable importance. No American general has ever had public-relations henchmen who were so fast on their feet or so slow in the head. Their creed is that General MacArthur should be represented not only as a source of great wisdom, which he is, but as the only source of unerring wisdom, which he is not. It is a tragedy that this should be so, because when the mirage breaks down, General MacArthur's high and deserved place in history is likely to be damaged. He is a general of genius, an extremely capable administrator, a great statesman, and potentially a very great statesman. His one weakness, which has prevented him from realizing his full potential as a statesman, is his inability to keep sycophants out of his entourage.

The truth is that the present "realistic" policy in Japan is going to fail, because it is not in fact realistic, but pseudo-realistic. The truth is that there have in recent history been several Japans. There is the Japan that we defeated. There is the interim Japan of the New Deal period between V-J Day in August, 1945, and the election of the Eightieth Congress in the fall of 1946. There is the Japan that American policy has aimed at creating through 1947 and 1948 and still hopes to create. And, finally, there is the real Japan of today. This real Japan is unstable in its internal composition. It is likely to blow up in our faces.

The Japan that we defeated has always been presented to the American public as a Japan stunned by the atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but still disciplined in its reflexes and responsive to the Emperor's command to surrender, which saved untold American casualties. But the fact is that the Japan which was ready for surrender, with or without the atom bomb, was being held together in those last days by fear, not by loyalty to the Emperor.

It can be said with certainty that the prestige of the Emperor had become so hollow that only a thin veneer remained uncracked. What saved the Emperor was General MacArthur's skill in treating him with just the right amount of dignity over and above what was required by correct protocol, and the clear American intention that he should be retained as the symbolic head of state.

The fear that held priority in Japan in the last weeks before surrender was the fear that the Americans would land like ravening savages, slaughtering men, women, and children. This fear made it seem better to die like brave Japanese, facing the beaches, than to submit and be slaughtered. It was not the authority of the Emperor, ordering surrender, that quelled this fear, but the instinctive knowledge of a people who had never in all their history had an order from an Emperor that was not for the good of the Emperor. If the Emperor ordered surrender, he must have fixed things up.

Once MacArthur had shown, after the landing, that his troops were under better discipline than the Japanese had ever known among their own troops, there was a shaky period in which the revulsion of feeling made admiration for the Americans paramount over respect for the Emperor or any of the other old symbols of authority. With an admirable combination of firmness and condescension toward a people who had always been used to authority and who were emotionally shattered by defeat, General MacArthur steadied the populace and guided the government into the channels of his New Deal period.

In this period the representatives of the old authority were given the fright of their lives, but were gradually allowed to understand that the Americans would not let the wrath of the people work up to a full head of steam. The people were given to understand that the Americans would grant them a lot more democracy than they had ever had before, but that they had better not try to win any democracy for themselves above and beyond what was prescribed in the SCAP directives. Political jails were opened. Even Communists were let out. Labor unions were allowed to assert themselves once more. There was liberty of the press, radio, the theater, public speech, and assembly to a degree altogether surprising under a military occupation of a defeated country.

Eager New Deal beavers slapped together a new constitution which was to be the ark of the new covenant of democracy. General MacArthur took great personal interest in it. Several passages of rich, beautiful prose, including a total renunciation of war and of the right to maintain armed forces, standing out like the phrases in capital letters in a Hearst editorial, were universally ascribed to the General himself. It was — of course — officially a Japanese constitution, promulgated not by SCAP but by the Japanese authorities. Japanese deli-

cately intimated that they knew what the score was by circulating the story, after the Japanese text had been published, "What do you think of the new constitution?" "I don't know; I can't read English." And indeed, there were many passages difficult to translate into intelligible Japanese.

In spite of its inevitable touches of irony and pathos, this was a good period. Real democracy cannot be given. It must be earned, and won against opposition. Above all, it is impossible to "give" democracy under an alien military occupation. What General MacArthur really gave to the Japanese people — and it was the best and wisest thing in his power to give them — was a schooling in the practices of democracy. They were allowed to act as if they had won and created some of the basic rights and duties of democracy. They were put through their paces. The difference between all this and real democracy is like the difference between taking the subway to a riding school in Manhattan and being turned loose with a horse in Montana and told to find your own way to Arizona; but the practice was invaluable for a people who will one day sign a peace treaty and see the occupation end, and will then have to find their way from their own Montana to their own Arizona.

Then came the period in which policies in Tokyo echoed first the approach and then the arrival of the Eightieth Congress. The equivalent of the end of price controls in America was permission for American businessmen to take advantage of the American government's practical monopoly of control over Japan to resume private enterprise. The costs of occupation were paid by the taxpayer (though nominally charged to the Japanese government, to be paid in some unknown future). Any profits that could be made by private enterprise stayed private. In order that the government, in the public interest, should determine the proper scope of business interest, influential businessmen were assigned to one official mission after another and sent out to Japan.

The equivalent of the Taft-Hartley Act was a tightened control of labor unions. Strikes which the unions were likely to lose were of course permitted. Important strikes which the unions might have won were called off by administrative order. The program for breaking up the Zaibatsu, the great combined vertical and horizontal trusts, was put in the icebox.

In this period it became evident that the society of Japan is still, like the society of Germany, a sick society. Imperialism, like fascism, is a disease that bites deep. Those who wish to cure it simply by drafting well-worded constitutions and circulating some improving literature should face the facts.

The grip that imperialism or fascism gets on a people depends on whether they get anything out of it. For decades, long before Pearl Harbor, a lot of Japanese got a lot out of imperialism. Formosa,

Korea, and later Manchuria provided not only big profits for big shots, but jobs and the interest of travel and the feeling of belonging to a superior people for hundreds of thousands of Japanese who otherwise would never have had anything except the humblest employment. Engineers, technicians, newspaper correspondents, and traveling salesmen benefited as well as army officers. The feeling grew that the Japanese were entitled to be better off than their neighbors, and to have their neighbors pay for it.

In their post-surrender New Deal period the Japanese took their new democracy seriously, because that was the period in which it seemed most certain that they were going to have to work their own passage into the future. They could not do so unless they abandoned the feelings of superiority and privilege. In the Eightieth Congress period the old disease came back on them because the American emphasis on the American interest in making Japan the workshop of Asia and a bulwark against Russia seemed to assure them once more of a higher position in life than the one they actually earned: the Americans would support them in the style of life to which they had become accustomed while lordling it over the Formosans, the Koreans, and the Chinese.

It is with this feeling well revived and going strong that the Eightieth Congress period of American policy in Japan has merged into the present period. Our policy now aims at creating a Japan which is to be the counterpart in Asia of the kind of Germany we are trying to create in Europe. It is to be less and less a conquered enemy, a ward, or even an instrument of policy, and to become more and more an overt ally. As the workshop of Asia, it is to be closely integrated with America, so that American economic policy will flow unobstructed through Japan into the rest of Asia. As an ally, it is to be not only an ally against Russia, but an ally taking precedence over China, our own former ally and Japan's former enemy, in which we are now so sadly disappointed.

3

THERE remains the necessity of scrutinizing our hopeful policy for the future. We must realize that nothing ties Japan down to be America's permanent ally in Asia. A Japan made strong enough by American subsidy to hold an economic ascendancy over the rest of Asia, and strong enough to be an American ally against Russia if it wants to be, is automatically a Japan strong enough to double-cross America and make its own deals both with Russia and with the rest of Asia.

It is true that Japan must be included in the eventual balance to be struck between the American interest in Asia and the Russian interest. But it is equally true that America cannot force the

striking of that balance by trying to make Japan or any other single country in Asia the primary instrument of American policy. The general stabilization that will eventually emerge between America and Russia will in large part result from the realization that Asia cannot be brought fully under the control of either of them. It is unwise to overlook the historical part played by Japan in transforming an Asia under control into an Asia out of control. There are Japanese who realize that Japan will only be able to become free by taking its place — not a dominant place — in an Asia out of the control of either of the two superpowers.

It is in this light that we must study the real Japan that underlies all the other partly historical, partly transitory, and partly illusory Japans. This real Japan is undergoing internal changes. More than one outcome is possible. Our policy problem therefore ranges beyond "what to do with Japan." We must also think of the effects *in* Japan of our policy *about* Japan.

Unlike Germany, Japan has no Ruhr. In attempting to make Japan the workshop of Asia and a bulwark against Russia, there are certain advantages that we can exploit; but there are also serious deficiencies to be overcome. The balance sheet is not in our favor.

What Japan does not have is coking coal, iron, oil, bauxite for making aluminum, or the capacity to produce on a large scale some of the important agricultural raw materials for industry, such as cotton. Japan does not have enough salt to sustain its chemical industry or enough wood of the right kind to sustain its rayon industry; and both of these were formerly important earners of foreign exchange. In addition, of course, Japan has about a 20 per cent deficiency in food production; and this problem is aggravated by lack of fertilizers, which have to be imported.

What Japan does have is hydroelectric energy, one of the big requirements of both heavy and light industry; coal other than coking coal, though not enough of it; and silk. Japan's most important resources, however, are human: the most advanced and diversified technical and managerial know-how in Asia, and the largest pool of skilled industrial labor.

With these resources and in spite of these deficiencies Japan in fact was for a while the workshop of Asia. The use of military power was what bridged the deficiencies. By imperial control of Korea and Formosa, later of Manchuria, and for a while of much of China and all Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, Burma, and Netherlands India, Japan was able to plan the extraction of raw materials and to regulate processing and distribution. The form of control made it possible not only to obtain raw materials, but to dictate exchange values. Raw materials were extracted at colonial or coolie wage rates. When processed, one portion was set aside

to maintain the military machine that kept the whole business going. Another was allocated to consumer goods for the countries that produced the raw materials. A third, before Pearl Harbor, went into world trade and earned dollars and pounds sterling.

The United States cannot put Japan back in business as a workshop of this kind. America made enormous sacrifices to break Japan's imperial grip on Asia and the Pacific. Even war scares about Russia are not enough to make American public opinion reverse itself and demand an American reconquest, on Japan's behalf, of Japan's old fields of aggression in Asia.

4

A PROGRAM for making Japan a workshop must depend either on American subsidies or on direct agreements between Japan and parts of Asia which America cannot control. Direct American grants to Japan jumped from 96 million dollars in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1946, to 292 million dollars in 1947 and 423 million dollars in 1948. In addition, loans and credits totaled 116 million dollars in 1947 and 61 million dollars in the fiscal year ending in 1948. Adding the costs of actual military occupation — which nominally are chargeable to the Japanese government at some time in the future when Japan becomes solvent — it is a reasonable estimate that the total American expenditure on Japan, including military costs, approaches a billion a year.

Japan now gets its major imports of food and raw cotton from the United States, on a government basis. In 1947, 53 per cent of the value of Japan's imports was in grain and starch, 13 per cent in raw cotton, and 12 per cent in fertilizers. By 1948, Japan attained a favorable ratio of eight to one in its exports to the Orient as compared with imports from other countries, but was able to export to the United States only one twenty-fifth of the value of its imports from the United States. These ratios indicate an increasing indebtedness to the United States, with no increase in the ability to pay off the debt, since the "soft currency" income from Japanese sales to Asia is not wanted by the United States.

Meanwhile it is apparent that China will soon be in a position to make economic offers to Japan. The northeastern provinces (Manchuria), formerly so closely integrated with Japan, have a surplus of food to offer. Most of this surplus never was marketed in China; the established channels of trade do not run in that direction. There will be an overall food deficiency in China until the 1949 harvests, because of the civil war; but after that, offering food to Japan would not cause hardships in China.

This food could be offered to Japan at prices much lower than food from America. Soybeans, of which there are big accumulated stocks, are useful

for many industrial purposes, as well as for food. The cake that is left after pressing out the bean oil is of high value both as cattle feed and as fertilizer, of which Japan is desperately short.

More important still, the northern and north-eastern provinces of China are traditionally Japan's greatest sources of iron and coking coal, and of salt for the chemical industry. Japan formerly used China's iron ore and coking coal to make first pig iron and then steel.

An important variation on this pattern is now possible. China could offer pig iron and later, as the Chinese iron and steel industries develop, semi-processed and processed iron and steel in various forms. In this way Japan could retain a useful and profitable steel and machine-building industry, which step by step could contribute to the industrialization of the rest of Asia. A high level of employment could be sustained, and a full scope of usefulness for Japan's managers and technicians. Yet Asia and the world would be secured against a revival of Japanese militarism and aggression because Japan would no longer control the sources of supply. By withholding raw ore and supplying Japan only with pig iron and other semiprocessed materials, China would have absolute power to cut off the revival of Japanese war industry.

Moves and offers of this kind are now practical politics. Their political importance is sharpened by the fact that Japan, while under American control, is not a free agent. China can make offers which flatter the Japanese with the prospect of honorable economic interdependence, on terms of costs and prices that suit both countries. These offers can be worded in such a way that if Japan, under American control, is constrained to turn them down and to continue in a growing dependence on America and indebtedness to America, it will be very difficult for American policy to escape looking like a dog in the Japanese manger.

Such moves would affect the conditions under which both America and Russia maneuver for economic, political, and strategic advantage. They would also do more than that. They would promote new groupings in Japanese domestic politics. Both the labor union movement and the parties of the Left would be able to press demands for friendly reintegration with Asia, based not simply on political sympathy but on arguments of solid economic advantage. The effort of the Japanese Communists to take over a large part of the membership of the Social Democrats would be strengthened. General MacArthur would find military occupation and administrative control less and less adequate for chastening the labor unions, manipulating political parties, and jockeying the Communists and the rest of the radical Left out of position. America would slip from ascendancy over the whole of Japan to the awkward position of partisan support of the Right in a divided Japan.

Rightist interests in Japan are already aware of these possibilities, and are preparing their counter-moves. Without giving any hint that they might, if it ever suits them, refuse to let Japan be used as America's vanguard against Russia, they will, as time passes, steadily build up the emphasis on America's obligation to protect them from Russia. When the end of the war forced Japan out of colonial Southeast Asia, the conservatives saw clearly what the next phase of colonial politics was going to be like and what opportunities it held for them. Japanese conservatives and leftists have one thing in common: they realize that as a defeated and occupied nation, Japan has a long and rough road to travel to get back to independence and freedom of action in international politics. In this, it is like the colonial countries which are struggling to get as much independence as they can from a Europe backed by America.

It is dangerous for America to overlook this fact. There is an important area of political maneuver in which Japanese conservatives and leftists and right-wing and left-wing colonial nationalists can get together. As maneuvering goes on, it will be possible for Japan to emerge, suddenly and without warning, and with the hearty participation of some of the most powerful Japanese conservatives, in a position more anti-American than anti-Russian. Once the occupation has ended, it will be possible for Japan to make such a move at any moment when it appears that the combined strength of Japan and the colonial peoples has reached a point where they can form a solid front against an American-backed Europe. The move, when made, might either be permitted without interference from Russia and China, or actually be assisted by them.

An Asia out of control may settle into a new position in world politics during the next few decades by a series of landslips, each causing a series of alarming tremors but no general earthquake. During one or another of these landslips Japan, after talking a wonderful anti-Russian line up to the very last moment, and after getting every possible kind of help out of America, may see an opening which makes it possible to slip out from under America's control without coming under Russia's control. And Russian policy, for decades to come, may be guided by the belief that if it is not possible to bring under Russian control, or into a federation dominated by Russia, any part of Asia that may break away from European or American control, then it is wisest to settle for an Asia out of control.

The mere possibility of such developments affects the American interest in Japan and American policy toward Japan as a part of Asia. The possibility that as Japan goes, so Asia can be made to go, is in fact a decreasing possibility. The increasing probability is that as Asia goes, so Japan will go — in its alignments with other countries and in the alignments and oppositions of its own political parties.



POEMS

by R. P. LISTER

COINS

THE plowman turns them up, hidden below the field,
And wonders what their owner did without them.
Some drunken Roman tottering on the Weald
Buried them there, and then forgot about them.

After some wild and witless Dionysian revel
With loose-limbed Lalage or dark Agripinilla,
Hid them away from sight of man or devil
And rocked and reeled back to his Kentish villa.

Perhaps the morning after, feeling aeons old,
Under the hands of Cambrian physician,
He wondered what became of all that gold
Stamped with the flaccid visage of Domitian.

Lalage has it, he groaned, or that fat Belgic cowman;
There's no respect for tuum or for meum.
But he was wrong; some twentieth-century plowman,
Staunch Saxon, sends them to the British Museum.

THE SURVIVOR

FOUR thousand Romans came along this road,
Bound for the Severn, on the way from Rye;
My ancestor, clad in his suit of woad,
Hid in the woods and watched them marching by.
The fires they lit went roaring to the sky,
They did not leave behind a single cow;
My hungry ancestor was due to die,
But he survived, though God alone knows how.

Eight thousand Normans came along this road,
Shouting in French a nasal battle cry;
My ancestor was not in his abode,
He loved them well, but he was very shy.
They took the pigs from his most precious sty
That he had built with sweat upon his brow;
He had no money, other pigs to buy,
But he survived, though God alone knows how.

Twelve thousand workmen walked along this road
And built a factory ten stories high.

The sound of sobbing sirens was their goad;
My ancestor, who heard that awful sigh,
Was frankly terrified, and so am I.
He went and hid, as I am hiding now;
He knew not what they labored at, nor why,
But he survived, though God alone knows how.

PRINCE, though I struggle not to catch your eye,
Your eye is catching mine, and so I bow;
But in another moment I shall fly,
And so survive, though God alone knows how.

GRIFFIN

GRIFFIN, Griffin, all alone,
Lying on a sun-warmed stone,
Speak to me of all your lore —
What, O what, are Griffins for?

Are they beautiful or not?
Are they cold or are they hot?
Tell me, Griffin, grave of phiz,
Tell me why a Griffin *is*!

Stretching out your shiny claws
As acknowledging applause,
One green eye that greenly winks —
Tell me what a Griffin thinks!

On your stone stretched out at ease,
Free from toil and free from fleas,
You appear like one apart —
Has a Griffin got a heart?

Every Griffin I have known
Lay along a sun-warmed stone
Like a teapot on a shelf
Being Griffin by itself;

Curling ear and barbèd tongue,
Griffin neither old nor young,
Griffin never in a rage,
Griffin wise and Griffin sage;

Ever-Griffin, never-true,
Nothing wounds nor touches you;
Griffin murmurs No offense —
Has a Griffin got no sense?

Griffin-brother, kin of mine,
I have learned the countersign,
I will join you on your stone,
Both together, both alone;

Neither young and neither old,
Neither hot and neither cold;
Tell me, Griffin, tell once more —
What, O what, are Griffins for?



The Atlantic Serial



THE BRAVE BULLS

by TOM LEA

Luis Bello, the Mexican matador known as "the Swordsman of Guerreras," is a tired man though still in his early thirties. For years he has supported a large, lazy clan of relatives, paying for their fat with his own flesh. In the plane to the Capital where he will fight in the Plaza Mexico, his thoughts are on Linda de Calderon who he believes will comfort him. He is right.

Meanwhile Raul Fuentes, his manager, is negotiating for another corrida, one which will have both Luis and his adoring young brother Pepe on the card at the plaza in Cuenca. Luis has agreed to appear there on the feast day of Santa Barbara, on the one condition that Eladio Gomez, the impresario, will provide bulls of the first class from Las Astas, the ranch of Don Tiburcio Balbuena.

The fight in Plaza Mexico does not go well. Luis is off his timing, he chops at the horns without undue risk, the crowd boos. It is only when the other matador, Juan Salazar,

is fatally gored that Luis, aroused, takes revenge on the bull with his deadly accuracy.

Spending his evenings in Linda's apartment, Luis falls more and more in love with her. She worries about his scars; she pleads with him to give up the bulls and he answers by telling her of the corridas ahead. The Sunday following, he fights at Guadalajara. The bulls are good, but again Luis is cautious. On the way back to Mexico City, the entire cuadrilla is downhearted. They seem to have a premonition of the news that Pepe brings them — Raul and Linda have been killed on a mountain road in Luis's car. The world falls apart for Luis Bello. And still ahead of him is the corrida in Cuenca for which the brave bulls, the tough bulls, have been promised.

The Atlantic's abridgment of Mr. Lea's forthcoming novel will appear in four installments, of which this is the third.

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THE two Bello cuadrillas traveled in style to Cuenca; the swordhandlers were proud of the accommodations they had arranged to make the trip easy, after the emotions and uncertainties of the week. Luis and Pepe, with the sobresaliente Saya, occupied the drawing-room compartment on the Pullman, and each torero had his green-curtained berth to rest in during the night on the way.

Such a trip was customarily a jaunt to enjoy, with beer and card games and high conversation; with girls smiling and maybe willing; with guitar music up ahead in the third class to pass the time, with people who knew how to eat sopes, chalupas, and fat gordas, singing on a poky train, proud to ride with valiant toreros. Very valiant. That was when things were going along. When times were good and the season held triumphs and Luis Bello was ready for them all. Then the cuadrillas felt ready too, and following the bulls was the life!

But it wasn't the life on Saturday morning, the third of December, on the way to Cuenca. They tried to imitate the fun they should be having, without having it, secretly matching their moods with a multitude of omens remembered during the week,

from the scandal of the broken mirror Monday to the risk of a journey started on Friday. They watched the way Luis Bello sat so quiet on the green plush, staring out the window, forgetting to light his cigar. They did not say it, but it was on their minds every mile of the way: the corrida at Cuenca boded no good.

Outside the morning sun beat down upon the brown earth and thorny brush that slid by along the right of way. It glared upon the dry glitter of the plain, it paled the blue sierra high beyond the speckled hills. A wind blew hard through the faraway sky, through the leafless trees by the wells and walls of lonesome ranchos, across winter fields and wide waste places, raising thin sad streamers of tan dust like mournful divisas.

Luis Bello felt hollow inside. Don Felix Aldemas Leon had done it. He talked too well. He made going to Cuenca sound easy. He made Luis Bello ashamed, sitting in his parlor at San Angel, refusing to fight bulls. Luis Bello was torero, he said.

That fat Aldemas — and Pepe that goat of a brother — they got together for the devil's work. They got me to say I would. And here I am.

A shadow reached out for him when he thought about it. Sometimes it made his heart beat fast, and a big lump come high in his throat.

Yesterday he unfolded a cape again in his garden, just to see. His people ran the horns for him all morning. He sampled his timing as the cloth whirled, feeling how his legs held and handled under him, testing his wrists and the sinews moving, swinging the rag again, worried.

And not a drink, not a drop of anything stronger than tea since Tuesday, since the funeral he went to. Ai, Luis Bello! It was serious.

Only tomorrow. All wrapped up in a package with the name, with the name framed in black. He had tried his escape from it; he felt silly remembering. The package was coming on the horns tomorrow, and Luis Bello would reach out his hand then, and take it. He could take it. You damn right Luis Bello could take it, he hoped.

The blue sierra was coming close; Cuenca was not far. He would take it. He turned away from the empty land outside the window, and lighted his cigar.

"Paco," he said when the cigar was drawing well, "what you think of Mexico?" He pointed out the window.

"Dry and lonesome. Very dry and lonesome."

"I drove horses through here when I was a kid. It's drier and lonelier than that."

"For the very soul of dryness and loneliness," said Paco Saya, "you should sit on that hill out there and eat a salted fish for the complete sensation."

"What you need with the fish?" the Jackdaw asked.

"Remember the time we ran into the Spanish fish wagon, Luis?" Goyo Salinas said. "That time in the car on the way from Santander? God of mine, we smelled of fish for five corridas. I even caught 'em in my socks. The Aztec fishmongers, killing bulls at the fiestas of San Lucar! Remember how the fans held their noses when we opened the capes at the tablas and how this damned Monkey Garcia would stand by the barrera making a face like a fish blowing bubbles?" He slapped Garcia on the back of the neck.

"We had some times in Spain," Luis said. "You got a pretty good place for rascals, Paco. You got the atmosphere over there. It's different here, for toreros. The only important atmosphere of the bulls in Mexico is in the Capital. Nobody pays any attention to corridas out in the States, except the local fans. In Spain you got to be good in every wooden plaza to have real cartel; in Mexico it don't matter — except when you are on the make, when you are pointing. The only place where you are expected to really rip your drawers is in the Capital. The critics and the press rate you from there."

"A pity," Paco said, "and I will tell you why. If the bulls are good, the plazas of the provinces are

the places to get the real flavor of the dish. The great plazas make a grand spectacle, but the little ones without boxes, they are the ones for the true festival. Close up, intimate. That's where you get the valor, the alegria right in your throat, in the little ones."

"Well, there's some real bulls in the pens at Cuenca this morning, waiting for us. And the plaza there lacks boxes and Governors' daughters with flowers in their hair. It's little enough. We'll see about the valor. The alegria." Luis felt the eyes of the cuadrilla when he said it. He felt their uneasiness.

"We will," Pepe Bello said. "We'll arm the big father and senor of alegria."

"We'll give them a package," said the Jank.

"We are coming to Cuenca," Pepe Bello said. "I can see the brewery. Four hours late on this slow freight. There's fiesta in Cuenca, for the Saint."

"A feria?" asked Paco. "Like in Spain?"

"Something like that. A carnival with popcorn and dancing. Not so fancy like Spain."

"Just as drunk," smiled Monkey Garcia. "Maybe drunker."

"Impossible."

Luis Bello spoke up, looking around at the brown faces crowded in the compartment. "Listen. No drunks in these cuadrillas at Cuenca! I'm serious. You hear that? We got work. We face bulls, and that's tomorrow."

There were never any drunks in the cuadrillas on the night before a corrida. They decided Luis was talking to himself, aloud. It made an impression; it brought a silence.

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THE train slowed coming into the switchyards, and the porter carried their bags to the vestibule, while they ran pocket combs through their hair, carefully, and adjusted their ties.

Eladio Gomez, with a spontaneous committee of welcome from the Plaza Club — and bars of less cartel — met them as they came down the steps. When the handshaking and the abrazos were done, the picadors picked up the long ash-wood shafts of their lances and held them like tall badges of their trade, in the middle of the crowd, while Tacho and the Little O hurried around the sword cases and cape baskets, hiring porters and haggling.

"Our rooms are at the Europa," Tacho said, speaking for the Bellos. "The cuadrillas are staying at the San Andres."

Salvador Cofino came pushing through the crowd, arriving late and out of breath.

"Hola, Luis!" He gave the matador an abrazo. "Let me take you in my car."

"Good. This is my brother Pepe — and Paco Saya, here, from Seville."

The cuadrillas, with the Little O in charge of their

gear, got a ride with Rufino Vega, who drove them to the San Andres, the hotel on the side street not far from the station. Rufino was disappointed to carry only cuadrillas; he had hoped for a matador.

Breaking away from the crowd, the Bellos and Paco Saya climbed into Cofino's car with Eladio Gomez and Tacho, who stowed the baggage, and they drove away. The gray stone façade of the Europa stood on the main plaza of Cuenca, looking out over the square, and across it, to the high tile-domed church of Santa Barbara. Cofino had difficulty getting his car to the hotel entrance. Holiday crowds at the market booths and carnival concessions jammed the sunny square and overflowed into the streets.

They got out of the car to the sound of wheezy music from a carrousel and the jangling of church bells marking high noon above the murmur of the crowd. Idlers on the street spied the sword cases when Tacho lifted them from the car; a crowd gathered around to gawk at the toreros and grin, while hotel porters took the baggage and led the guests inside. Cofino and Gomez went with them.

Two big ramshackle connecting rooms on the second floor front were reserved for the matadors. Shuttered French doors opened out upon rusted ironwork balconies from both rooms, overlooking the color and movement and noise filling the square.

"Day of fiesta," Cofino said as they watched it. "The people come in from the whole district for today and tomorrow."

"Racket tonight, in the middle of this," Luis remarked.

"There will be a little noise," Gomez admitted, "but you will rest well."

"We will rest very well," said Pepe.

"Tomorrow at noon you can see the procession from here," said Cofino, "when they take Santa Barbara out, and parade her around the square."

Tacho spoke. He was interested. "Senor, will you tell the reason for this celebration of the Saint?"

"She saved the town once," Eladio Gomez offered. "She stopped an earthquake when they paraded her. That's what they say, anyway. The trembling stopped and she saved the town. Long ago. God knows how long. The town celebrates it."

Cofino said, "I don't know how much of the fiestas you care for, Luis, but I would be glad to take you around. This afternoon are cockfights, rodeo, five hundred vara horse races. Carnival tonight with dancing at the Casino and all the rest of it. The Indians dance on the street with torches. Whatever you like, we are at your orders."

"I am grateful, senor. We take it easy. We face bulls tomorrow. But those races, for example. I used to work horses like that when I was a kid —"

"Certainly," Cofino said. "We'll see them, and everything you like."

"I'd like to see the Las Astas," Pepe said. "I'm

going over to the ring. The cuadrillas will probably be over there. I want to see those bulls."

"Luis," Gomez put in, "and Pepe — we have arranged a little dinner of aficionados at the Plaza Club tonight. Very simple. Just to wish you well. The radio will be there, for you to say a few words to the fans of Cuenca. Just a few words. It will stir them. May we have the honor?"

"How not, Senor Gomez? But we can leave early? Because of tomorrow —"

"Exactly, diestro," Gomez said. "Plenty of rest. I will go now. The plaza keeps me busy. Senor Cofino will see that you lack nothing, I am sure. The dinner is at nine."

"I must leave now myself," said Cofino. "Wait for me here at three o'clock. We will see the fiestas."

"Until then," Luis said.

"Let's eat," Pepe said when the callers had gone, "and then go see the bulls! Eehoh! I want to see them. How about you, Luis?"

"I'll see them tomorrow. They'll be there."

"At four o'clock sharp, in the afternoon," Paco quoted, brightly. "The most beautiful festival of all."

Callers began to knock on the door, to see the Swordsman of Guerreras, to shake his famous hand and to talk about tomorrow.

19

IN the bright Saturday afternoon sun, the city of Cuenca partook of the fiestas of its patron Santa Barbara. Dwellers in the hard world of daily bread shut the doors of toil behind them that afternoon, according to custom, and walked out into the light. The ropers and riders raised a great dust over the wooden stands and corrals on the charro grounds where rodeo unfolded with music. Horses unlimbered for the five o'clock races along the quarter-mile track in the mesquite at the edge of town. The sun filtered pale through the white canvas cover of the Cuenca cockpit where bettors screamed their odds and handlers petted their baleful fowls, blowing down their throats, in the thick smell of damp dust and sweat and stale beer.

The carrousel and Ferris wheel made their turns to the sounds of their whiffing musics in the swarming plaza where the urchins squealed and citizens promenaded in holiday noise and carnival smell by the street stalls where food was frying. The pink lemonade, the popcorn, the brown sugar and quince candy, the bright balloons, the ribboned toy canes were selling. And the bars of Cuenca crammed full and loud, tuned up like strings on the mariachis' guitars, for an evening. Fiesta was in the air over Cuenca as the shadows grew longer and the sunlight turned yellow above the violet western sierra.

Eladio Gomez, with fiesta all around him, was busy as a man tending bar. At his bullring he watched the completion of a thousand details, giv-

ing orders. Chon and Miguel finished dragging the plaza, leveling up the low place with new sand in front of the cuadrilla gate. They got out the hoses then, and began wetting down the wide tan circle to make the footing firm and smooth for tomorrow.

Gomez checked over the list of memos he carried in his pocket, crossing them off one by one. The beer and cushions were all delivered, stacked in the storeroom by the plaza entrance. The block was installed in the hoist by the hooks, for the plaza butcher who would be busy tomorrow beyond the arrastre; the meat of the four Las Astas was contracted for. Gomez rehearsed the new head usher and his crew. He tested the blue neon light over the chapel altar; it pleased him, with all the new flowers. The infirmary was scrubbed, smelling of carbolic acid. Landeros delivered his flea-bitten nags for the picadors, and promised to bring the three rented mules to Chon Munoz in the morning.

In the midst of the exertions around them, the bulls of Las Astas chewed quietly on their cuds. Gomez was proud when Pepe and five of the Bello cuadrillas arrived at the plaza pens to see those bulls. The impresario stood listening curiously while the toreros and Policarpo Cana argued the points of each animal, in preparation for the sorting and the drawing of lots for each matador, in the morning.

When Gomez went back to his office on Hidalgo Street, he found it neither dim nor lonely. The line of ticket buyers in front of Lara's box office window brought the fiesta feeling almost into Gomez's heart. It warmed him. If only the weather held. If only the sun were strong. If only the wind did not blow. Eladio Gomez, you might fill your plaza! A full house to watch Luis Bello work with Las Astas.

Up the street at the Plaza Club aficionados gathered. For them there was one theme worthy of consideration in the fiestas of Santa Barbara. They drank over it, savoring it in advance.

"The mob does not understand what it sees in a plaza," said the Engineer Vilar. "Much less those gringo tourists, leaving after the second bull in the *Mexico*."

"No fiesta for tourists and neurotic girls," Zeferino Ramos stated. "The flavor is strong."

"Aficionados of the true red bone are often ignorant of the meaning of our festival," the Engineer said, sipping his manzanilla. "It is true that all the arts are surrounded by cults and loose tongues embroidering upon meanings far removed from the impulses that give birth to those arts. It is nevertheless necessary to have philosophy to view an art with understanding."

"Let me remind you, Engineer," Santana said, "that most of the human race are far from considering bullfighting an art. To them it is a bloody sport, a debased and useless violence."

"A good point, Santana," old Alberto Iriarte said.

"Let us go farther into this inquiry of the Engineer's philosophy."

"For that matter," the Engineer said, "none of the great arts originally came into being as art. Art grows from what is first a utility or a pastime. The festival of the bulls, for instance, grew from both. First it was a hunt for meat in the mountains of Spain, and then later a sporting pastime for horsemen armed with lances, before spectators. But it developed. In the beginning, music was perhaps no more than grunting while beating two sticks together, and painting was the daubing of dots on cave walls and jugs. They are more than that now. And a corrida de toros is more than a sport."

"It is of course necessary," old Iriarte put in, "to understand our festival is not a sport but a spectacle. It is a form of drama as certainly as the works of Sophocles. But what a difference between the happenings on a stage or in a poem, and the happenings in a plaza!"

"Exactly," the Engineer said. "The festival of the bulls is the only art form in which violence, bloodshed, and death are palpable and unfeigned. It is the only art in which the artist deals actual death and risks actual death, as if a poet were called upon to scan his lines with his life. It is the contemplation of this visible violence and actual death that gives the art its peculiar power, gentlemen."

"It is also that actuality which confuses the art with sport and confounds foreigners who find real blood a revulsion — or a morbid thrill," Santana said.

"All arts, even the most abstract," Don Alberto broke in again, "are essentially creations to thrill. To allow man to participate in God's designs at one step removed from the anguish of living them. Sitting safely in a chair."

"The heart of the matter is this," said the Engineer. "There is enormous difference between the thrill given by art and the thrill given by watching merely exciting forms of peril. The difference, let us say, between a corrida de toros and a motorcycle race. Peril moves us simply as witnesses to a gripping body sensation. Violence, or peril, made significant by art amplifies the sensation beyond the body, distills it, lifts it above the realm of mere incident. A corrida de toros, by that token of art, presents us with a moving image and symbol of our own hearts grappling with violence and death. Can this be a sport? Unless, indeed, man facing his destiny is sport, combat between equals. No! In the plaza the man lives, by his bravery, and the bull dies. Sometimes it is another case, but that is not the plan of our festival, which is designed to show the glory of courage over the power of death. Each of us reads into this theme his private response. It is that meaning of man face to face with the inner and outer brute force of living, and man's tragedy in dealing death while subject to it himself, which

has gripped the mind and emotion of the Latin race."

"Do you know what Juan Belmonte said in his memoirs?" asked Don Alberto. "He said, 'And at the end of a faena, when my enemy was exhausted and caring no longer for the trouble of the muleta, and I had to mount the sword, then it gave me compassion, then I felt pity, feeling pain and remorse that I must kill my bull, such a noble beast, that many times pardoned my life and in return for that pardon I only sent him away forever from his green and happy pastures.'"

"It explains our feelings when we leave a plaza," Zeferino Ramos said. "We have seen it, the tragic brave festival."

"What do you really think of the Bellos, Don Alberto?" asked Benito Bombach. "I just saw Luis, out at the races with Salvador Cofino."

"There has been no killer of bulls like him since Luis Freg. On a good afternoon, Luis Bello is ample with the cape, immense with the muleta, enormous with the sword. At the Hour of Truth, when he goes in to kill, there is no one like him."

"He gives the tragedy. All alone, out there. Nobody can work closer to the horns."

"But he has been lacking lately. He was frankly bad at Guadalajara."

"He has been sluggish since the leg wound in September. That benefit performance at Irapuato. I saw it."

"And did you hear about the girl, the one killed with Fuentes? She absolutely was, they say."

"I know. A double blow. Has Cofino ever told you about Fuentes and Bello? They were very close. Bello is from the humble, of course. Fuentes was the one that made him person of decency. Taught him how to read, how to dress; he even taught him how to eat at table. And took care of his money. What a blow!"

"The bulls punish Luis Bello. My God, but they punish him. They will get him someday."

"Don Alberto, what do you think of Pepe Bello?"

"I think some words of Sanchez de Neira in his classic dictionary of bulls. He wrote of 'a young man just beginning of whom there is yet little to say. He has gained a certain name for courage, but those valiant among men are not always so among bulls.' We will judge tomorrow."

20

THE hours toward tomorrow unwound to the sound of fiesta. The stars were bright and many in the sky above it, but the Bello cuadrillas were guided by nearer lights when they left the San Andres to find their suppers and sample the celebrations before they went to bed. Tomorrow was a constraint upon them. It held them together like a group of tourists from another world. They only stood upon the edges of the festivities, like wry inspectors, eating in

a crowded cafe, hearing music, eyeing the girls on promenade, watching the Indians dance by torchlight to the squeaking of fiddles and thumping of drums, and milling in the aimless crowd around the lighted booths draped in bunting by the entrance to the Casino.

In his room at the Europa, Luis Bello told Tacho to keep the rooms quiet, by God, in the morning; to keep the crowd out; he wanted rest. Tacho and Abundio left him then, and he undressed and turned off the light and got in bed. The glow and the sound of the carnival penetrated the shutters on the balcony doors and came into his room. He heard the bells jangle on the church tower of Santa Barbara, announcing midnight. The mechanical music from the carrousel and Ferris wheel stopped; but there were flurries of song and he heard laughter and voices passing in the streets.

The carnival came to him from far away, from the other side of the moon, and stopped on the edge of his mind. Looking up at the slits of light reflected on the high dark ceiling he felt as calm as if he were someone else, as if from up there Luis Bello stood looking down untroubled upon himself. Stretched out flat upon the bed, he felt the soundness of his body, somehow proud of this care he gave it, this rest, this complete sobriety. It pleased him as if he were fulfilling some honorable obligation.

He closed his eyes but sleep would not come.

The fiestas in the gardens of San Marcos. It was long ago. He saw the blue flowers on the jacaranda trees against the blue sky. He smelled the springtime and felt the new green leaves in the garden where the music played. He saw the blue dusk settling upon the streets of Aguascalientes during carnival time in the spring, and the people all walking and laughing to the gardens where the colored lanterns began to glow beneath the darkening trees while the music played. He saw the girls again, walking arm in arm and smiling, with the fiestas in their eyes and confetti caught in their hair, in the lantern light with the music playing in the hubbub of the crowd. Oh, those were the fiestas in the spring at the gardens of San Marcos! He saw the slender girl again walking in the light and he heard her say her name was Barbara and he felt her move and sway when they danced. He could see her smile when the guitars played "Maria Elena." In the spring of the year.

The bullring in the fall that year, there at San Marcos by the fiesta grounds. How he dedicated the first bull. The first pertaining to Luis Bello, Matador de Toros. "To thee, Barbara, I dedicate this bull." How many hundred bulls and dedications since then! How he killed that first one for her and how they carried him from the ring on their shoulders, and he saw her smile at him that night.

The days when I was thirsty. When I drank it all and my throat was never full. Oh I was thirsty.

Thirsty for the bulls in those times. I killed a

seventh bull in my head after every corrida and when I went to bed at night I had fought two whole corridas more, complete. I kept on fighting bulls in dreams and when the morning came I wished I could put on my suit of lights! Luis Bello, Matador de Toros. Thirsty for the bulls. The fame, the shouts, the smiles, the money, the drinks, the girl. And I had them. I had them, every one. In the days and nights before I made mysteries in my head. In the times before I cared about the horns.

He heard the door open in the next room, Pepe and the Spanish kid coming in from the fiestas. Coming to their hotel room in a town named Cuenca, on the night before they might get killed, coming in laughing, late, in the times before they ever cared about the horns.

Luis Bello shifted his body on the bed. Standing up there outside of himself so strangely, he looked down at himself so full of care.

Christ, when I was a kid! There were some things I hadn't done and I was going to do them. And sometimes I did. I never wondered then if I could do as good as I did before. In those days what I done before wasn't enough, and when it ever gets to be enough, I'm finished.

That's the way to say it, what there is about the bulls! I tried to tell Linda there was something about it and she called me proud when it wasn't that. I didn't know the words to say it then, exactly what it was about the bulls. It's knowing what you can do out there alone. It's feeling what you got inside and doing it the best you can, regardless. I didn't get to tell her that, but I know it, here in Cuenca. And the only way to fight bulls is not in bed alone in the dark, but by God in a plaza at four o'clock in the afternoon, when the horns are not so big.

21

THE bells of the Church of Santa Barbara across the plaza awoke Luis Bello. They were answered by church bells in the distance. The sound of bells came to his room from many directions, from all over the city of Cuenca, answering the bells of Santa Barbara. Luis Bello awoke in the strange room sharply aware. The light that came past the shutters now was not the colored lantern light of carnival; it was the light of the sun in the sky. It came through the closed lids of his eyes to rob him of the security of dark sleep so that he lay in a waking grayness tinged with the redness of his blood. The pale ghost red behind his lids was alive and impatient, now that the day was here.

He opened his eyes and looked at his watch. Eight hours and twenty minutes. Then the red door would open. He stared at the ceiling high above his head, feeling four o'clock coming. Slow, and yet fast too. With the package. He lay in bed waiting, with his eyes open, rubbing his bad leg.

At nine he heard a knock, a tentative, padded, familiar knock on the door. It was Tacho.

"Hola! How about a little tea, Luis? Something warm to start the day. How's that leg?"

"It caught a knot when I first woke up, but it's all right."

Tacho came into the room with the tea.

"Have it, Luis, and then let me rub the leg. We'll limber it. Three letters for you this morning. I have a kid posted outside your door. I told him I would kill him if he let anybody disturb you while I'm in here and can't watch."

Luis drank the tea, sitting on the side of the bed, while he opened the letters. Two of them were the kind he got in every town; the paper of one was pink and scented, the other pale violet. It was so enormous to have Luis Bello in Cuenca. There would be prayers and applause for him all afternoon as he deserved and should he care to celebrate the triumph afterward, of course it was too much to hope for, but at the Casino after ten o'clock to the right of the entrance door inside, with a red carnation in the hair . . . Luis Bello had to smile while he opened the third letter, typewritten on white paper, unscented. The writer begged only a moment of the diestro's time, a moment of great portent and fortune. The writer had discovered a gold mine. If Luis Bello cared to . . .

"Here's a gold mine if you want to get rich," Luis said. "The others are probably pure gold too."

"On the front teeth," Tacho said. He had the liniment in his hand. "Let's work with the leg."

The door opened from the adjoining room.

"How goes the big Luis?" It was Pepe, grinning. He and Paco were in their undershirts. "We join you for tea?" He crooked his finger with elegance. Abundio de la O followed them with a teapot and more cups. They drank sitting around Luis's bed, while Tacho rubbed the leg.

"The wind," Paco mentioned, relaxed, looking out the balcony doors. "Have you noticed the wind? It's blowing."

"It will stop," Pepe said. "It isn't allowed."

At ten-thirty there was another knock on the door from the hall. Tacho answered; it was Goyo and Pancho, the peons of confidence.

Goyo looked at his matador, sampling the spirit of the day. "How goes, Luis?"

"Not bad. Cuadrillas bright?"

"Innocent and strong as boys. Pancho and I came to ask you and Pepe about sorting, and drawing the lots. You want to leave it in our judgment? You want a real drawing like you were unfriendly, or you want us to set it up? We seen the bulls."

"The show is for Pepe," Luis said. "Give him the cream."

"They are paying to see you, Luis," his brother said. "You ought to work the stop stuff. You take them. They are all because of you."

"A bull is a bull," Luis said. "Are they fairly even?"

"There's one son of a phenomenon that got out of a zoo. The others are even."

"Well," Luis said, "let's run it on the level. What you say, Pepe? Pair them even and really draw. How's that?"

"Suits me. They all got horns."

"And none are children," Pancho Perez said. "The pics are going over with us to try the horses. There will be some knots on the heads of picadors tonight, after falling from great heights."

At eleven the matadors had their breakfasts brought to the room. They each had more tea, a fried egg with chili, a slice of bread, and an orange to finish. They ate very slowly. It was all the food they could have until after the corrida.

Tacho opened the balcony doors and the noise of the crowd in the square filled the room with babble and murmur of holiday and expectation. The bells began to ring and the whole plaza was jammed.

A cheer went up as the gilded palanquin of Santa Barbara, borne on the shoulders of a dozen bearers, came out of the church door, through the iron gate, and into the crowd. A banging salute of guns joined the bells and the shouting. A band of mariachis took their places leading the litter of the Saint, with little girls in white dresses following, throwing flowers in the path of Santa Barbara. When the bells stopped their ringing, there were the shouts and the music of the mariachis, coming around the plaza, the *Viva la Santa! Viva Santa Barbara Patrona de Cuenca!* with sombreros sailing into the air, and the little girls throwing the flowers.

The Saint came around past the balcony where the toreros stood, and they saw her clearly. Santa Barbara was a framed painting of a solemn pretty girl with a great gold halo. She stood by a dark tower with three windows, and by a cannon, and behind her were storm clouds with a lightning flash. She was calm in the midst of her picture, in the midst of her storm, in the midst of the noise of Cuenca. The plinking, jiggling, fiddling, thumping strings of the mariachis beat a solid swinging tempo in the shouting. It was the music of the Mexican heart pounding in the sunlight as the Saint went by.

"Making a circuit!" Pepe yelled. "Touring the ring! Taking an ovation!" It was a good sign, for a change.

"Que alegria!" the Spaniard Paco was shouting. "Viva la Patrona, la Santisima Barbara!"

When she came back to the door of her church, the bells all rang again, and Cuenca gave her another Viva, the loudest one of all, for another year.

As they watched the crowd dissolving from the plaza, the three toreros on the balcony heard bullfight music. A sound truck came around the corner, racking out a paso doble of the bulls. On the sides of the truck were gaudy big lithographs of Luis Bello.

"Ole!" said Paco Saya. "After the Saint, the Swordsman!"

"Carai," Luis said. He went inside.

22

FOCUSING his eyes in the dimness, Luis saw that Tacho had been busy. There on a chair, laid out according to ritual and with formal care, he saw his suit of lights waiting for him, blue and gold. A black band of mourning was sewn upon the left sleeve of the jacket. Outside the bullfight music stopped abruptly and Luis Bello heard the rasping of his name. At the Plaza de Toros of Cuenca, at four o'clock sharp.

The chair with the glittering traje was placed by a table at the end of the room. Upon the table Tacho had opened a flat leather case and set up a colored image of La Virgen de Guadalupe and lighted a votive candle by it. At the side of the image he had placed the silver talismans of the Virgin and of Santa Barbara, strung on a thin gold chain. They were always placed so, by the traje, before every corrida; no one could touch anything there, no one but Luis Bello and Tacho his servant of swords, until after the matador was all dressed for the ring. No one. It was something Luis Bello felt very strongly. It was one of his ways of dealing with the horns.

At a quarter to one a barber came to shave the matadors and trim their hair before they dressed. He had finished with Luis, and just lathered Pepe's face, when Goyo and Pancho came to report their sorting of the bulls and the results of drawing the lots from a hat. Luis was in a bathrobe ready to go down the hall for his shower when the peons came.

"We took the two that looked the best," Goyo explained, "and paired them each with one of less promise." The matadors were listening hard.

Pancho said, "The lots are about even."

"Who got which?"

"Luis got the big Number 74 and the ugly one with the whiskers. You got the pretty Number 37 and the one with the spread horns."

"Which one of mine comes out first?" Luis asked.

"I'm sorry about it, Luis," his peon said. "As the first and the third of the afternoon pertain to you, I wanted to get the ugly one out of the way so you could hit the summit with your final bull. But the dueno Gomez was afraid. He was scared to run the ugly first. He said the crowd would howl. He insisted on 74 to begin. So you got a freight train first and a buffalo last."

"A bull is a bull." Luis was dry, standing with his hands in his bathrobe pockets. "This is Pepe's show."

"How do mine come out?" Pepe asked. The barber had quit trying to shave him.

"The right way," Pancho said. "The wide horns first and the 37 to close plaza with a sweet taste."

"We have to hurry now and dress," Goyo said. "I hope we did good."

"Sure," Luis said. "Thanks." He went to take his shower while Pepe and Paco were barbered.

When Luis came back, Tacho had the room cleared, ready for the dressing. It was a careful ceremony and it took time. The matador first went over to the table, made the sign of the cross, then put the gold chain over his head and around his neck so that the medals were on his chest. They were cold for a moment.

The clean cotton underwear came to his elbows and knees, fitting snug, and it looked very white against his brown body when he sat down on the side of the rumpled bed. Tacho knelt on the floor and put white stockings on the matador's bare feet. The stockings met the underwear above the knees. Luis pulled them up and secured them with ring garters of white elastic. Over the white stockings went the outer pink ones — the color of "rosy times in our history long past," as a Spanish bull critic once wrote — and Tacho smoothed them up to the garters and Luis fastened them tight.

The swordhandler put his master's stockinged feet through the legs of the taleguilla, the skin-tight gold-embroidered breeches, and Luis stood while they tugged, working and smoothing the breeches up the legs. To accomplish the final "mounting of the taleguilla" Tacho called Abundio into the room. The two swordhandlers rolled a towel and Luis straddled it, with the helpers holding it tight at both ends.

"Don't touch him," Tacho warned the Little O. "Just hold the end of the towel."

Riding down hard on the towel between his legs, Luis finally worked the crotch of the breeches up snugly to where it belonged.

Leaving the waist unbuttoned, he sat down then and extended one leg at a time while Tacho fastened the breeches below the knees, pulling them shut and tying them with the machos, the gold-tasseled drawstrings that held the bottoms tight around the legs.

Standing again, Luis got into the white shirt with the embroidery down the front. Instead of tucking in the shirttail, Tacho folded it up evenly all around so that it came only a little below the waist. He held it in place while Luis buttoned his breeches over it.

"I'm thinner," Luis said. The waist was not as tight as usual. Tacho did not answer. He got down and put the soft-soled heelless black slippers, the zapatillas, on Luis's double-stockinged feet.

Looking in the mirror, Luis tied his crimson necktie of narrow satin. Tacho put a sash of the same crimson about the matador's waist. It was a single tight turn of silk to cover the joining of the shirt and breeches.

When the sash was in place, Luis sat while Tacho carefully wound a lock of the hair on the back of Luis's

head around a flat clip and fastened to it the anadido, the torero's artificial pigtail mounted on the black velvet button. Luis shook his head hard, to see if the anadido was secure. Satisfied, he stood up and put on the brocaded vest and buttoned it over the sash. Then Tacho held the dozen pounds of gold-embroidered, tasseled, epauletted jacket while Luis got into it, snugging it up to the back of his neck, and he was dressed for the plaza. On the chair there remained only the montera, the torero's black hat with the bulges at the sides, and the elaborate silk cape for the parade into the ring. Tacho did not touch them.

"I'm dry," Luis said. "Get me water. I'm very dry." When he had taken a swallow, he rinsed his mouth and squirted the water on the floor. Then he slapped his flat belly. "You got some limes to squeeze in the water jugs this afternoon? I'm dry."

Before a corrida, he was always dry; the more nervous he was, the drier. He must be very nervous, he decided, remembering a phrase. He could remember the dry way Manolete said it, sitting by him on the way to the plaza, "the battle of nerves we suffer." Luis walked to the mirror and looked at himself, straightening his tie. That the battle won't show! That I keep it hidden like the Cordoban.

"All right, Tacho."

The swordhandler crossed himself and left the room. In accordance with his ritual, Luis Bello was alone, in his suit of lights.

There was a physical way a man felt, trussed and weighted and strange in such dress, with all the lower body gripped in glistening tightness, with the arms and shoulders housed and burdened in stiff gold, with the feet queerly light and tender in the pliant slippers and the pigtail pulling at the back of the head. There was also the way a man felt in his heart. Luis Bello's heart was pounding too fast.

He heard the voices on the square outside, and the hum of the town on its way to the plaza de toros, and he stepped to the balcony door to see about the wind. There wasn't any. The trees were nearly still now, in the bright sun. It was five minutes to three, it was almost time. Beyond the bell tower of the church across the plaza, the sky was empty blue, the color of his traje, without the gold.

He turned back into the dim room and walked to the table where the wax burned in the red glass by the familiar image. He got down on his knees. Oh, he was dry! The words came dry in his mouth. Holy Virgin of Guadalupe. Queen of Mexico and my sweet Mother, he always began it. Give me the grace of thy protection and the good luck. Save me from the horns of the beasts. That I may venerate Thee to the end of life. Amen.

When he had said it, it did not seem enough but it was all that came. Amen. He got up, dusting his knees, and took the black montera from the chair.

Holding it with both hands, he pressed it down firmly on his head, low and straight across his brow. Then he folded the parade cape across his left arm carefully, and walked out of the door without looking back.

Tacho was waiting in the hall, with the boy who watched the door.

"One moment, Luis, and we will go." Tacho went into the room and came out with the sword case, the towels, and the water jug. He had his old tweed cap on, for luck. "We are ready," he called to Abundio, opening the door to the next room, and Pepe and the Spaniard, both smiling, joined Luis. Pepe was dressed in his new traje of lilac and silver; the color made his face look ruddy brown and his teeth very white. He had the black band sewn on his arm. Paco Saya was smoothly rigged in bottle green and gold.

Tacho, with a sword case under his arm, led the procession down the worn stone steps and into the high glassed-over patio that formed the lobby of the Hotel Europa. Luis followed, then Pepe and Paco, with Abundio and his swords, and the boy who watched the door, and was now promoted to carry water jugs and towels, bringing up the rear. The toreros made a dazzling show of color in the gray stone lobby; there was a round of hand clapping and feminine sounds of admiration from the crowd gathered there, and out on the sidewalk, to watch the toreros depart for the ring. They got into the back seat of a car waiting for them at the curb. The swordhandlers and their assistant caught a taxi on the corner.

Now was the nervous time. The Bellos and Paco Saya had little to say, riding together through the Sunday streets to the plaza de toros.

"The wind is gone," the Spaniard observed.

"A day for the bulls," Pepe said. "The sun is the grand torero, at the top of every cartel."

23

THE street leading to the ring was crowded. They sat silent driving up to the shadow of the curved wall, with the noise and the movement growing around them. They could hear the band playing. They could feel the sunlit crowd and the color, the hurry, the tension, and it entered into them as they got out of the car by the horse patio gate.

The cuadrillas were waiting for them inside, rigged in their trajes, ready. "All set," Goyo reported to Luis. The picadors were adjusting saddles on three nags and tightening the heavy quilted pads slung under the horses' bellies.

Tacho and Abundio arrived with the sword cases and the assistants carrying the cape baskets. They went down the cuadrilla passageway that led from the patio under the stands and beyond the gate into the ring, where they walked around the callejon to the burladero on the other side of the plaza, to lay

out the capes and unfurl the muletas and ready the swords. They left one of the gates partly open, and Luis could see through the tunnel under the stands out to where the sunlight shone on the empty sand in the ring, and the stands on the other side where he saw the crowd packing in. Eladio Gomez came through the open cuadrilla gate and up the tunnel to where the matadors stood. He was smiling.

"We're filling the plaza!" he said. He gave each matador an abrazo and a "Have luck!" The impresario of Cuenca looked well and smelled of tequila. He could feel that paying crowd in the stands over his head and it went to his heart.

Eladio Gomez was hoping the matadors would use his plaza chapel. He was proud of it, and he pointed to its door at the end of the patio. "Perhaps now you would like to make devotions," he suggested to the toreros, looking at his watch. "Twenty-five until four."

"Thank you," Luis said. He turned to his brother. "I'd like to go last. If you and Paco now —"

Luis stood with his face set, trying to be cool, and easy, waiting for Pepe and Paco to come out of the chapel. Aficionados found their way into the patio, and there were hands to shake and faces to be pleasant to, while he waited for the chapel door to open. When Pepe and Paco reappeared, a photographer was waiting to line up the matadors. The flash bulbs blinked. Then Luis went in the chapel and closed the door.

He went in wanting to be alone, and as soon as he was alone he was sorry. The blue line of neon arching over the altar, and the candles burning at either side of the Guadalupe, were the only light. In a niche on a side wall he saw the image of Jesus del Gran Poder. The noise of the plaza was completely shut away. In the silence he put down his cape and the montera, and knelt at the rail before the altar. The words came to him.

Holy Virgin of Guadalupe, my Mother. Who remained brave seeing the suffering of Thy Son. By the sword of sorrow that went into your heart that day, and by the reward you now take in Heaven, look down from the Throne and hear my prayer. Shelter me in your blessed mantle. Give me courage in the moments of great peril. Amen.

When he had said Amen, he looked up at the image of the Gran Poder. More words came to Luis Bello. O Father Jesus of the Great Power, Saviour and Redeemer, who was also mocked by a mob. Grant that the evil of the crowd will not fall upon me today. Help me in this hour when I make a parade of vanity forgetting Your example. And do not permit, Senor, a fault of mine to bring injury to those I care for. Amen.

The words kept coming to Luis Bello kneeling in the silence. The most words he ever had. He touched the medal under his shirt. Santa Barbara, Blessed Saint whose name I guard well and do not

speaking because of thy purity and my evil. Santa Barbara, be with me on this thy day, and this the day of thy namesake, the Barbara dear to me. Santa Barbara who can stop storms and tremblings, help me today. Amen. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for our sins now in the hour of our — now in the hour of our death. Amen. With the finger tips of his right hand he touched his forehead, his breast, his left shoulder and his right. He asked it in the name of Father, of Son, of Holy Ghost, Amen. Crossing the thumb over the bent forefinger of his right hand to make the cross, he kissed it, and got up from the rail, taking his cape and montera. His shoes squeaked going toward the door; he heard himself plainly, walking out to the bulls. He knew he was afraid.

When he came out of the chapel he carefully pushed his montera down straight on his head and arranged his cape over his left shoulder, gathering it about his waist tightly and holding it there with his left hand. The toreros were all silent now, lined up in place for the procession. Luis stood at the head of the single file of his peons. At his right Paco Saya had taken the sobresaliente's position, alone in the center, a pace behind the two matadors of cartel. Pepe stood even with Luis at the far right. With the addition of the local union toreros, the cuadrillas were evenly lined behind the matadors.

The last five minutes before four o'clock were always the longest, always the hardest, for brave men or cowards regardless, who stood behind the cuadrilla gate in the shade under the stands, looking out into the sun, waiting. It always smelled the same there in the shade under the stands with the tobacco smoke and the horse manure and the nameless acidity where the sun never reached. It was the smell of the feeling of the bulls. Luis Bello smelled it, his mouth dry and his hands sweating.

He could see the bulls waiting now in the dim chiqueros behind the red door, waiting for Luis Bello. His mind built their blackness and their size high and massive waiting for him there in the dark place. He could hear the rattle of their horns hitting the wood and feel the terrible power leap into them with the jabbing bite from the barb of the divisa as they came out of the door, and the surge of the blackness heading for Luis Bello. He felt the mystery in his head of four o'clock in the afternoon and how it always came. And how it always went away. How the sun went down and the plaza was empty then. Between now and the time the plaza is empty — not long — and whatever it is for Luis Bello — when the sun is down — when the plaza is empty —

The opening drumbeats of "La Virgen de la Macarena" abruptly pounded the air and brought a great shout. The gate in front of Luis Bello swung open. He saw the sand and the crowd before him and he straightened. He pulled his cape tighter

around his waist, feeling the wet sweat in his hand on the silk.

He heard the brave steps in the drumbeats. He felt the dark shape the music made against the sky. He listened to the trumpet speak, looking into the sun, and when the drumbeats carried the brave steps away, it was four o'clock sharp in the afternoon.

In the cheering, the band began to play again. Luis Bello reached up and took off his montera with his right hand and brought it down to his side. Pepe and Paco uncovered, following suit, all three matadors signifying by this action their first appearance of the season in the plaza of Cuenca.

Then Luis stepped out in time to the music; Pepe and Paco caught the step, and then the toreros behind them, and the parade moved marching in the sunlight. The applause swelled in a clamoring roar. Luis Bello felt it, felt the need to respond to it. He felt it wryly, as if it could not belong to him. But he lifted his eyes from their levelness, he had to lift them. His lips made a smile in spite of themselves: the plaza stood cheering. Across the ring, in the shadow under the shady side, he halted at the barrera, the smile gone from him. He looked up at the Judge of the Plaza in his box, then gravely bowed. Tacho took the parade cape from him across the barrera; Luis turned to face the ring and the continuing applause. He called Pepe then, and brought him to his side, holding his arm. The two brothers stood together for a moment, taking the plaudits of the public of Cuenca.

They saw Eladio Gomez coming out of the cuadrilla gate across the ring. His brown hat was in his hand and a boy carrying a sign was with him. Stopping in the center of the plaza, unsmiling, Gomez held up his hand. He pointed to the sign with his hat. A MOMENT OF SILENCE. IN MEMORY OF THE VALIANT TORERO JUAN SALAZAR. With a rustling murmur the crowd stood and the men uncovered.

Luis Bello felt his jaws clench. He stood stiff, looking down at the sand, hearing the small sounds in the moment of silence. Looking down, his eyes wandered from the ground and he saw the black band on his left arm. He saw how black it was. The uncle. Salazar. Raul. Linda. And Barbara so long ago. Everybody in the world. Everybody finally. The color of the coffins, of the bulls, of the nights.

When the moment of silence was over, Luis Bello put his montera tight on his head. He walked behind the barrera and asked for the water jug. He rinsed his mouth, tasting the lime, and spewed the water. It rolled along the dust in little pellets. He watched them. Then he took up his fighting cape, letting it fall unfolded in front of his chest, and leaned against it behind the red plank shield, looking out across the sand. The huge, empty, lonesome desert of sand, rimmed with voices, waiting.

(To be concluded)



Books and Men



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Sandals, and *Litany for All Souls*, and an editorial writer for the *Boston Globe* whose thinking has been vital to New England for three decades. Loyal readers of the *Atlantic* will remember "*Olympians in Homespun*" (1926) and "*Hardscrabble Hellas*" (1927), two idyls in lyric prose of life in the Western Reserve of Ohio.

LYRE AND LAUREL

Goethe: 1749-1949

by LUCIEN PRICE

1

HE is a belated figure of the Renaissance. For the like of his many-sided genius we must go upstream to Leonardo da Vinci, to Michelangelo, and on back to Aristotle. Our almost complete loss of Shakespeare's biography is offset by our knowledge of Goethe's. We know almost too much; at times the underbrush obscures the giant redwood. In 1932 when the centenary of his death was being commemorated, it was said that whatsoever influence he was to have among us had by now been expended. Yet there he towers, after not one world war but two, after the collapse of Germany, after the mortal stench from Buchenwald has been wafted to nostrils in Athenian Weimar in that spot where Bach before him, where Liszt after him, and where Schiller and the Duke Karl August with him, lived and worked. Such world-figures are self-renewing and speak in a fresh tongue to each successive age; they are old deep-water sailors who have weathered the gales of centuries, and one of the stoutest of them is Goethe.

His toughening is a life-work, undertaken by himself. He is born to the silver spoon, in Frankfurt, August 1749; but a silver spoon, as he is not long in finding out, can be a peril the more. At the ripe age of sixteen he is sent to the university of Leipsic to study law. He studies life and letters but little law. Leipsic in 1765 is a would-be Paris. Turn a handsome, spirited, brilliant boy loose in such a city with plenty of money and he is likely to conclude that, among other subjects, the proper study of mankind is woman. For tutor in this he has a worldling, eleven years older than himself, Behr-isch, the first of two human understudies for the figure of Mephistopheles; human merely and figures only, for Mephistopheles Goethe found in his own breast,

Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Brust,

as every candid reader of *Faust* finds that selfsame son of chaos in himself.

Three years in Leipsic and he goes home with his

health well-nigh wrecked by what is politely termed dissipation. There, an invalid with leisure for contrite meditation, he discovers the solace of pietism, assisted by some devout women, "beautiful souls," as they truly were, and he also ventures into occultism, all of which leaves its traces in the opening scenes of *Faust*; while on the opposite side of the ledger is entered Johann Heinrich Merck, whose gaunt frame, pointed nose, restless, peering eyes, and mocking tongue live on in Mephistopheles.

By the spring of 1770, Goethe, being twenty, is ready to try another university, Strasbourg. This time he does bring home his sheepskin though he never practises law beyond a few perfunctory cases to mollify his father. The articles of value he brings home from eighteen months in Strasbourg are his acquaintanceship with Herder and a new conception of poetry; and an enthusiasm for Strasbourg cathedral in which he discovers Gothic, and for the country parsonage of Sesenheim where he discovers Friederike Brion in a setting like Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. He now has the materials for the Gretchen tragedy in *Faust*; impetuous lover, innocent girl, destructive cynic, and Gothic architecture to brood over the drama like the somber genius of the Middle Ages.

But it is not yet ready to well up from his subconsciousness to the level of articulation. First comes *Götz von Berlichingen*, a drama sired about half and half out of Shakespeare and the Gothic of Strasbourg. *Götz* swept through Germany, a shudder alternately compounded of horror and delight; the youth of twenty-four had touched off a revolution in letters. Also in publishing? A bookseller offered him a handsome figure for a dozen more plays as nearly like *Götz* as he could write!

Not a play, however; his next is a novel, and even more startling. It was, as might have been expected, enkindled by woman, and not one but two; Charlotte Buff, betrothed to Georg Christian Kestner, whom she wisely married, and Maximiliane von La Roche, whom Goethe wisely didn't. They were

blended in *The Sorrows of Young Werther* which went through Europe like an electric shock and on to the ends of the world, even to China in Goethe's own lifetime. Thirty-four years after its appearance Napoleon, then master of Western Europe, who had read the novel seven times, discussed it with Goethe eagerly. *Werther* had ignited some dangerous fire damp that lurked in the breast of European youth, it is credited with having been innocently a precursor of the French Revolution, and long after the publication of the First Part of *Faust*, Goethe's fame was still as the author of *Werther*.

It is now 1775; there is shooting in Concord, Massachusetts; in Bonn, Germany, is a little boy five years old named Beethoven; and *Faust* has been germinating in Goethe for the past six years. He knows it, and takes good care to tell no one. ("*Bilde, Künstler, rede nicht.*") As a lad he had read at least one of the chapbooks hawked about for sale which told the fabulous tale of the scholar who sold himself to the devil, and he could scarcely have helped seeing one of the puppet shows (quasi Punch and Judy) which dramatized the Faust legend for the populace. Suppose Shakespeare had worked at intervals for sixty years on a great tragedy dealing with problems central to the life of modern man, the while he kept himself refueled by producing his other works, by a life of action as Minister of State in a Principality, by travel, by scientific investigation, by theatre management, by writing novels, by voracious reading; then suppose we had a record of all this, day by day, decade by decade, including a record of the gradual growth of that greatest work: would the final achievement seem less remarkable, or more miraculous than do Shakespeare's works as we have them in almost utter anonymity? ("We ask and ask — Thou smilest and art still.") There is of course the risk that the product will be obscured by the process, and yet "The process itself is the actuality," and, as the centuries roll on, a function of *Faust* will be to teach artists of successive generations what the creation of a work on so grand a scale must cost a man, 'how begot, how nourished';

*Nicht Kunst und Wissenschaft allein,
Geduld will bei dem Werke sein.
Ein stiller Geist ist Jahre lang geschäftig;
Die Zeit nur macht die feine Gährung kräftig.*

2

Faust in its original prose version boiled up and out of the twenty-five-year-old poet at his father's house in Frankfort in 1774-1775. Not until one hundred and twelve years later (1887) did a copy of that original come to light. The prose is molten lava; even translated into verse as all but one scene of it later was, the spontaneity is still impetuous: twenty-two scenes, written almost helter-

skelter in whatsoever way they poured out, and with them the ache of his self-reproaches for his behavior at the Sesenheim parsonage, a purging of the perilous stuff that weighed upon his heart; an appallingly-lucid contemplation of the grisly might-have-beens of a situation in which he had repeatedly found himself and was to find himself at intervals from his adolescence until he was past seventy; in the immediate foreground, a drama of seduction, betrayal, murder of the girl's mother by poison, of her brother by rapier's thrust, infanticide committed by the crazed girl herself, then prison, condemnation to the headman's block, and death; but towering in the background, world-issues of a world-soul, thirst for knowledge and disgust with its inadequacy, yearning to achieve an unattainable god-head, thirst to experience life to its uttermost, and the problem of gradual self-redemption through beneficent effort. The scaffolding for the mighty edifice is now up.

It is simpler than it looks. Two companions fare forth on adventures which they discuss as they go: Dante and Vergil, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, Faust and Mephistopheles, Huckleberry Finn and Nigger Jim. Dante, who stands for the human race, guided by Vergil, who embodies human philosophy; Don Quixote, the slightly cracked idealist, squired by Sancho, a creature of prosaic sense; Faust, humanity that errs so long as it lives and strives, escorted by Mephistopheles, the spirit of negation, to whom all things created are worthy only to be destroyed; in each pair, two aspects of humanity presented in the guise of contrasted personalities, though we are well aware that both natures dwell in every human breast; and thus each of these divine comedies is a dialogue of the soul with itself, in which the listener hears the language of his own heart. What had happened to Goethe at twenty-five, though he was not fully aware of it until years later, was something which, with luck, happens to a great artist perhaps once: he had hit upon a device so simple that into it he could pour the multifarious experiences of a lifetime, — a tent of Pari-Banu in the *Arabian Nights*, which while small enough to be carried in the palm of a hand, can be unfolded to dimensions that will shelter an army.

Faust now becomes a life-work, not continuously, and for long intervals not even consciously so. It is Schiller who, between 1795 and 1801, persuades Goethe to complete the First Part, and the Second Part, after an interval of twenty-four years, is resumed in 1825 and finished in 1831, six months before his death, thanks to the inducement of his secretary, Peter Eckermann. The paradox must be entered also. *Faust* would not be what it is had it been *Faust* only. Like Nature, Goethe's mind produced a multitude of seeds for one that it ever brought to fruition. Such prodigality of insemination can be seen in the thick strewing of seed pods

under a maple tree in May. Like Michelangelo's, his mind tossed up scheme after scheme too grandiose for one mortal to achieve in a single life-span, although in retrospect such men are seen to have lived several lifetimes in one.

3

WEIMAR was then a town of 7000. It is not a large town now, although remembering what it was as recently as ten years ago, — its eighteenth-century aspect of stucco walls tinted the Weimar yellow, the placid Ilm winding through its huge Park of majestic trees, the snowy swans, the Gartenhaus, hermitage of the poet, the rustic statuary, and mementos on every hand of Goethe, of Schiller, of the Duke Carl August, and Franz Liszt — then remembering what was done within smelling-distance of this idyllic scene in the fifth decade of this twentieth century, would one ever want to see the place again? Better remember it as it was.

To Weimar Goethe was invited as guest by the young Duke Karl August. He was eighteen years old and Goethe was twenty-six. Each had divined the deeper capacities of the other, though that would have been hard to guess from their escapades in the next few months. They rode like centaurs and drove like Jehus; they stood in the marketplace together by the hour cracking huge sledge whips for a wager, — unheard-of conduct for young aristocrats! Court etiquette be hanged, they dined at the same table, slept in the same room, and were du-und-du. Fresh-air fiends and cold-water demons, they went in for swims in December, and bivouacked under the stars: "*Last night I slept on the terrace wrapped in my blue cloak, awoke 3 times, at 12, 2, and 4, and each time there was a new splendor in the heavens.*" All this, please remember, when rooms were kept suffocating and baths were as sketchy as they were infrequent. Add mountain climbing when folk thought it was flying in the face of Providence to climb a mountain. Naturally the pair were viewed with alarm; which was galloping the other to hell? But the poet knew what he was about; he knew that the boy prince would be wild-ish anyhow, and joined the sport until he should be able to sober and steady him. It was a game for high stakes and he won; throughout half a century the pair labored for the good of the Duchy and for Germany. Poet and prince, it was one of the classic friendships of history.

In no time at all of course there was another woman; without a love affair Goethe was only half alive. She was Frau von Stein, wife of the Duke's Master of Horse, seven years older than the poet, mother of seven children, frail, beginning to fade, and a bit given to melancholy. Her nature had depth, her mind was good. She was probably the most kindred spirit Goethe ever found among women. Whether it was entirely what Henry James

calls "a virtuous attachment" the reader can answer to suit himself after having read Eckermann's narrative of October 7, 1827; but the deprecatory cough of pre-Freudian biographers when they come to Goethe's successive attachments to women is now a trifle muted by the Kinsey Report. The 12,000 males who answered Professor Kinsey's questions did so orally and anonymously and their answers were recorded in code: Goethe wrote his out in works of art a score of times and signed his own name. Case dismissed.

For the next ten years his immense and many-sided talent is drained off into State administration. The poet in him is dying by inches, he knows it, and at 3:00 o'clock in the morning of September 3, 1786, he starts for Italy without telling anyone he is going until after he is gone. The Duke takes it handsomely; Frau von Stein takes umbrage. In Italy he stays two years, travels widely, studies indefatigably, and returns a changed man. He had gone to Italy a German; he comes home a Greek: "Let everybody be a Grecian in his own way, but let him be a Grecian." That Italian journey is his Great Divide. Never again was his Pegasus to be a pack horse. He brings, with the aid of Winckelmann, the Renaissance belatedly to Germany. It had previously taken the form of Protestant Reformation; it now becomes humanistic. Nietzsche has said: "Goethe belongs to a higher sphere than 'national literatures' . . . not merely a great and good man, but a *culture*."

To this day, who would see Greece must see Italy. Penetrating observer that he was, even in the Italy of 1786 Goethe could see, and knew that he was seeing, the modern world from the vantage point of the ancient one, and he saw that Hellas is higher ground and a nobler conception of life. Such an experience is like reincarnating backwards; after it the man may return to his own epoch, but trailing clouds of glory does he come, from Greece that is his home.

In most biographies, the excitement is over at forty. By then the heavy fighting is done, the career decided, and the rest a record of inner life reflected in outer works. Not so with Goethe. The excitement is inner from the start, and goes right on accelerating in crescendo. Now come his friendship with Schiller, his break with Frau von Stein, his alliance with Christiane Vulpius in the face of Weimar and the world; his sustained intellectual production, not alone in literature, — novels, plays, poems, essays, autobiography, editing, translating, — but two notable scientific discoveries, one in botany, another in anatomy, and, too, his hapless Theory of Colors. Next, the tides of Napoleonic war pour through Weimar, now this way, now that, once at least to the peril of Goethe's life in his own house at the hands of the marauders. He is saved by the promptitude of Christiane, whom he

marries forthwith as it were under the very rain of cannon balls. (One of them is still stuck in the walls of *The White Swan* next to his residence.) And finally his old age, by the pen of Eckermann, is the most moving act of the drama.

The German language is worth learning if only to read *Faust* in the original. It is a Pan-European book, and perhaps the last. A tragedy of the break between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, between theology and humanism, beginning in Gothic glooms it finds its way into the golden sunshine of Hellas. And when he does utilize Christian imagery at the close of the work it is because "the conclusion, where the redeemed soul is carried up, was difficult to manage; and that, amid such supersensual matters about which we scarcely have even an intimation, I might easily have lost myself in the vague — if I had not, by means of sharply drawn figures, and images from the Christian Church, given my poetical design a desirable form and substance." It is thus that Plato resorts to myth when he wishes to scale down some of his most difficult abstract thinking to a form in which it could be grasped by the average educated Athenian of his day; for myth is the language of abstraction before a people has risen to the comprehension of general ideas.

In *Faust*, too, Goethe had the advantage that he was working in a traditional saga. Like the Greek tragic dramatists, he was retelling a story which everyone knew, or thought they knew, beforehand. The Gretchen tragedy, so-called, is extraneous and would read as well if published separately as the story of *Heinrich, Gretchen*, and *Iago*. Nietzsche denies it the rank of tragedy at all: "A little sempstress is seduced and plunged into despair: a great scholar of all four Faculties is the evil-doer. That cannot have happened in the ordinary course, surely? Without the aid of the devil incarnate, the great scholar never would have achieved the deed. — Is this really destined to be the greatest German 'tragic idea'?"

No. The tragic ideas are stated in the first half of Part One, before Faust has ever heard of Gretchen. These are what boiled out of him in Frankfort as a youth of twenty-four to be reworked and elaborated first in 1788 to 1790, and finally from 1794 to 1801, when Part One was finished. In their final form they plunge us into the profound quandaries which confront modern man.

What are these? Let the reader dig them out for himself. But never suppose they will yield their full import, — beautifully though their bodies shine through their poetic vestments, — in one reading or in twenty.

*Such truths are friends who with the passing years
Give forth an ever richer, deeper tone,
Like old violins, full-voiced of joy and tears,
That must be lived and wrought with to be known,*

incorporated with one's very tissues, until they are a part of his unconscious reflective processes.

The first half of Part One states thematic material with a riotous prodigality and with a poetic elevation hardly to be matched outside of those three great choric odes which come early in the first play of Aeschylus's trilogy, the *Oresteia*. In both the *Agamemnon* and *Faust*, the action is slowed down or stopped, but in both the poet is treating enigmas of human destiny in verse so pregnant that one hardly cares whether the action is moving or stalled; and again in both, these statements of themes are landmarks of human thought, towering peaks which, once recognized, continue in view for the rest of one's life-journey. This greater potency of *Faust's* opening scenes is the first run of sap in the springtime of the poet's young manhood; it is the red-hot metal of genius cooling gradually through a quarter of a century into disciplined form. Here are the sudden and direct insights, bursts of lyric spontaneity, audacities of thought, grandeurs of imagination, and always the fructifying of wide knowledge. Hardly again does one feel, like the deck of an ocean-going vessel under his boot soles, such a majestic groundswell of the verses, heave and roll, imparting their rhythmic pulsations to his own living organism, until he comes to the final scene of the Second Part: then

*Hier ist die Aussicht frei,
Der Geist erhoben.*

Faust is the trunk of that mighty tree which is Goethe's life-work. It grew slowly like an oak, and his fame grew likewise, — fame, a plant which to-day emphatically does not grow on mortal soil but is machine-made, or is a summer squash, decaying faster than it ripens. From first youth tested up to extreme old age, the Faust poem, conceived in Goethe's adolescence, worked at over six decades, progressing like his own life through successive reincarnations, from prose to verse, from Gothic to Hellenism, and reincarnating anew in the Romantic music of the early nineteenth century, is ready now to reincarnate in North America and fructify the creative spirit of our people; for this example of a great work deliberately matured throughout a lifetime "without haste, without rest," comes two hundred years after the poet's birth to a land where, reversing his epigram, "Here or nowhere is America," the fact may be that "Here, in America, or nowhere is Europe."

4

THE enduring magnitude of *Faust* may now be measured by its impact on the dominant art-form of our modern world, music. It falls within the floruit of that art; Goethe was born one year before Bach died, and outlived Beethoven five years. Among the numerous — almost innumerable — at-

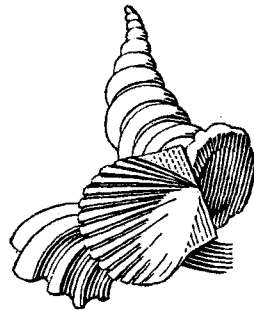
tempts at music to *Faust*, Liszt's symphony remains majestically grandiose and can be very moving; Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust* is dramatically effective though more on the side of macabre diablerie; Gounod's is theatre and French theatre at that; Boito's *Mefistofele* has something the sweep of Goethe's total dramatic conception, however diluted the libretto and Italianate the music; Wagner's *Faust Overture* is better than he himself ever gave it the credit of being; from the groping doubt of its first measure to the religious peace of its last, the music moves in that haunted world of the Faust poetry; yet the only composer who has really added anything to Goethe's verses, who has written music for them apart from which one never again thinks of those words, is that gentle poet, Franz Schubert. But the music for *Faust* has never been written and now never will be. The man who should have composed it, and contemplated doing so, died untimely on March 26, 1827. His name was Beethoven, and one reason why he never wrote it may be that the music of *Faust* had already been written by Goethe himself in his verse.

Christendom has four great Easter poems. They are Dante's *Divine Comedy*, which opens at dawn on Good Friday, April 8, 1300; Bach's *Matthew Passion Music*; Goethe's *Faust*, which begins on Easter Eve; and Wagner's *Parsifal*. The first is Catholic, the second Protestant, the third is humanist, and the fourth Buddhist by way of Christianity. And what an august family tree is the genealogy of poetic ideas: Vergil derives from Homer, Dante derives from Vergil, Goethe's last scene in *Faust* owes its holy mountain to some of the same sources as Dante's Mount of Purgatory; and Wagner's *Parsifal* begins where *Faust* ends, at Montserrat. (Von Humboldt had described it to Goethe.) It is startling how much of Wagner, as dramatist, stems from Goethe, and perhaps the nearest into music *Faust* has ever been carried is in the Good Friday scene of *Parsifal*, that flowering mead and sacred spring below the holy mountain of the Grail. As Gurnemanz says to Parsifal, when they begin

their first ascent to the Temple, — "Here space and time are one."

There remains the Indian Summer of a mighty poet. That goldenly glowing canvas let the humble peddler's son, Peter Eckermann, paint for us in his *Conversations with Goethe*. They begin in 1823 and end a few days before Goethe's death in March, 1832. Nietzsche, who was not in the habit of passing around compliments on silver platters, calls Eckermann's "the best German book there is." It bequeaths, like sunset to the skies, the splendor of the poet's prime, for his prime lasted to the very end.

Yes, there were dreadful days from 1933 to 1945, and after, when the staggered comprehension of those who had known and loved Germany reeled from the idea that the same people could have spawned the Nazis and the Gestapo that had sired Bach, Beethoven, and Goethe. But we know better now, and in truth we knew better then. Poets and composers, artists and savants, the men of thought and imagination create indestructible worlds, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against them, no, not even the hells created by their own people. What! Has no one noticed that the Evil Genius of Germany perished on Walpurgisnacht? Witches' Sabbath, no less, — April 30, 1945. And the morrow is May Day. For in the long count of the centuries, literature becomes history. Historical records tell us about what happened, but great works of art or poetry are themselves the things that happened: "Here for the first time in its millennia of struggle, the spirit of man reached such-and-such a height," reached *Faust* . . . Then what if the bloody instructions taught at Hiroshima and Nagasaki returned to plague the inventor; by what would our memory survive in the minds of men? By mechanical ingenuity, by science, by political innovation, by private profit, by the diffusion of creature comforts? ("Nay, nor the world, nor any living thing, will so cohere.") We shall survive to remoter time, if survive we do, by the release of fresh creative faculties in the spirit of man.



THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

E. V. LUCAS called letter writing "the gentlest art" and he used that phrase as a title for one of the most delightful of anthologies, *The Gentlest Art: A Choice of Letters by Entertaining Hands*. This anthology was three times reprinted, a success which led to a second volume called *The Second Post*. Both were published before the First World War, both reflect the serenity of Victoria's and Edward's England, both reflect the affectionate, high-spirited, often passionate individualism of men and women reaching across the silence of space for the sympathy of that other heart.

These were the letter writers who most appealed to Mr. Lucas: he liked the smiling friendliness of Edward FitzGerald and the keen-edged monologues of Mrs. Carlyle; he liked the self-contemplation of Robert Louis Stevenson (to me Stevenson's letters sound as if they were written before a mirror); he liked the warm geniality of Charles Lamb, the cool-eyed observation of Shelley (who was more impassioned in his poetry than in his prose); he liked the tart, confiding revelations of Lord Byron and the eager devotion of John Keats as he writes down his love of the two women who matter most, Fanny Keats, his younger sister, and Fanny Brawne.

You feel these letters *had* to be written. They are the instant expression of a mood that could not wait: "Pray do write to me," says Edward FitzGerald; "a few lines soon are better than a three-decker a month hence." Some of these letters run long; some are only two lines; some are working on the surface; some, like Dean Swift's to Stella, are so charged with intimacy and association that one must be a detective to find their full message.

Here, for instance, is Shelley's account of his visit to Lord Byron in Ravenna in 1821:—

Lord Byron is in excellent cue both of health and spirits. He has got rid of all those melancholy and

degrading habits which he indulged at Venice. He lives with one woman, a lady of rank here [Countess Guiccioli], to whom he is attached, and who is attached to him, and is in every respect an altered man. He has written three more cantos of "Don Juan." I have yet only heard the fifth, and I think that every word of it is pregnant with immortality. . . . Lord Byron gets up at *two* [P.M.]. I get up, quite contrary to my usual custom, but one must sleep or die, like Southey's sea-snake in "Kehama," at 12. After breakfast we sit talking till six. From six till eight we gallop through the pine forests which divide Ravenna from the sea; we then come home and dine, and sit up gossiping till six in the morning. I don't suppose this will kill me in a week or fortnight, but I shall not try it longer. Lord B.'s establishment consists, besides servants, of ten horses, eight enormous dogs, three monkeys, five cats, an eagle, a crow, and a falcon; and all these, except the horses, walk about the house, which every now and then resounds with their unarbitrated quarrels, as if they were the masters of it.

Now set beside that description Byron's letters of the very same period to Murray and Hobhouse, sardonic, sulphuric, completely candid in his sudden impatience with the Countess whom he cannot leave, premonitory as when he declares how old he feels, and pathetic in his unphrased desire to regain England's respect. If Byron is rated the greatest letter writer in English literature—and there are many who so consider him—it is because he wrote himself down so naturally, so unsparingly, and with that extraordinary mixture of feelings which was his character. He never wrote self-consciously, as if posterity were looking over his shoulder.

This incidentally cannot be said of one of the remarkable letter writers of our time, T. E. Lawrence. Lawrence maintained a wide-ranging correspondence, and his letters—particularly those dealing with the revolt in the desert—were probably the most brilliant to emerge from the First World War. But it is a curious thing that Lawrence had no compunction about writing the identical episode almost word for word to six or seven friends. And the repetition, as if one could not make too much of a good thing, became something of a public literary exercise.

Personally I should place Keats's letters on the same shelf with Byron's. They each brought to their correspondence the openness, the intimacy, and the essence of the individual, which show the

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man plain. There is a wide range in Keats's writing: the refreshing gaiety as he tells of his walking trip in Scotland with Brown; the sorrow as when he writes of Tom's death; the teasing, half-serious manner as he writes to George and Georgiana Keats in America describing his first meetings with Miss Brawne; his dignity, as when he tells the reproachful artist Haydon, to whom he has loaned £30, that he is penniless and can lend him no more; the letters which look ahead to the writing which he hoped to complete, and the last letters to Fanny Brawne, which even at this distance go through the reader "like a spear."

Keats's friends

In *The Keats Circle* (Harvard University Press, 2 vols., \$12.50) Hyder Edward Rollins has linked together the letters and papers of those young men and women who, beginning in 1816, gathered around the magnetic young poet. They were drawn to him by friendship and the unmistakable signs of his genius. Their loyalty rallied him when his work was lumped into that of the Cockney School; they were united — the men at least — in mistrusting the influence of Fanny Brawne; they were the loyalists who financed Keats's hopeless trip to Italy and to whom Severn wrote the despairing letters from Rome; after his death, they constituted themselves the arbiters of Keats's biography, and he lived on in their letters and reminiscences as the brightest, most lovable being they had ever known.

Time did not treat them kindly. We see Leigh Hunt and Monckton Milnes in their literary success but we also see, in Mr. Rollins's phrase, "Reynolds and his drunkenness, Rice and his incurable disease, Haydon and his suicide, Brown and his thwarted hopes in New Zealand, Caroline Mathew and her religious mania. . . . George Keats and his fortune's vanishing just as he died — a melancholy illustration of what added years all too often do bring."

The value of these letters to one who, like myself, was deeply stirred in the first reading of Sir Sidney Colvin's *Keats* and rather less so by the overblown volumes of Miss Amy Lowell's, is that they throw new light on people and on points which had evaded the earlier biographers. Certainly Fanny Brawne comes into the clear here with a charm I had not earlier felt. The brief fragments of her thirty-one letters to Fanny Keats make one wonder whether in spite of her marriage she ever did get over Keats's death.

Now the financial entanglement begins to unravel. We see how short Keats honestly was when he most needed funds. We see the friends denouncing George for having taken more than his share of the inheritance and George, curiously enough, making no contribution for the invalid's care though he was afterwards to pay the debts of

his dead brother. Brown, Keats's landlord and walking companion, becomes less the man than we thought he was, and Joseph Severn, the artist and last resort, rather the more. We are drawn to the gaiety of Reynolds and the wit and affection of Rice, and we have reason to be thankful that, of all the possible biographers, it was Monckton Milnes whom the inner circle entrusted with their attempted biographies and their reminiscences.

These two volumes are an admirable example of understanding scholarship. The biographical portraits at the beginning are discriminating and well-lit; the arrangement and the footnotes place the letters and papers in a fair, understandable context; the typography and architecture of the books maintain the quality of Gordon Ray's *Thackeray*.

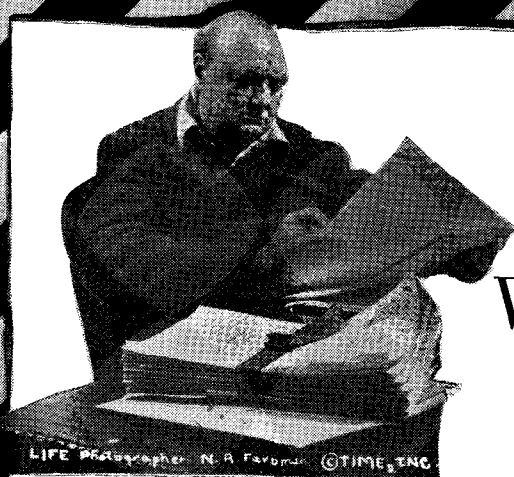
Mission in Minnesota

In *The God-Seeker* (Random House, \$3.50) Sinclair Lewis is proving his ability as an historical novelist, and the question each reader must determine for himself is whether this is the old Red in fancy dress or whether he has disciplined himself in a different medium. The jacket of the book gives us a glamorous portrait of the hero, the frontier missionary, looking like Gary Cooper in black tie, high collar, fringed buckskin coat, and completely equipped with Bible, long rifle, and powder horn. As we turn the book over, the snatch of dialogue reprinted on the back cover shows that the "God-seeker" has been sorely tempted, if not seduced, by a girl called Selene. Here then is the romance or as much as you need to know for the teasing outset. Now what has Mr. Lewis honestly made of it?

The story begins in Clunford in the Berkshires in 1830, and a not very good beginning it is. Aaron Gadd, the missionary-to-be, son of the flint-hearted Uriel, who runs slaves, grows up to be a strapping, amorous, discontented young carpenter. Aaron's girl friend and his drinking companions are never plausible, and our initial distrust of the hero derives from them. But Aaron has a conscience — which they do not: it is flicked and finally whipped into action by a revival meeting at which we hear the extended oratory of Charles Grandison Finney, a real spellbinder, and others. Aaron is persuaded. He finds himself "kneeling at the mourners' bench, with the solid hand of Missionary Harge on his shoulder holding him safe"; he accepts the call as a fledgling missionary to the Sioux in Minnesota, and, despite his misgivings in the cooling-off, what holds him to his dedication is the thought of Selene Lanark, a flirtatious half-breed "finishing" her education in the East preparatory to a trip to Europe.

She of course comes from Minnesota, where her father is a wealthy fur trader. Aaron meets her shortly after his conversion and falls in love with her for life. All this occupies 82 pages, and I find it pretty crude whether taken as history or fiction.

But when Aaron Gadd at last sets out for the



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Mission at Bois des Morts, the writing quickens, the descriptions become more rugged ("The Mississippi was a prairie in passionate motion; . . . The steamer's bow butted snags and sawyers, and they scraped over shoals with the chandeliers in the salon rocking and the chairs leaping and gamblers not even looking up"), and the people, Aaron included, become more colloquial and more alive.

Among these frontier folk walks a scrappy twentieth-century novelist in no disguise. Mr. Lewis could no more keep himself out of these scenes than he could fly. His native-son, almost innocent love of Minnesota combines with his distrust of what was happening elsewhere, and the result is satire, not I think in keeping with the Forty-niners, but very entertaining as a backward glance. In two short chapters Aaron is transformed from a nincompoop into a highly intelligent young traveler. "Never since the Puritans came to Boston . . . , thought Aaron, had there been such a chance in history as this opening of the North Middlewest. Bring in the Greek books and the Lord's Prayer and the habit of bathing, but leave behind the horsehair sofas, social dinners, slavery, stock companies, genealogies, and all titles, such as Colonel, Honorable, perhaps even Reverend. All this he would do!"

I am not going to try to meddle with the romance. It blows hot and cold by turns and is once almost frozen to death in a rather incredible blizzard. Aaron wants Selene and Selene, who can play any number of parts, finally wants him. I am mildly put off, as the lovers are too, by the sanctimoniousness of Sister Huldah, a daughter of God who comes between them at every opportunity. But I think what troubles me most about this historical novel is Mr. Lewis's undisguised effort to translate his convictions and prejudices of 1949 back into a setting of one hundred years ago. When toward the end Harry Oldham, the Negro bricklayer, is discriminated against and Aaron and Selene (escaped from the missionary fold) are voted into the union as honorary members, I feel as if someone had run out of costumes and make-up.

Mr. Lewis is at his best when he is writing of that Territory which was growing to be the state of Minnesota. He knows the local lore, he has assimilated the state history, and he draws what I believe are verifiable portraits of the earliest St. Paul settlers, the missionaries, the soldiers and the doctors whose leadership is still remembered. He wants us to feel the forces which were contending for the control of the young state, and in such a scene as that in which Caesar Lanark offers Aaron a joint partnership in his building empire ("In St. Paul, which is certain to grow vastly, I shall venture on banking, shipping, lumber. My future is big with the future of the state that is to be") you recognize the motives and the idealism, if not the hard-grained reality, of the men involved.



Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

THE publishers' spring lists look more promising than they have in recent years, and part of the promise has been fulfilled. This month's line-up includes two exceptionally lively biographies, a distinguished autobiography, and some superior fiction — and that leaves a number of good titles unaccounted for. Among them, to single out a few, are a volume of short stories by Graham Greene; David Davidson's second novel, *The Hour of Truth*; the Hungarian family saga, *The Dukays*, an immediate best-seller; and England's highly praised, best-selling war novel, *From the City, from the Plough*, by Alexander Baron. Also a notable cluster of works by Gide, Kafka, and Proust, published in English for the first time — Gide's *Dostoevski*, his *Oscar Wilde*, and Volume III of *The Journals*; a collection of Kafka's stories and Volume II of his *Diaries*; and the *Letters of Marcel Proust*.

Playboy of the Western World

Shortly before his death the late James Walker, onetime hundredth Mayor of New York City, asked his friend **Gene Fowler** to write his biography. Mr. Fowler, whose admirers are legion — *Good Night, Sweet Prince*, *Timberline*, and other books of his have each sold 100,000 copies — is a tolerant and affectionate chronicler. His ***Beau James: The Life and Times of Jimmy Walker*** (Viking, \$4.00) has a superb story to tell — Walker's beginnings as a song writer, his career as state senator, the lush years of his caliphate at city hall, the romance with Betty Compton, his fall and decline — and the telling is done with skill, vitality, and feeling, occasionally with unabashed schmaltz. Fowler's memoir is packed with good anecdotes, Broadway lore, and samples of Walker's quick wit and gift for repartee.

Though at school Walker found study "almost an impossibility," he became an effective lawyer and an agile debater. His surprising fund of knowledge he picked up "by ear" — in all of his adult life, Fowler reports, he finished only fifteen books. Walker took political attacks with complete geniality: when a Hearst reporter, a good friend, was ordered to write a series of anti-Walker stories, Walker himself supplied material which, the writer protested, was too damaging. For all his jauntiness, "Beau James" suffered from peculiar phobias.

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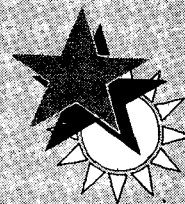
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Though he loved mass adulation, he was panicky in crowds. He hated to be touched, was nervous in elevators, instructed his chauffeur always to drive slowly. He was incurably allergic to correspondence. When Fowler examined his papers, he found hundreds of unopened letters.

In dealing with Walker's private life, in particular the relationship with Betty Compton, Fowler strikes a nice balance between frankness and tact. In handling the "times," he gives free rein to his zest for the Era of Wonderful Nonsense.

Beau James is not, Fowler insists, a whitewash: he has carefully studied the testimony given at the Seabury investigation and the Roosevelt hearings, and he reports their salient findings. It is fair to say, I think, that Fowler gives "Mayor Jim" the benefit of every doubt. Among those in the know, there may be some raised eyebrows at Fowler's conclusion that Walker, though guilty of nonfeasance — of irresponsibility and blindness to graft in his administration — was innocent of malfeasance. Most readers are not likely to be much put out by the author's generosity. There is more gain than loss in Fowler's avoidance of a relentlessly elaborate judicial post-mortem; in his concentration of the spotlight on the bravura charm, the raffish elegance, and the expansive humanity of the man whom New York "wore in its buttonhole" for a decade.

"Sir Sherlock Holmes"

Jimmy Walker is a fine catch for a biographer; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is an even bigger one. John Dickson Carr — Carter Dickson to mystery story addicts — is the first biographer to have had full access to the voluminous records which Doyle left behind when he died in 1930; like Sherlock Holmes, Doyle had "a horror of destroying documents." In Carr's pages, Doyle "speaks in his own words out of letter, notebook, diary, authenticated press-cutting." When the furniture of a room, or the weather, or a gesture is described, "it is because there is documentation for such statements." As a result, *The Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle* (Harper, \$3.50), without being "novelized," often reads like a novel.

The writing is undistinguished, but Doyle's story is too engrossing for this to be obtrusive; and Mr. Carr has told that "story of adventure, sometimes even of melodrama" in

arresting detail and with affecting enthusiasm.

Arthur Conan Doyle, appropriately dubbed "the good giant," was a singularly attractive personality, a man of miraculous vitality and stunning versatility: doctor, authority on heraldry, and all-round sportsman (he excelled at cricket, boxing, football, and was "a golf inebriate"); criminologist, war correspondent, and military expert (he urged the use of foxholes by attacking infantry, and accurately forecast the U-boat blockade); historian, playwright, novelist, and perennial crusader. He also played the banjo, stood for Parliament, and introduced skiing as a sport to Switzerland!

Doyle turned to writing as a young physician with few patients and no money. One of Carr's piquant disclosures about the Sherlock Holmes books is that there was a real Dr. Watson. The Holmes stories were but a small fraction of Doyle's output, and they were written with amazing speed—*A Study in Scarlet* in a month, the short tales at the rate of two a week. The prices Doyle came to command for Holmes are staggering—a \$20,000 advance for a book; \$2.50 a word from one magazine.

Doyle, paradoxically, became disgusted with Holmes's popularity, which, he felt, "unduly obscured" his "better" work—his historical novels (also highly successful). The craze for Holmes was such that, when Doyle first killed him off, young Londoners tied crepe bands around their hats. After Doyle was knighted, a parcel of shirts arrived addressed to "Sir Sherlock Holmes."

Holmes's creator was himself a brilliant amateur detective, who cleared the reputation of two men wrongly imprisoned. I wish that Carr had told us exactly how Doyle solved those cases. I wish, too, that he had attempted a critical estimate of Doyle's non-Sherlockian writings—he simply praises them.

There is poignant romance in the life of the robust, walrus-mustached Victorian. At thirty-eight Doyle fell hopelessly in love with the beautiful Jean Leckie. He might have asked for a divorce, having left the Catholic Church as a young man. But his mother, who took deep pride in her descent from the Irish nobility, had vigorously instilled in him the spirit of knightly chivalry. Doyle's relation with Jean Leckie remained platonic throughout the ten years in which

his wife, to whom his devotion never wavered, was dying of tuberculosis.

Carr shows convincingly that Doyle's conversion, at sixty, to Spiritualism was the culmination of thirty years of study and experiment. Into this last crusade he poured a million dollars and all his remaining strength.

The Dubliners

Inishfallen, Fare Thee Well (Macmillan, \$4.75) is the memorable fourth volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography, surely one of the finest of our time. Opening in 1917, it closes in the middle twenties, when O'Casey left Dublin for England. The underlying theme is disillusionment, but the tone—never weary or morose—is quick with aliveness and charged with warmth for the people of the Dublin slums and the people who fought for Ireland.

The onetime Secretary of the Irish Citizen Army—"a rough proletarian, well versed in Communism"—sees the "terrible beauty" of the Irish revolution and its promise changing into a *parvenu*, conservative gentility, decked out in silk hat and black broadcloth:—

Republicans once so forlorneo,
Subjected to all kinds of scornio,
Top-hatted, frock-coated, with mani-
fest skill,
Are well away now on St. Patrick's
steep hill,
Directing the labour of Jack and Jill,
In the dawn of a wonderful morneo.

O'Casey's disillusionment is pitched in subtly shifting, subtly complementary keys: satire fierce as well as facetious, bitter anger, romantic nostalgia, and the dancing irony of many such paragraphs as: "Now [1917] the manoeuvring began: the young leaders . . . circled round each other, wary and watchful, eager to snap up a well-considered trifle of position. . . . Spirals of political movement began to appear, with Michael Collins dancing a jig in one; Arthur Griffith doing a new Irish-Hungarian dance in another; and Eamonn De Valera . . . side-stepped from one group to the other, hands on hips, advising them to join hands and foot it fealty here and there, pointing a pliant toe himself to show others the way—now glide! De Valera was very supple."

The author's background is sharply evoked in the opening episodes—the death of his mother in a Dublin tenement where "dirt and disease were the big sacraments"; and death's sequel,

"Once in a blue moon"



THERE IS AN INSTINCT IN A PUBLISHER,

a certain psychic feeling, when he comes across a book almost certain of tremendous success to say confidently, "That's it!" And he goes out and "bets his shirt"—both figuratively and literally.

To justify his faith, he compares his "sure thing" to other similar successful books. For example, when we published *A Guide to Confident Living*, we thought of the great popularity of *Peace of Mind*; our tremendous campaign for *The Miracle of the Bells* was based on the knowledge that there has been a large public for the inspirational and spiritual messages of such authors as Lloyd Douglas, Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton Porter.

When we read the manuscript of Lajos Zilahy's *The Dukays*, we knew that here again was a book that everyone would soon be reading and raving about. Our first readers compared *The Dukays* to *The Magic Mountain*; later readers brought up the titles of two Robert Briffault novels, *Europa* and *Europa in Limbo*; another thought the book approached *War and Peace*.*

No publisher can say—and escape ridicule—that he has a novel that is a combination of *The Magic Mountain*, *Europa* and *War and Peace*. But the Literary Guild, a completely impartial source, said everything we had wanted—but hesitated—to say. Here is their review:

"Once in a blue moon a book comes along which leaves the reader breathless by the sheer competence of its story telling. Here is one that has everything to commend it: it is honest, witty and wise, it is humorous yet tragic—with all the grandeur and brilliance of the pomp and physical propinquity of living history. Briefly it is the story of a fabulous family of the Hungarian aristocracy and the effect on their lives of the world-shattering events of the two World Wars. It is only fair to warn the reader that the book violates just about every tabu; although extremely frank and outspoken, subjects like frigidity and homosexuality are handled with such taste and perception that only the more squeamish could take offense. Despite all the splendor, there is a surprisingly tender love story which brings warmth and simplicity to a dazzling and colorful story."

Need we say more?

*Since then reviewers have also compared *The Dukays* to the works of writers such as Proust, Balzac, Dickens and Rebecca West . . . the public has made it a national bestseller.

795 Pages • \$3.50

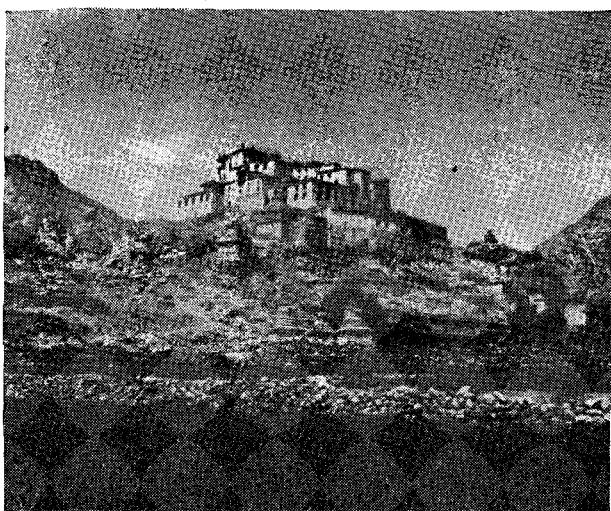


THE Dukays

By LAJOS ZILAHY

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on the roof of the world

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by Marco Pallis

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✠ First published in 1940 in a small edition imported from England, it has now been extensively revised, considerably enlarged, and completely manufactured in the United States. In addition, Mr. Pallis has added a remarkable doctrinal chapter called "The Presiding Idea."

✠ *Peaks and Lamas* is a large octavo of over 400 pages enhanced by 75 unique and beautiful photographs, taken by the author and his friends, and several maps. Typography and binding design are by W. A. DWIGGINS.

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a tragicomic tussle with a cabbie who will not endure the stigma of driving to a burial without mourners.

The years covered here are those in which the Abbey Theatre produced O'Casey's early plays: *The Shadow of a Gunman*, *Juno and the Paycock*, *The Plough and the Stars*. Sean found himself drawn into Dublin's literary circles, but the unworldly young playwright from the slums remained the outsider, critically observant. An entrancing touch of caricature creeps into his affectionate sketch of the lisp-ing Lady Gregory (once caught surreptitiously reading *Peg o' My Heart*) and into the picture of Yeats, surrounded by his canaries — "chatting in a lordly lilt about Ultumara, Brahmin Mohini, birds born out of the fire . . . Yeats murmured about coming through the fire as if it were but coming through the rye."

There is penetrating humor throughout these pages, and the charm of Irish vernacular, and the lovely cadence of fine Irish prose. O'Casey's writing, if often overcolored, casts a spell to which even readers allergic to his heresies, religious and political, can scarcely be immune. This reader was utterly enchanted.

A place of one's own

Of England's sensitive women novelists — and how many of them there are! — Elizabeth Bowen is probably the most distinguished. She is certainly, among contemporaries, an artist of the first rank. *The Death of the Heart*, along with some of her other work, belongs in the small body of really memorable fiction published in the last fifteen years. Her new novel, *The Heat of the Day* (Knopf, \$3.00), is something of a departure from the Bowen vein in that it has a clear-cut and melodramatic plot, which perhaps explains the phenomenon of its selection by a book club with a *faible* for gusty romances.

Imagine a Graham Greene thriller projected through the sensibility of Virginia Woolf and transcribed with a certain amount of Jamesian over-elaboration — that may suggest, impressionistically, the flavor of Miss Bowen's admirable yet not quite successful novel.

The plot hinges on treason in the London of 1942. For two years Stella Rodney, an attractive widow nearing forty, has been the mistress of Robert Kelway, and they are wholly in love. Both have confidential war jobs. A stranger, Harrison, allegedly engaged

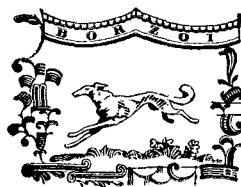
in counterespionage, tells Stella that Robert is betraying secrets to the Nazis: to save him from being denounced, she must let Harrison replace him in her life. Is Harrison authentic? And if so, what prompts so compulsive a need for a woman he has only glimpsed that he is ready to condone treason? If Kelway, a veteran of Dunkirk, is a traitor, what has made him one? And how can Stella have known her lover so little as not to sense in him something abhorrent to her?

The novel, like one of Virginia Woolf's, unfolds as a continual reaching for what is elusive, intangible, mysterious in human personality. "One must follow hints, not exactly what is said, not yet what is done." The phrase, Virginia Woolf's, aptly describes the way in which Miss Bowen brings the life of her characters to the surface.

At its best, and it is often at its best, Miss Bowen's prose matches the extraordinary refinement of her awareness — awareness of light, *décor*, movements, nuances of feeling; a totality of experience — with a flawless precision of expression. Sometimes the elusiveness of life is overplayed; the mystery smacks of mystification. A trifling point is held, irritatingly, at arm's length through pages of innuendo and Jamesian hesitations. The novel grows static and the perceptions are blurred through overrefinement.

Miss Bowen's double-edged theme is the individual's need for moorings; the varied losses incurred when the moorings are lacking or destroyed. The answer to the question mark beside each character is that each, in some sense, is a "displaced" person. The sinister and curiously pathetic Harrison has *always* been, one comes to realize, a sort of secret agent: a man living in a vacuum, anonymous, depersonalized — and therefore unlovable. His hunger to enter into Stella's life is a hunger for "a place of my own" — for human identity. Stella, through a variety of circumstances, has been severed from her background. Robert has become her "habitat" and life in a "hermetic world" of love has dimmed her vision. As to Robert — it would not be fair to furnish clues.

Through Stella's son, Roderick, who inherits the decayed family estate, Miss Bowen's point becomes explicit. Life without a complex of attachments and loyalties — some



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—*New York Herald Tribune Book Review*

"Within the deceptively simple outlines of Anne Goodwin Winslow's latest book are displayed the several qualities of excellence that distinguish all her novels. Here . . . is the same effective use of understatement . . . the rare naturalness . . . along with a fresh discernment that is the essence of the true artist." —*New York Times Book Review*

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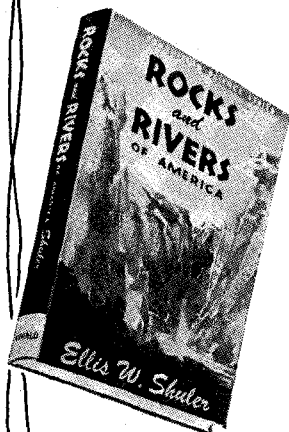
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burdensome, some conventional, some trivial, but together signifying "a place of one's own"—becomes life lived "in the heat of the day"; and that heat is blinding and destructive.

A time of miracles

From South Africa, which exactly a year ago gave us *Cry, The Beloved Country*, there again comes a first novel of rare distinction: *Ceremony of Innocence* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.75) by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster. I have seldom hit upon a book by an unknown writer so delightful and so accomplished in its artistry. This is a boldly original morality tale, a lapidary satire aimed at the shams of professional holiness and at pseudo-Christians in the service of the Church. Its larger target is the spiritual poverty of present-day Christian society. Though unmistakably the work of a profoundly religious person, it is not likely to escape charges of frivolity and heresy.

The setting is an Anglican convent and the neighboring town of Geldersburg in South Africa. Miss Webster's portraits of the religious community (and of some members of the laity) are drawn with astringent observation and exquisite irony. Most of the good Sisters are pathetic old children preoccupied with mundane trivia and with spying upon each other; their piety is at best the husk of religion. The Superior is a tyrant. The fatuous Reverend Bucklethwaite, a school-boyish exponent of muscular Christianity, worships "a jolly Jesus, good at games"; zealous in the Boy Scout movement, he is "literally marching to salvation in shorts." The newly married Reverend Greenhalgh takes pride in being "a bit of a dog." Canon Hope Dunston is a glutton and an ecclesiastical Blimp. The author's answering challenge is the shining faith of Father Nicholas, a figure brought to life with muted eloquence.

Into the convent there comes a young novice, Sybil, who evidences supernatural powers. She heals a palsied woman, foretells the take at a Bazaar, sees into people's minds. The Superior, who mistrusts miracles, has Sybil bundled off to the Girls' Hostel; and there the drunken novelist Tearlach comes to find her—and finds he is expected. Presently the novice tells the Superior, "I am with child, and am greatly blessed." There follow Revelation and turmoil, and many lives are changed before the child is born in a manger on the veld.

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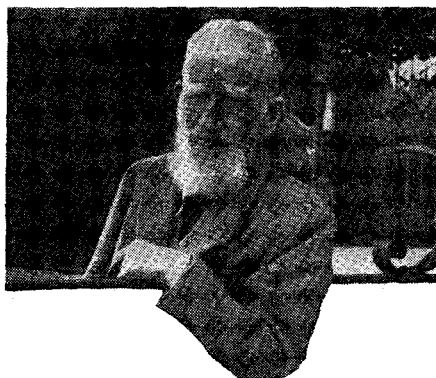
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I said here in January that Truman Capote seemed to me one of the two outstanding American newcomers of 1948. That opinion has been strengthened by his collection of short stories, *A Tree of Night* (Random House, \$2.75), some of which I had previously read in magazines and which struck me as even better on a second reading.

Of his highly individual subject matter, Mr. Capote says: "The actual, the unadorned, all so-called naturalistic subjects have for me small interest. So, too, do their opposite extremes: fantasy or pure symbolism. There is in-between a territory uncharted, shifting, imaginative—the country below the surface."

The frontier between Capote's world and that of fantasy is often invisible, but that is no complaint. These eight stories are wonderful, and literally so: they keep you in a state of wonder—curiosity about the outcome; fascination with the author's inventions; amazement in the presence of mysterious happenings.

In "Miriam," a sixty-year-old widow meets a small girl who later, inexplicably, finds her apartment and moves in on her. Eventually Miriam Miller asks a neighbor to rid her of this sinister child, also called Miriam. The man finds no one in her apartment; as she re-enters, a voice says "Hello." "Master Misery"—my favorite—is a tender parable about a New York typist who hears of a rich man who buys dreams. She starts to sell hers, then one day she feels "as though some thief were stealing me down to the bone." She goes to buy back her dreams—but "Master Misery" has "used them up."

The title story is a waking nightmare—a chilling account of how a girl, traveling at night in a railway coach—is hypnotized by the sheer evil of a loathsome old couple into letting them rob her. "Shut a Final Door," which appeared in the *Atlantic* and won an O. Henry award, has to do with the eerie punishment that

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overtakes a huckster. "The Headless Hawk," too, is an eerie tale of a young New Yorker hounded and haunted by his conscience—in the shape of a girl who reveals him to himself as a murderer of love. In most of these stories there are terror and poetry; in two a bizarre humor. The ultimate impression is of a world where harrowing dreams have, so to speak, slipped unnoticed into the fabric of everyday reality, bringing with them harrowing truths.

It is scarcely news by this time that Capote has an amazing verbal talent, but it deserves to be repeated. These stories are exceedingly well written.

Potpourri

A STUDY OF LITERATURE FOR READERS AND CRITICS by David Daiches. Cornell Univ. Press, \$2.75.

David Daiches, Professor of English at Cornell, has written a lucid and extremely illuminating inquiry into literary values, addressed not so much to his fellow critics as to thoughtful readers in general. Mr. Daiches is free of the vices frequently encountered in "the higher" criticism. His prose is innocent of jargon, his thought unpretentious, and he does not ever lose himself—and lose sight of literature—in abstract cerebration. "Literature," he writes, "is valuable as a unique kind of knowledge about man."

Daiches brings out very forcefully the uniqueness of literary insights; also the distinction between novels and pseudo-novels—journalism and sociology presented as literature. He has some trenchant things to say about the relation of style and plot, and about the tangled question of how important are the novelist's beliefs. This "study of literature" is one of the very best of recent books in its field.

AMERICA THROUGH BRITISH EYES. Compiled and edited by Allan Nevins. Oxford Univ. Press, \$6.00.

This anthology—a greatly expanded and revised edition of a volume published in 1923—shakes the legend that what visiting Britons have written about America has usually been uncomplimentary and/or uninformed. There has been provocation, to be sure, and Mr. Nevins includes some famous examples. There has also been a great deal of amiability and admiration. Arranged in chronological order, the selections provide a panoramic view of American society—its manners, mores, and institutions—over the past one hundred and sixty years. The authors include Charles Dickens, William Cobbett, Captain Marryat, Matthew Arnold, James Bryce, Lord Tweedsmuir, and Graham Hutton, who rivals Colonel McCor-

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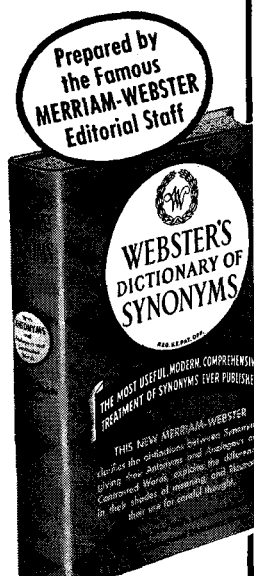
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mick as a champion of the Middle West. There are wit, wisdom, and memorable description in these five hundred entertaining pages.

LUCIFER WITH A BOOK by John Horne Burns. Harper, \$3.50.

Having greatly admired the author's previous book, *The Gallery*, perhaps the most exciting first novel of 1947, I came to this one with high expectations, and found it a considerable letdown. The setting is a private school. The theme is that much — everything in fact — is amiss with American education, a few of the ills being: reactionary trustees and principals who run a school as if it were a corporation; toadying to wealthy parents; glorification of sport at the expense of study; "tests" in place of humanism; jockeying for promotion, incompetence, and sexual frustration on the part of the teachers.

While sympathetic to what Burns has to say, I found his frenzied way of saying it disconcerting. His Academy is quite the nastiest school in twentieth-century literature, too nasty to be wholly credible. (The imaginative homosexual orgies among the students would, surely, have required more than the available privacy.) The hero is our old friend the angry veteran, "a sort of smashed idealist" and a singularly surly one. The girl is a beautiful language teacher suffering from a case of prolonged virginity.

There are a number of biting portraits and some good scenes in the book, but too much of it consists of stereotypes and righteous indignation.

1 1 1

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by WILLIAM BARRETT

UNIVERSITY PRESS books do not shape public opinion as directly as do the radio, press, and movies. The popularizers on current affairs dramatize contemporary issues to awaken a sense of historical urgency in their audiences.

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The West at bay

The political tom-toms have been beaten so loud and often of late in the conflict between East and West that we are grateful for any book that



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puts into our hands a straightforward statement of the economic facts confronting Western reconstruction.

The European Recovery Plan by **Seymour Harris** (Harvard University Press, \$4.50) illustrates, as well as any recent book I know of, the difference between the serious topical work and the vaporous popularizer.

Where the popularizer is usually already out of date by the time of publication (events always move faster than the radio prognosticator), Professor Harris's book ought to be useful over the next three years, throughout the duration of the Marshall Plan, and perhaps beyond that. Congressmen, students of international affairs, or the ordinary reader who really wants to know what is going on, will find this a valuable statement-sheet of the economic assets and debits of the Western world, against which the progressive failures or accomplishments of the Marshall Plan can be checked off.

Professor Harris prophesies neither success nor failure for the Plan. He presents, he does not prejudge, his material. The tone of the book is somber only because it does not blink away fundamental economic difficulties. No analysis based on normal economic operations can hope to predict success or failure when, as Professor Harris tells us, "political and military developments are likely to be decisive." This last sentence should be chewed over by Marxists and other thinkers who have always given the primacy, in any and all situations, to economic forces.

On the other hand, Professor Harris has something to say to our more conservative Congressmen who doubted the wisdom of aiding economies that might prove socialist in tendency. One of the most interesting sections, dealing with the question of these controlled economies, concludes with a statement that bears much and forcefully repeating: "The vital issue is not between socialism and private enterprise, alternative methods of achieving economic ends, and each appropriate to different economic environments, but rather *between the police state and freedom*." Remember that this conclusion is advanced, not by a political theorist riding the hobbyhorse of an ideology, but by an economist examining economic problems from economic data.

The full *political* background — at least on one side — of the conflict

between East and West is ably presented in **The Political Tradition of the West** by **Frederick Watkins** (Harvard University Press, \$5.00). The tradition of the West is "liberalism" — which, Professor Watkins holds, is not to be understood in any narrowly partisan sense, but as the broad concept of freedom under law.

The origins of Western liberty in Greece, Rome, and early Christianity are discussed in detail. With a good many historians the idea of liberty seems to disappear, or at least go underground, in the long period between Cicero and John Locke. Professor Watkins has a better eye for historical continuity: Medieval Christendom did develop its own liberal concept by distinguishing between the things of Caesar and the things of God, thus subjecting the temporal sovereign and his laws, however absolute in fact these might be, to a higher law. Modern Europe, issuing from the Middle Ages, inherited this dualism of authority, which, by being extended and secularized in the political sphere, became the thing we know as modern liberalism.

What future can liberalism hope for? The two great threats to a liberal future are the rise of totalitarian dictatorships in this century, something which our daily paper does not allow us to forget, and, second, a reality which we sometimes persuade ourselves to forget: the nationalism bequeathed to us by the nineteenth century.

The trouble with the national state, Professor Watkins concludes, is that it is at once too big and too small a unit. Too small because some firm international organization is needed to replace the anarchy of the various sovereign nations; too big because liberalism will survive only if the habits and practice of liberty are developed in relation to smaller organizations — the family, coöperatives, villages and townships.

Indeed, these latter, according to Professor Watkins, may become our great protection against the spread of totalitarianism. As industrialization extends to the more backward regions, we can expect that these areas will be tempted by dictatorship because it seems to promise a technological speed-up, and we note that it is precisely among the more backward peoples that the simplified promises of Communism have their great appeal.

But private associations like the family and the clan, which are traditional and strong in these regions, may resist an alien and centralized despotism. Communism may be impeded by the sheer recalcitrance of the human material that it must first dehumanize.

War and American education

The war, which many well-intentioned people feared might permanently curtail some democratic rights, actually brought a remarkable extension of democracy in the field of education. The American educational system met a violent crisis, weathered it, and is now engaged in adjusting itself to a changed existence. This story is told with admirable completeness by **I. L. Kandel** in *The Impact of the War upon American Education* (University of North Carolina Press, \$4.25).

The war revealed nothing less than a major national scandal: the richest democracy in the world had been willing to spend only a pittance on its education. In the smaller and rural communities a great exodus of teachers to the well-paying war industries took place. The situation has been improved, but the problem will not be solved without extensive Federal aid to the backward communities, thus bringing into another area of our civic life the intervention of government that worries our political theorists.

The war did much better by our higher institutions of learning, bringing into the colleges, through the GI Bill of Rights, students who otherwise would never have known the ivy or the quad, and doubling pre-war enrollments. The strain on the material facilities of the colleges has not been the only one, for the new situation has necessitated a thorough soul-searching by educators on the nature, aims, and scope of education in our democracy.

Dr. Kandel presents with impartial sympathy and understanding all the new theories, from the St. John's to the Harvard Plan, that aim to bring the New Look to American education.

Child of Salem

When his subject is a literary figure, and particularly a great one, the biographer encounters perhaps his most formidable problem, for where the life and the work interpenetrate there is likely to be an accumulation of literary legend that obscures the real man. By allowing the facts to

speak for themselves in *Nathaniel Hawthorne* (Yale University Press, \$4.00), **Randall Stewart** has made some of the murkier legends about Hawthorne vaporize. The witch-haunted child of Salem of the legend, melancholy and morbid in temperament, here gives way to the much more robust, extrovert, and worldly character of real life.

A comparison of Professor Stewart's with some other recent interpretations of Hawthorne illustrates very aptly the case I have been building up here for the university press kind of book. Compared with these more dramatic and lively images of Hawthorne, Professor Stewart's book might seem prosaic and uninspired; but by refraining from leaping at any single interpretation, and by presenting the facts relevantly and in the round, Professor Stewart has given us probably the most useful life of Hawthorne to date, on the basis of which much sounder interpretations will become possible.

I cannot say, however, that he has altogether solved the problem out of which the Hawthorne legend grew. Examining in his last chapter the themes and quality of Hawthorne's writing, Professor Stewart admits, with perhaps too studied understatement, that Hawthorne's emphasis did fall on the "sombre side" of life — a statement hard to reconcile with the cheerful and robust career presented in earlier pages.

Perhaps Professor Stewart has failed to follow up some of his own clues: facts like Hawthorne's education or the quality of his conversations with Melville. The New England mind, we must remember, was from the start theological in bent, the American colleges were founded largely as divinity schools, and Hawthorne grew up under these influences. Conversing together, Hawthorne and Melville — though the latter had more explicit beliefs which were not Christian — exhibit the tendency of the New England imagination to grasp all experience through the ideas or the metaphors of an apocalyptic theology.

If it is impossible to construct Hawthorne's morbidity out of his personal biography, we have to understand it in terms of his inherited culture. For this purpose we need to know more about Hawthorne's actual beliefs, his attitude toward his inherited beliefs, and the intensity of this attitude in his personal life.

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Acent on Living

THIS MONTH

Does the average radio "forum" serve to enlighten the public on the issues of the day? Or does it leave the impression of an insoluble controversy in which the best authorities stand in bitter disagreement? Is a verbal battle royal the main purpose of debate on the air waves?

As a vehicle for the rough stuff in American life, the radio forum is rapidly coming to the fore. Voices, personalities, and language, as the combatants pool their ideas on reforestation or foreign policy or modification of the divorce laws, already approximate the goings-on in the Silver Dollar Saloon when Cactus Jack and his ruffians blow in of a Saturday night to tree the town.

The uproar is presumably in the name of free speech — that is, speech free from an ordinary minimum standard of intelligence, honesty, and manners. The debater who goes on the air crippled by such a standard finds himself outshouted, outgestured, interrupted, cheated by every tactic of forensic bullyragging.

On almost every program the forum tries to include one or two of the most rabid extremists who can be found on a given issue, and to pit them against more normal folk. The more preposterous their ideas, so the theory goes, the more interesting to the listener will be their collision with saner minds. It would be hard to think of any prominent quack or eccentric of the past ten years who has not been served up by one or another of these forums. Discredited politicians, paid propagandists, obsessed fanatics — all seem to be entitled to the microphone. Against them, a speaker of courtesy and conscience can scarcely make himself heard. Through the tumult are repeated, to small effect, the cries of the chairman or discussion leader, "Wait a minute, give him a chance, please, please, you've had your turn, WAIT A MINUTE!"

The radio forum needs its own set of Queensberry rules, also some general eligibility requirements and a blacklist: —

1. No more psychotics to assert that anyone who disagrees with them is trying to destroy the American way of life and civilization itself.

2. No more rogues brazenly misstating the point of view just expressed by another speaker and demolishing the false case.

3. No more shrill females who won't stop talking.

The participants who survived this first screen-out would be subject to a few simple platform rules. No one would speak up except at the invitation of the discussion leader. An interruption would draw a warning; if continued or repeated, the interrupter would be cut off the air. The same thing would befall speakers of ill temper or bad manners, and those making snide remarks about other speakers. If the chairman does not recognize bad manners or know a snide remark when he hears one, a substitute chairman would be rushed into play from the dressing room. During any intervals of expulsion, a studio organist would supply an obbligate for explanations and apologies by a representative of the network. A capable bouncer would be in attendance on the platform at all times. Police waiting offstage would arrest all ejectees and whisk them away to Night Court on charges of disorderly conduct and creating a disturbance in a public meeting.

Improvements along these lines would show up wonderful novelties to the radio listener. He would learn, for instance, that a fair middle ground can often be staked out on most problems of the day. It could be demonstrated that the weightiest experts can exchange ideas without brawling. On rare occasions, one of the pundits might even confess an error or change his mind and admit it. The audience might gather bits of information in place of noise. Short of this, the forum had better hire the two chaps who broadcast Madison Square Garden fights, to report from the ringside the round-by-round content of the "discussion."

CHARLES W. MORTON



TRAVEL

This is one of several travel articles which JOSEPH WECHSBERG has provided for *Atlantic* readers from a recent leisurely tour of Europe.

MONACO

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

ACCORDING to the three most widely circulated opinions about Monaco, the miniature principality on the azure coast of the Mediterranean nine miles east of Nice, its inhabitants pay no taxes, all are croupiers or carabinieri, and the governmental expenses are balanced by revenue from the Monte Carlo Casino. None of these notions is correct. It is true that the Monégasques, as the citizens of Monaco are called, pay no income tax, but they shell out their dues by way of sales taxes on matches, cigarettes, tobacco, and fees for the privilege of owning a radio. Of the 24,000 inhabitants of Monaco, only 600 were croupiers in the best years between the two wars. Today their number is hardly 300, and there are just a few dozen local police. The days are gone when the Casino's profits paid for the principality's entire budget. In 1947 the Casino was 136 million francs in the red, owing to rising costs and dwindling receipts.

But there are cheerful facts about Monaco's yearly budget, which is now about 300 million francs. About 20 million comes from the Casino and twice as much from postage stamp revenue. Whenever the Minister for Finances and Economics discovers a slight deficit in the principality's treasury, a new set of postage stamps is brought out and snapped up prestissimo by philatelists the world over. Some of Monaco's new stamp editions hardly ever appear on letters but go straight to stamp dealers. Which proves that the Monégasques, after almost a hundred years' experience with gamblers, know a sucker when they see one. Should the stamp business once get into trouble as did the tourist and roulette business in the past decade, the Monégasques will come up with something new, you may be sure.

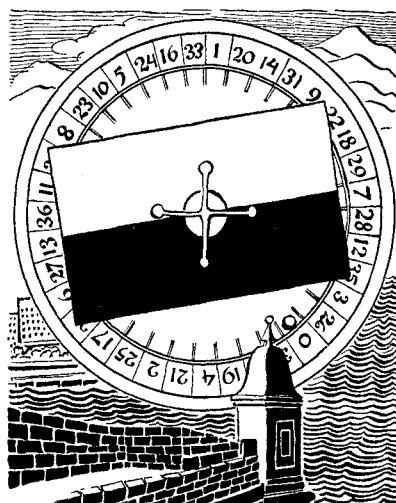
Monaco's measly 370 acres are divided into Old Monaco, capital of the state, the terraced Condamine between the water front and Mont Agel, and Monte Carlo. It takes only fifteen minutes by car to cross the country, but four generations to become its citizen. In defense of this snobbish attitude it should be said, however, that four generations mean little in the history of Monaco, which goes back some three thousand

years. The Phoenicians were here and the Greeks, and five hundred years before the first Christians were thrown to the lions, fashionable Roman ladies liked to be seen around the Herculis Monoeci Portus, as the Rock of Monaco was called, "Monoikos" being the Greek surname of mythology's Strong Man number one, who gave the principality its name.

Today Monaco is the last absolute monarchy in Europe. Prince Louis II, the country's ailing 78-year-old sovereign, whose family has occupied the throne of Monaco since the tenth century, combines all executive and legislative power, decrees laws and *ordonnances*, and, if he pleases, can abolish the Constitution of 1911 with a stroke of his pen without so much as committing an unconstitutional act, because the Constitution was given to Monaco as a sort of favor by his father, Prince Albert I.

There are three government bodies: the Crown Council, the Government Council, and the National Council. The last, a kind of local parliament, consists of twenty-one members elected for a period of four years by all Monégasque males of pure blood. (There are only some 2000 full-fledged citizens in the country, 8 per cent of the total population; the rest are Frenchmen, Italians, Corsicans, British, and others, who get along together splendidly.) The parliament is limited to giving its vote of approval to the benevolent decisions of His Most Serene Highness. The Crown Council is a group of advisers to the Prince; the Government Council consists of his three ministers (for Interior, Finances and Economics, Public Works and Various Affairs), under the Prime Minister, M. de Witasse. Anything they may do is subject to the Prince's veto — a power that makes Gromyko a mere amateur. Incidentally, Monaco is not a member of the United Nations, because, as a high official put it, "there would be too many jokes if we asked for admission." But Monaco takes part in UNESCO work and other international conferences. In its external affairs it is represented by France.

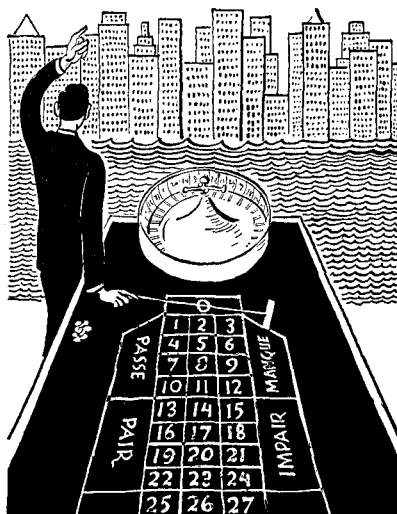
There are diplomatic representatives of the principality in Paris, Brussels, Rome, and at the Vatican. But the country's most important civil servants are the people in charge of *tourisme*, which is the main source of revenue. (Monaco's two factories produce beer and chocolate and can hardly be counted upon to pay for the upkeep of schools, hospitals, police, parks, palm trees, tennis courts, and golf courses.) Right now the tourist people are up against a tough situation. Ever since the ingenious M. François Blanc set up the Monte Carlo Casino in 1861, Monaco has been a favorite play-



ground for authentic princes and dispossessed dukes, American oilmen and British aristocrats, gigolos and demimondaines, and, above all, for that ever patient, always suffering, and never rebelling species of our time, the tourist-at-large. Over one and a half million of them used to come here every year, delighted to lose their money, paying their *tax de séjour*, and enjoying every minute of their visit. Five dozen hotels, ranging from the palatial Hôtel de Paris and the Hermitage to modest boardinghouses, would cater to their variegated tastes. The Casino is still open from 10 A.M. to 2 A.M., its roulette, *trente et quarante*, and baccarat tables always waiting for optimists. Those who don't gamble (and you would be surprised how many there are of them) can spend their money at the International Sporting Club, the Opera, concerts, the Beach, at automobile races, gala nights, flower shows, dog shows, tennis tournaments, and whatnot.

Unfortunately the trend of the times is against Monaco. Frivolity, be it roulette, postage stamps, or flower parades, is slightly frowned upon nowadays. The pleasures of the well-to-do in Europe have become more strenuous. In the winter they go skiing in Switzerland; during the summer they travel all over the Continent. Everybody, it seems, wants to have a last good look at what is left of Europe before it will be atomized into final chaos. "Monaco? Monte Carlo? Only old people go there now."

I think a lot of not so old people make a mistake in skipping Monaco. If you like genuine charm and nostalgia, Monaco is your best bet. After looking at the physical and human ruins of Europe it is pleasant to find a vacuum where tomorrow's weather is more important than yesterday's headlines; where the armed forces of a hundred-odd comic-opera characters wear technicolor uniforms and no one is called up to serve; where the old bronze cannons are lined up once a year for the annual review of the carabiniers; where the Prince had the good sense to change his fortified castle into a palatial home furnished with rare art treasures and fine tapestries; where three local parties — Socialists, Democrats, and Liberals — campaign against each other in small *bistros* filled with the scents of onion soup and wine rather than an air of depression; where strikes and customs guards are unknown and the Communist Party has tried, unsuccessfully, to raise its membership from 300; where, during the last war, French citizens didn't have to go into labor service and anti-Jewish decrees were never put in force; where, even in the worst months of



the Italian and German occupation, everybody got six packages of cigarettes per week and no one's property was requisitioned; where no one seems overworried about the atomic bomb because, as the Monégasques say, "We aren't important enough to be noticed."

True, the Casino looks a bit the worse for wear, and the gamblers are princes of the black market rather than of noble blood. But the sun hasn't changed, nor have the deep-blue skies, the mood of the place, the horse-drawn vehicles, and the old Rolls-Royces converted into taxicabs.

At the Hermitage you can get a majestic suite for 1200 francs a day, and a room for less than half of that.

In the neighboring French commune of Beausoleil, the Bec Rouge, one of the best restaurants on the Continent, specializes in *friands*, *ravioli*, veal with champignons, and charlotte russes, which would make the fancy "French" restaurants in New York look poor by comparison. (Lunch for two at the Bec Rouge, with wine, runs to about 2000 francs, and what a lunch it is!) The ballets of Monte Carlo have left for harder-currency shores, but the opera is still there, with occasional good performances; and there are concerts and movie houses, English tearooms, French patisseries, native fish restaurants, the Oceanographic Museum, the Museum of Prehistoric Anthropology, the exotic gardens, and the Romanesque cathedral. And there are rows of slot machines in the Renaissance atrium of the Casino, just in case you should get homesick all of a sudden for the pleasures of Las Vegas, Nevada.



SANCTUARY

by DAVID McCORD

Lo, the poor Indian, and
Gladly, the cross-eyed bear:
How many years have I known them,
This never enfranchised pair!
They, the two disembodied
Survivors of common ground,
Live or have lived in *lapsus*
Linguae — suspicious sound.
Now from the orthographic
Realm of their kith and kin
Cry, the beloved country,
Is here to take them in.

FREDERICK PACKARD resumed writing and editorial work in New York after serving in the Psychological Warfare Branch of Allied Force Headquarters. This is his second appearance in the *Atlantic*.

HAVE YOU A FIRE STICK, PLEASE?

by FREDERICK PACKARD

YEARS ago, on a tour of Europe, I ran into a young German in Freiburg-im-Breisgau who asked a lot of questions about New York, which he greatly desired to visit. He spoke English quite well, but when I told him a hotel room would cost him about \$3.50 a day, he inquired whether this included "flying water." I know what happened: *fliegend* in German means "flying," and *fliessend* means "flowing." The phonetic similarity tripped him up and threw him. Remembering him, I have reflected on how lucky people are, when they experiment with foreign languages they don't know too well, that they don't stumble into worse pitfalls than they do. I have spoken French since I was a child, but I did not learn until 1944 that I had innocently and frequently used some words that do not — and never did — exist.

During the war I had a job which brought me into daily contact with hordes of French people; for the first time, I had to talk French professionally and functionally rather than socially and touristically. I was often complimented on my accent and once in a while was asked what part of France I was born in. Despite this, occasionally, and mostly with people I saw fairly regularly, I would notice a brief look of puzzlement flit across the faces of my listeners. But they were too polite to enlighten me.

This was done by my boss, a hard-boiled old Parisian-American who had lived in France for thirty years. He spoke absolutely perfect French with an atrocious American accent. He told me that, long before, he had decided to stop trying to achieve a French accent and to concentrate on speaking correctly and idiomatically; and the French respected this. Anyhow, one day I was saying to a French journalist, "Mon cher Monsieur, il est bien évident que les Français écoutent la BBC." I got that quick puzzled look, but no remark. When the man had gone my boss said, "Packard, I know you talk French like a Frenchman, but stop using words that don't exist. The word for 'obvious' is *évident*. There isn't any such word as *obvieux*." To that poor Frenchman I had said what in English would sound just like "It is absolutely gufflepuffle that the French are listening to the BBC."

Well, I had been using *obvieux* all my life and this was the first time I ever got called on it. I will say in self-defense that there *should* be such a word, and that the French language is deficient without it.

The nearest I came to getting into trouble was with Italian, and that in New York City during Prohibition. I was in a new speak-easy, to which I had brought some customers. To show their appreciation the proprietors were instructing the bartender to buy me drinks. I have always flattered myself that I can speak Italian, but actually I guess at a lot of the words as I go along, borrowing them from French or Latin or even phonetically converting English words of Latin origin. This time I felt as though I were beginning to get tight, and I had an appointment, so I said to the bartender, "Thanks, no more drinks." He asked me why not and I replied that I didn't want to get *intoxicato*. I thought this a perfectly safe conversion. The bartender looked hurt, and rather peeved. He got over it, but later I found that I had said I was afraid of getting

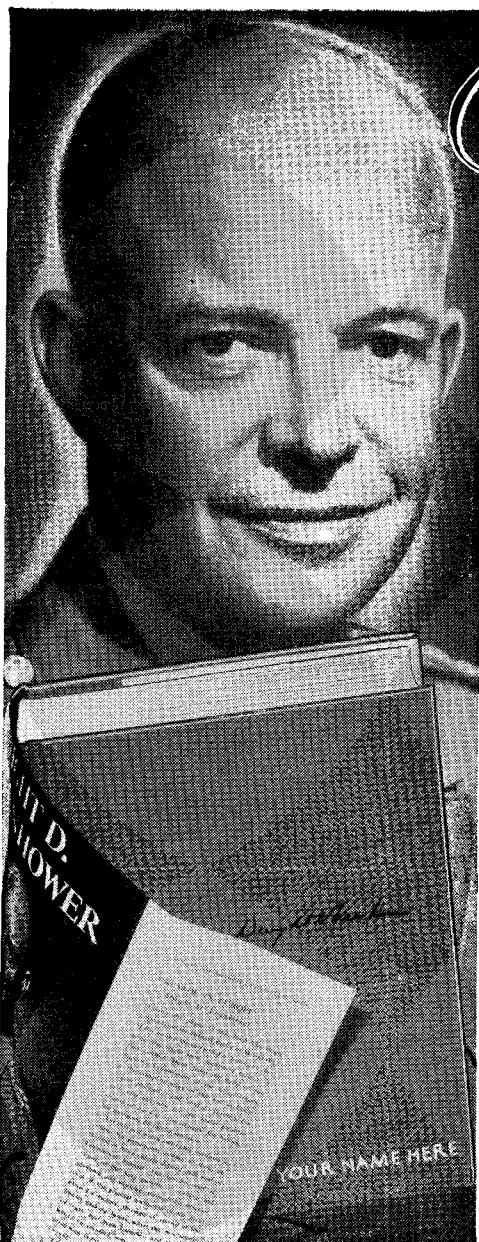
poisoned. *Intoxicato* is not a very good Italian word, but close enough to one of the words for "poisoned" so that he saw no reason to think I didn't mean what I said, and this was a delicate matter then, since people did occasionally get poisoned in speak-easies. I should have used *ubriaco*.

I never tried making up any Spanish words, but in Cuba I did try to talk Spanish. Every time, before the sentence was over, I would be talking bastard Italian. This simply infuriated the Cubans (and small wonder). In fact I caused some confusion in a restaurant in Havana one time by ordering "boiled staterooms with rice." What I wanted was shrimps. "Shrimps" is *camarones*, and "state-rooms" is *camarotes* — only one little letter substituted.

Once in a while a makeshift will be successful. I was riding in a train in Germany, and found that I had cigarettes but no matches. I managed to remember the words for "fire" and "stick," so I said to the man opposite me, "Bitte, haben Sie einen Feuerstock?" He looked astounded for a moment, but I got a match without having to resort to pantomime. The word is *Streichholz*.

One can get in trouble even with English. I attended a perfectly good school, where the English department was supposed to be excellent. Nevertheless in my freshman year at college, when I said something uncomplimentary about the Bolsheviks and the professor giving the course remarked that I seemed to be a bit of a reactionary, I was extremely puzzled, because I thought that *reactionary* meant "revolutionary" — you know, people who were "reacting" against the old regime.





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